THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JAN. 31, 1914

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TWO GRAND DUCHESSES

By Justus Miles Forman

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

ON THE Moika Canal, in St. Petersburg, not very far from the Nevskii Prospekt, there is a restaurant before the shining doorlights of which every Russian gourmet uncovers and bows his head. Cubat's is an excellent place in which to lunch or dine—especially to lunch—and certainly deserves its great reputation; Pivato's is smaller, quieter, and has its friends; Ernest's, out in the islands, is by no means to be despised; Donon's is all very well; but—when summer comes and the leaves of the trees are out full; when the evening air is soft and warm and fragrant; when the little blue stars have ceased to shiver in that northern sky and have drawn nearer and become yellow and still and lazy in their courses: then, in all the European world east of Paris, and I do not except even Yar or Mavritania, in Moscow, there is no such lovely spot to dine as at Contant's, on the Moika Canal; and there are no such food and wine as you eat and drink there; no such music as the Italian orchestra on the terrace plays for you as you sit over your dinner.

You go in from the canal through a long passage, through the winter restaurant, empty now save for the *zakouska* buffet, where you may pause if you like and eat your hors-d'œuvres standing, Russian fashion; and so you come into a deep garden of tall trees, with many little white tablets and soft electric lights up in the treetops, and gravel underfoot, and the sound of voices and laughter and of music from the band on the terrace, and hurrying waiters, who carry cobwebbed bottles of Burgundy with extreme tenderness, as if they were newborn babies instead of old wine and must not be wakened until bitten into.

At the very back of the garden there is a long covered gallery like a pergola, which contains one or two rows—I forget which—of tables; and at the two sides there are, instead of similar galleries, little open octagonal pavilions, painted yellow and white, with red roofs and white curtains round about them. When you desire to entertain a lady with whom you do not wish to be seen in public or who does not wish to be seen with you, you engage one of these minute retreats—and Contant does the rest.

The same cool evening breeze that bathes the common throng out beyond steals in to you there; the same incomparable food is smuggled from behind on your secluded table; you hear the voices and the laughter, the clink of sabers and the ring of spurs; the boy contralto in the band sings sentimental songs of Italy, with a sob of passion that seems to be breaking his young heart. Between the curtains that shut you in from the world you peep out to see how many of your friends may be seated within a hundred feet of your privacy; and then you drop the curtains again and turn your eyes across the little table.

She Stared at Him Hard for a Long Instant

Young Mr. Manners, attached to the American Embassy, leaned back in his chair with a sigh of repletion and began to stir a lump of sugar into his coffee.

"I like this place," said he, nodding his head emphatically. "I think it is the pleasantest place in Europe to dine. I like the food and the drink. I like the trees and the band, and the pretty ladies in Paris hats, and the handsome officers with them; I like the gay spirit that everybody brings here—as if there wasn't a care in the world; and I like to think that the stout gentleman yonder, with the gray beard, who looks as if he imported German sausages or exported Russian caviar, is very possibly a police spy and that the fair lady with the enormous pearls is very possibly another.

"I like to think," said young Mr. Manners, nodding toward the row of blithe little curtained pavilions, the nearest of which was not more than fifteen feet from where he and his friends sat, "I like to think that in one of those kiosk things there may be a young and beautiful grand duchess who has stolen away from the paternal palace to dine with a handsome subaltern of hussars, whom she adores, but can never, never marry.

"I like," said he, smiling back at the laughter of his friends, "I like to think that something secret and romantic and delightful like that may be at this moment going on in the kiosk nearest us—the one I'm looking at. And why not? In Russia anything is possible."

And at just that moment, as if his words had carried across the fifteen feet to the people within the pavilion, which in the general babble of talk and music they could not possibly have done, the curtains parted a little way and a woman looked out.

She may have imagined that, with her back to the light on her own table and a tall tree just before the kiosk shutting off the glow from the nearest electric globe, she was safe from recognition—and so perhaps she was, save by those at the two or three near-by tables.

She looked at first over Mr. Manners' head—a swift glance that swept the big garden in a wide circle; then dropped her eyes and met those of the young man seated below. For a moment she stared at him intently, as if she were trying to remember where they two had met before, then uttered a sudden exclamation, stepped back—and the white curtains fell into place once more.

Young Manners leaned forward excitedly over the table.

"I say," he demanded—"I say, did any of you see that woman's face just now? Did you?"

Neither the Lembergs, nor Paul de Vries, nor Baron Sholtz had chanced to be looking in that direction; but old Steinbrücke, the German first secretary, who never confessed that he had missed or was ignorant of anything, nodded heavily, saying:

"Yes, I haf seen de lady."

And the little Countess Shishkine, who seemed to reflect something of the young American's excitement, asked:

"Why? What about her?"

"I've met her," Manners said; "that is, I met her in a very informal fashion five months ago when I first came to Petersburg. I met her just once; and she was very, very kind to me. Then I never saw her again until a moment ago and I have never known who she was. Do you know?"

"Yes," said the Countess Shishkine. "I know. I'll tell you presently. Where did you meet her?"

"At a dance at the Maximov Palace."

"Ah, yes!" the little Russian lady interrupted. "Yes, of course; that explains it. It is an extraordinary house. A true salon. One finds everything there—from royalty to Argentine *rastas*."

"It was my first big party here," young Manners went on. "I knew no more than twenty people in all Petersburg, and so I was rather helpless and had to be towed, as it

were, from port to port. Well, once I was stranded. A man came and claimed a quite lovely Polish girl I'd been sitting out a dance with in a deserted room. It left me quite alone and I was standing in the middle of the room, looking, no doubt, very forlorn, when in came this woman I'm asking you about, with two officers. I remember that she had on a clingy green satin dress and looked very beautiful indeed. She saw me there alone and started to move away; then she turned back and bowed and smiled, and beckoned to me. She said:

"'I haven't seen you for so long! Come and talk English to me. I am forgetting all the words.'

"And she sent away the two officers and sat down and talked to me for fifteen minutes—until some people came whom I knew.

"Now that," said the American attaché, "that is what I call generosity. That woman had never seen me before. She hadn't the remotest idea who I was. She saw a young man alone and embarrassed in a strange house in a foreign country, and went far out of her way to put him at his ease. I have never forgotten her or what she did, and I have always hoped we might meet again.

"It would be delightful," he said, laughing, "to find that she is the pretty grand duchess out on a lark that I spoke about a little while ago, because I should like to think that grand duchesses are capable of such acts of kindness, and that *noblesse oblige* is not just a pleasant phrase."

"Well," said the little Countess Shishkine, "it isn't often we have even one of our wishes come true in this world—to say nothing of two at once. You are *en veine* tonight, my friend. The lady behind the curtains yonder is the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna; but I confess that your story about her surprises me, for she has the reputation of being rather selfish and hard, as well as very eccentric."

The others about the table all exclaimed in low, cautious voices and turned to stare at the closed white curtains of the little pavilion, wondering what the Grand Duchess Natalia was doing in a public restaurant, but remembering at the same time the august young lady's reputation for flying in the outraged face of almost all the conventions that exist, and invariably doing as she chose in all things save the one thing that gossip reported to be the thing nearest her heart—and that was to drag her cousin, the Grand Duke Viktor, through the portal of the Cathedral of the Annunciation in the Kremlin, at Moscow, a desire hitherto thwarted by the grand duke's infatuation for another lady altogether, one not, unhappily, of his own station in life.

However, while the others exclaimed and whispered together and told unauthentic stories they had heard about the Grand Duchess Natalia and about Viktor Gregorovitch's affairs, young Manners nodded his head and smiled with an honest and genuine delight.

"There are few things," he said, "that could please me more than discovering my kind and charming unknown lady to be a royalty. It makes me think so much better of royalty, about which I had begun to be a little discouraged."

And afterward he said:

"I wish I might some day find something to do for her, by way of paying back a part of what she did for me; but I'm afraid that day will never come. Royalty and I have rather dropped out of each other's lives these latter days. . . . She's very pretty, isn't she? If I really liked fair women I suppose I should think her beautiful. I didn't know grand duchesses were ever beautiful—except in fairy tales. Perhaps fairy tales are true tales after all—history. I shouldn't be surprised."

He had a horrid habit of eating caviar on little bits of brown bread at the end of his dinner, by way of a savory, even though he had already at the outset devoured a large quantity of it at the *zakouska* buffet; and he demanded some now, asking the others whether they would not join him in his feast.

They refused with scorn, saying it was a disgusting thing to do or even to see done, besides being quite ruinous, as caviar is very expensive in its own home; in fact, on second thought, they declined altogether to witness the scene, especially as it was rather late and some of them had to motor out to Krasnoye Selo. So they shook their heads at him, and the little Countess Shishkine whispered that she hoped the white curtains of the kiosk would part once more before the evening was done; and they went away and left him alone.

He was glad, because he did not want to talk any more. He wanted to think about the young woman of exalted station who sat hidden near by; to recall the delightful quarter of an hour he had passed beside her in the Maximov Palace, and to marshal before the eye of his memory all he had ever heard said of the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna.

They did not help him much—these stories. He could not at all reconcile them with the sweet and gracious lady who had been so kind to a young stranger, and he frowned and drove them out of his mind—a lot of ill-natured club and drawing-room yarns—gutter gossip; he would not permit them to poison the air of the garden where she sat dining.

He ordered another liqueur, laid his cigarette case on the cloth before him and sank lower in his chair, turned a little toward that shelter where she was—and waited and watched. He felt, for some inexplicable reason, quite calmly certain that, as Marfa Shishkine had said, the white curtains would part once more that evening and he would see her face again.

He wondered who was with her there in the yellow pavilion. He had seen the waiters come and go, half concealed by a row of shrubs; and he had seen two officers standing or moving quietly about in the far shadows, as though they might be on guard there. Once another officer came hurrying down the path behind the shrubbery, a middle-aged man, with a gray beard, and remained a little while and then went away. And when he went Manners thought that another man went with him, a younger man in civilian's clothes; but he could not be quite sure.

Then as he sat there watching he caught his breath suddenly and the cigarette dropped from his hand on the gravel, for at last the white curtains stirred and parted, and the lovely lady who had befriended him once more looked out. She looked not over his head but straight down before her to where he sat, and her eyes met his. She made no sign of recognition. She stared at him hard for a long instant; the curtain dropped again and she was gone.

There had been little or no expression in that still face. He knew that his thought was wild and fantastic, and he laughed at it even while it formed itself in his mind; yet in some strange and not to be explained fashion he felt sure that the grand duchess was in trouble—perhaps in danger—and that her glance out from behind the curtains had been a mute appeal for help. The thing was beyond reason, logic or common sense. Physical evidence had no part in it—it was a feeling.

A waiter spoke softly beside him and he turned with a start.

"*Chto?*"

"A lady in the kiosk—yonder—she would like to speak to the gentleman if he would be so kind."

"With me?" young Manners said. "Are you sure it was with me?"

"*Da*, the *Angliski gospodin*. If the *gospodin* would be so kind ——"

Manners, a young man walking in a dream, rose, took his hat and stick and went where he was led.

He found her alone, standing within the little curtained inclosure; and he managed somehow to observe that she was in full toilet—one of those barbaric toilets of Persian parentage, all blue and mauve and gold, which had that year come into fashion, with a headdress like a little close turban of the same strong colors. She looked, he thought, just as a Russian grand duchess ought to look.

She turned her eyes on him gravely as he bowed before her.

"You are the British attaché I met at the Maximov Palace last winter?" the grand duchess asked. "I have not made a mistake?"

And he said:

"I am an American, ma'am; but we did meet last winter. You were exceedingly kind to me. I have wished there was some way of showing how grateful I was and am."

"Perhaps there is a way," she said, still looking at him. "Though what I did was nothing—a trifle—the slightest possible courtesy to a stranger in my country. Why do you say ma'am to me?"

"Well"—he was a little embarrassed—"you're royalty. You see when I talked with you last winter I didn't know who you were. I've never known until tonight—until Countess Shishkine caught a glimpse of you here and told me you were the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna."

She still looked at him gravely under her straight brows, then abruptly turned away and stood for a moment, fingering one of the table ornaments.

"You said a moment ago," she began at last—"you said you had hoped to find yourself able to do me a service. Was that a polite phrase or did you mean it?" She faced him suddenly and he saw that her face was white and drawn and strained.

"I should be very glad," said he, "to do anything in my power."

"It might prove beyond your power," she warned him. "It might be a forlorn hope." And at that he smiled.

"One can but try. Let me try!"

She took a deep breath and bent toward him.

"You know my name, but I do not know yours. What may I call you?" He told her and she nodded. "Listen! I came here tonight to dine with a gentleman—he will be back in a moment. You will recognize him. I might as well say at once that he is the Grand Duke Viktor Gregorovitch. It was a foolish thing to do, a perfectly mad thing; but I did it, and now—they have found out and they are waiting outside at the door."

"Who?" asked the American. "Who are waiting?"

And she said impatiently:

"Those who must not see me in his company. It is too long a story to tell you here. My—my forthcoming marriage to Viktor Gregorovitch is not looked on in certain quarters with favor. I have been forbidden to see him. . . . I tell you it is too long to explain now. The point is that if I leave this place tonight with the grand duke or alone I shall be taken by those men at the door. I shall be hurried out to Peterhof or to Tsarskoye Selo and imprisoned there—yes, imprisoned just as securely and as hopelessly as if I were in the Peter-Paul fortress or in the Schlüsselburg."

"You!" cried the American attaché. "You, a grand duchess! Why ——"

The grand duchess interrupted him:

"You do not know this country. Everything is possible here."

He shook his head in a kind of outraged wonder, but presently asked:

"What is it I can do?"

"There is," she said, "a chance—a desperate chance—that if I leave Contant's with you they will think I have been with you all the evening; they will think they were misinformed and let me pass, especially as you belong to one of the foreign embassies. They are afraid of the foreign embassies. On the other hand they may take the chance and arrest you as well as myself." She looked into his eyes. "I cannot ask you to run such a risk. I can only say that I am in danger and that you might just possibly be able to save me. I can only leave it in your hands."

"This life, ma'am," said young Mr. Manners, "is a long succession of risks—very few of them are in so good a cause. Shall we go now?"

The grand duchess covered her face with her hands and he saw that the hands were trembling. She gave a single sob and seemed to be herself again. She even managed to smile at him.

"You are a brave gentleman, Mr. Manners. . . . We must wait until Viktor Gregorovitch returns. Ah! he's coming now."

Manners heard voices and presently a tall young man of a singularly pleasing countenance came from the darkness without into the light of the kiosk.

"Are they still there?" the lady asked him in French, and he answered:

"Yes. Varin and half a dozen men, with a closed carriage." He saw the American and stopped short, demanding sharply: "Who is that gentleman?"

The grand duchess went to him, drawing him a little apart, and began to talk—no doubt to explain in low and hurried tones, and in Russian, so that young Manners, whose Russian was still in its infancy, caught only an occasional word.

The grand duke listened, with little exclamations of astonishment and concern and once, Manners thought, of something like protest; but at the end he came forward and held out his hand, saying:

"If you will take this risk, monsieur, you will be doing a very great service to us both—a greater service than you realize. I think you will never regret it."

"I'm sure of that, sir," young Manners said. "And I've been thinking of something that may make it all very much easier: Once I wanted—as a kind of lark—to escape from here without being seen, and Anton, the *maître d'hôtel*, showed me a way. It leads back from this garden under a house and across a stable yard, and comes out—through a new building that is under construction—on the Kazanskaya.

"I would suggest that you, sir, go to the street entrance of the restaurant here and stand there for ten minutes, as if you were waiting to see the coast clear. That will keep the men on watch together and meantime her highness and I will have slipped out and got away. I'll have my motor sent round to the Hotel Victoria in the Kazanskaya and will pick it up there. It's only a step."

The Grand Duke Viktor caught him by the shoulders, and to the young American's intense embarrassment there were tears in his eyes.

"You have saved us, monsieur," he said unsteadily. "You have saved us when we were utterly lost! I—cannot thank you. I have not the words."

The other man shook his head.

"They might be words wasted, sir. We're not free yet. The way may be blocked, or there may be a second party waiting in the Kazanskaya."

"That is true," said the czar's cousin gravely. "We must be prepared for failure as well as for success. Are you armed? Have you a weapon?"

"A weapon!" cried young Manners in horror. "Heavens! No! What should I want a weapon for in Petersburg?"

Viktor Gregorovitch put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out a small, flat magazine pistol.

"Take it!" he said. "Use it if you have to." He looked toward the woman for whose safety they were planning. "She must not fall into their hands. At the very worst"—he seemed to be speaking to the lady now rather than to the American attaché—"at the very worst, if there is no chance of escape give her the pistol. She will know what to do."

The grand duke spoke very earnestly indeed, but not at all as if he were proposing anything terrible or out of the usual course of events; and young Manners, with a long breath, took the little black weapon and slipped it into his pocket. The world about him had begun to seem very fantastic and unreal. He was still a man walking in a dream.

Then those two who loved each other moved close together and stood looking each into the other's eyes. The American turned his back, but he could not close his ears. He heard the Grand Duke Viktor say:

"*Doushka*, it may be the end."

She did not answer him in words. There was a little silence and young Manners thought the two standing there so close together kissed—perhaps for the last time in this world; but presently the lady touched him on the arm and said:

"Let us go!" Her face was white, still and drawn, but her eyes were dry. "Viktor Gregorovitch," she said, "has gone to show himself at the gate. On the way he will tell them to send your motor to the Kazanskaya. Come!"

So they slipped out from the little lighted pavilion and down behind the row of thick shrubs, and through another row, and came to the little door in the wall. It was unlocked, for the men who swept the garden in the morning carried their refuse that way to dump it in the stable yard beyond. They passed under the low arch of a granary and Manners said: "Hold up your skirt here, ma'am! It's wet and none too clean."

But she answered him:

"Never mind my skirt! Hurry!"

They crossed the broad stable yard under the stars and from somewhere within a dog heard them and began to bark; and the American's charge, who had not flinched before Viktor Gregorovitch's pistol, was frightened and clung to her guide's arm.

They came to the half-erected walls of a new house that was being built there and had to pick their way with care between heaps of stone and barrels of cement and plaster. And then there was a locked door!

"This is new," young Manners said. "I was afraid of something like this." He lit a match and examined the door, which was a flimsy thing fastened by a padlock. The lady began to weep there in the darkness, with long and strangling sobs; but he spoke to her sharply:

"We're not done for yet. Help me look for tools—anything—even a strong stick."

And, lighting matches as they went, they searched the unkempt rooms from end to end. There was nothing to be found and for a moment the man stood still and despaired. Then he thought of the stable yard; and, making his charge wait where she was, he ran back there, felt about in the dark and found a pick.

He pried the staple from the flimsy door with slow and noiseless care, and they found themselves under an open arch that gave on the street. Manners peered out and the Kazanskaya was clear, save that a little way to the right, before the modest doorlights of the Hotel Victoria, his motor stood waiting. In another moment they were rolling swiftly toward the lights and clatter of the Nevski Prospekt.

"I will go to the house of some friends across the river," the grand duchess had said to him. "I shall be safe there."

Manners did not know the street she mentioned, but he saw that after they had crossed the Troitsky Bridge they went on out the long Kamenoostrovsky Prospekt, past the Peter-Paul fortress, past the bright gate of the Aquarium Music Hall, past the Alexander Lyceum, and turned presently off to the left into a street of villas and garden walls. The grand duchess said to him:

"Come in for a few minutes! You have saved my life and his too—Viktor's. We can't just part in the street—perhaps forever—after that."

She left him alone for a brief time in a room, the long open windows of which gave on trees and the smell of lilacs in flower and the sound of water splashing in the darkness; but presently she was back again.

"What did you mean," he asked her, "by saying that I had saved your life and the grand duke's? Your liberty for the time being may have been in danger tonight; but surely—your life! Grand duchesses aren't murdered by the police or other authorities at this day of the world."

"Grand duchesses may take their own lives at this day of the world," she said. "Why did you think Viktor Gregorovitch told you in the last extremity to give me the pistol?"

"To defend yourself with, of course, if I hadn't the nerve to do it."

"No, my friend; it was to prevent my being taken alive. Tomorrow he would have known that I had to—do it; and he would have followed me. . . . They have sworn to part us, and we—we have sworn that they shall not succeed. So, you see, you have saved us both—for a little while."

"For a little while?"

"Ah! In Russia who can see more than a little way ahead! We live under a shadow here; not the shadow of the poor little bourgeois out at Krasnoye Selo, but of a great impersonal machine—a monster as ruthless and as terrible as the Spanish Inquisition. High and low, we are all in that shadow; and for any one of us it may any day grow darker than the night."

She stood beside one of those open windows, a lovely and tragic figure, her beautiful head, in its Persian turban, between her upraised hands. Then quite suddenly the dark mood seemed to drop from her as if it were a cloak falling from her white shoulders about her little golden feet.

"At least," she said, "we have, thank God—and you—today to live in! Let us smile while today lasts. Stay with me a little while! I shall not sleep after this night's happenings—and I think you won't either. Talk to me! Help me to laugh. I want so very, very much to laugh."

She was altogether wonderful then—or, looking back on that hour when the dream had been dreamed out to its end, so she seemed to him. They had faced danger—perhaps death—together. That is said to draw people very close and it may have been so with these two. He could remember only broken and unsatisfactory fragments of the things she said, but knew that he had found in her wit, with no sting; wisdom, with no touch of heaviness or pedantry; laughter and tears very close together, and a kind of tender sweetness that was like the flavor of old music half forgotten.

She talked, he remembered, quite freely of her love for the Grand Duke Viktor. His mind even retained some of the things she had said—memorable words. And once she went to the piano and played and sang a little Russian love song, which she said was Viktor Gregorovitch's favorite song. It sounded sad, as most Russian music does; but she said it was not. Then at last it came time for him to go and they stood together near the door.

"I ought," said the grand duchess, "to find words to thank you; but I cannot. You must just remember that owing to you there are love and life in the world that would, but for you, have been crushed out of it. . . . We may never meet again, for I mean to try to escape from Russia within the next few days. I may succeed and I may—fail; but I must try, for I cannot go on as I have been going. I suppose"—she looked at him deprecatingly—"you, with your connection at your embassy, you couldn't manage by some hook or crook to get me a—false passport—could you?—an American passport?"

That cut him to the soul.

"Ah! Have I got to fail you?" he cried. "Have I got to refuse you something after all?"

She saw the pain in his face and caught up his hands in hers.

"No, no! I'm sorry. Oh, I'm so very, very sorry! I unask what I asked. I didn't mean it. Believe me! The words came of themselves quite on the impulse of the moment. You must believe that I didn't plan them. You must forget what I said. I wouldn't, for my life—or even for his—ask you or wish you to do a dishonorable thing. I shall manage somehow. He will manage for me. Forgive me, my friend—and go! It's very late."

She gave him her hands, and he kissed them and went away, down the stairs and out to the street—a young man walking in a dream.

Young Manners encountered little Countess Shishkine a day or two later, who asked, with great interest, whether his grand duchess had made a second appearance that evening at Contant's, and was pleased to learn that she had. The good lady was really quite excited over the rather mysterious presence of her august compatriot in that place; and she talked on at some length about the Grand Duchess Natalia and about her eccentric behavior, and about the Grand Duke Viktor's love affair with the widowed young Countess Vasmetzova.

He heard her through with an impassive face, and smiled only when she had gone away. He wondered whether all gossip about great people was as grotesque as this.

He felt very sure that he was never to see the grand duchess again. He had had his wonderful hour. He had seen her, kissed her hands, played his little part in her life's drama—and the hour was gone; but at the end of a week he received by post a note. It was on plain white paper, without a distinguishing mark of any kind; without date, address or signature. It said:

Come to me for five minutes tomorrow, Tuesday, at four. I want to see you once again—if only for a moment; for after your great service a week ago

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Her Face Wore That Odd Mask of Perfect Impersonality Which All Royalties Seem to Acquire

KEEPING OUT OF COURT

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THE average man looks on a lawsuit as a calamity. He regards going into court as among the evils from which—in the prayer book—we beg to be delivered. The uncertainties, the delays and the expenses of litigation appall him. In his private business affairs he comes to know where the jeopardy of lawsuits lies; but when he undertakes to associate himself with others he is not so certain. Suggestions to him, then, on keeping out of court ought to begin here.

There are two forms of such coöperation—partnerships and corporations. As a rule men are accustomed to enter into partnership relations without giving much attention to the rights and liabilities involved.

It ought to be remembered that, as a general doctrine of the law, partners are personally liable for the debts of a copartnership. Now in some states it is no crime for a partner to misappropriate partnership funds; and it has happened that a dishonest person has drawn out of bank the whole partnership fund and appropriated it for his own use. If he absconds or becomes insolvent the other partner has no redress. The defaulting partner cannot be punished. The solvent partner must make good the obligations of the firm. In other jurisdictions a partner may become personally liable to the limit of his whole personal estate for partnership debts, and he may thereby be entirely ruined by an unscrupulous associate.

This is one of the serious defects in all forms of partnership coöperation—that is, where men associate themselves together for the purpose of doing any sort of business in the general loose manner common to the majority of people.

Partnerships are so perilous in this respect that they should never be formed except with people of known honesty and integrity—and then the limits of them should be very carefully defined and understood.

It is far better in all matters of coöperation to do it under the form of a corporation chartered by the state. This is a little more technical and difficult; but it is not, in fact, very expensive, and ample protection can be given to the individual. Twenty-five or fifty dollars will probably cover the actual costs of incorporation.

Books of instruction and forms may generally be had from the secretary of state of the state from which the charter is to be solicited. If the amount of stock subscribed by each individual is paid up, and the requirements of the law followed in organizing the corporation after the charter is received, no liability will be attached to the individual beyond the amount already paid for his stock.

The object of corporations is for the purpose of enabling men to unite and use their money in a common fund for a certain purpose, without making them personally liable. It would be worth while for the average citizen to give a little more attention to the benefits of corporations, to inform himself with respect to them and to avail himself of their benefits in all coöperative enterprises.

Men engaged in all the larger forms of industry avail themselves of charters issued by the state, and by this method of coöperation are able to advance their interests and to carry through enterprises too large for an individual.

The Responsibilities of Directors

IT IS true that the average man has substantial reasons for being careful in his dealings with corporations. As a rule he has given very little attention to the companies in which he has been a stockholder. He has usually made his subscription and left the management to others; and generally such enterprises have resulted in disaster.

He ought to be very careful about making subscriptions to the stock of companies gotten up by promoters, and he should never take a position on the board of directors of such companies unless he intends to give the matter his careful personal attention; in fact no man should ever permit himself to be a director in any company unless he intends to make himself as familiar with the business of that company as though it were his own private affair; otherwise he is apt to be involved in very grave difficulties. Directors are often held personally liable for negligence in the conduct of the business of the company—and they are sometimes held criminally liable.

It is a custom of banks in the smaller cities and communities to put a number of substantial business men on their boards of directors. These men very often never give any attention whatever to the affairs of the bank; they are, in fact, paper directors. They sit at general meetings and perhaps have some general idea of the affairs of the institution, but usually they have no knowledge of the details of these affairs.

Against Swindling Ventures One Must Protect Himself

Now the fact is that a position on the board of directors of a bank is one of great responsibility. The laws, both state and Federal, are very rigid and exacting with respect to banking institutions. If anything happens to the bank the directors cannot escape responsibility on the plea of ignorance or inactivity; in fact, the ignorance and inactivity of a director is in itself an active element against him.

He is advertised as a director of the affairs of the institution—the public look to him to take care of their interests when dealing with it, and he has assumed these responsibilities. If he neglects them the law will hold him to account.

Banks fail from a variety of causes, and in almost every instance the directors have been compelled to make up large deficits out of their personal fortunes. This sometimes means the ruin of the individual; and, further than this, the laws may hold the director criminally responsible, and he may be subject to a criminal prosecution and a penal sentence for what is, in fact, mere neglect of his duties as a director.

These are considerations of the most pressing importance. One must remember them when he is elected to the position of director in his local bank.

It ought also to be remembered that there is a difference between the liability of the stockholder on bankstock and on other forms of stock. In corporations generally the stockholder is responsible only for the actual face value of his stock; but in national banks he is responsible for double the value of the stock.

Now, of all forms of stock purchased by the citizen, stock in banks is the most common; and, as a rule, this is the very best stock he can buy. If he has money to invest he cannot do better with it generally than to invest it in bankstock. It is a security on which money can always be borrowed. It is one for which there is almost always an immediate market. Its value is not generally subject to fluctuations and, as a rule, it is a safe security; but it carries with it always this jeopardy—that the purchaser is liable for double its value in the event of a disaster to the bank.

It was the law at one time in England that the stockholders in a bank were each personally liable for all the debts of the bank; and in one or two instances of great bank failures a great number of people were ruined. These cases caused modifications in the law; so that generally today, in the United States, the only jeopardy to the stockholder in a national bank is the double liability. Stockholders in state banks may be subjected to a greater liability according to the laws of the state under which they are organized.

Here something ought to be said about the advertisements of wildcat companies, with which the letter boxes of this country are crowded. The Federal Government in recent years has been doing something to exterminate this form of fraud, but its efforts have usually resulted in locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

Irresponsible journals have been in a great degree responsible for these frauds. Their advertising columns, being offered at a low rate, are filled with questionable advertisements of all sorts of alluring bonds and stocks, guaranteeing large returns within short periods.

Precautions in Buying Real Estate

NOW all these ventures are highly dangerous. Most of them are purely fraudulent and the man who invests his money in them is certain to lose it. One ought to remember that it is not difficult for legitimate enterprises to sell their stocks and bonds if they are, in fact, valuable securities. An enterprise can get all the money it wants at four, five or six per cent if it is as good as it advertises itself to be.

Against swindling ventures of this character one must protect himself, as the law does not adequately protect him. Many of these ventures are so carefully planned that they do not actually come within the law. Though they are, in fact, frauds, they cannot always be shown to be so in a court of justice.

Almost everybody at some time in his life becomes the owner of real estate: lots in towns and villages; frequently farms and grazing lands; and occasionally oil, gas, coal and timber lands. Now if one would keep out of court and avoid annoyance and loss with such investments he ought always to bear in mind one or two aspects of the law.

It is commonly the rule, under what is called the Statute of Frauds, that no contract for the sale of real estate can be enforced unless there be some memorandum of it in writing signed by the seller or his agent. No matter how complete the agreement may be for the sale or how many persons may have heard the conversation in which it was concluded, and no matter what expenditures or loss may have been incurred by the parties to such an agreement, it cannot usually be enforced in court unless there is some memorandum in writing.

A second thing to remember in the case of real estate is to be certain that the title one receives is good and clear of all encumbrances. With ordinary town or city real estate the usual and safest method is to have the title insured by some guaranty or trust company that makes a business of insuring titles. With farm lands there is more difficulty, and too much care cannot be exercised if one would avoid lawsuits over titles.

The only safe way is to have your title carefully examined by some competent attorney familiar with the laws of the state in which the lands are situated. He ought to be required to furnish the purchaser with what is called an abstract of title—that is to say, a history of the title. This abstract ought to go back to the common source of title, and nothing less should be accepted.

In addition to the history of the title there may be many encumbrances that would attach to the lands; and, though the purchaser would take the title to them, he would take it subject to those encumbrances; therefore the purchaser must be careful to see that there are no mortgages or deeds of trust, vendors' liens, judgment notes, or the like, which would affect his purchase. There may also be suits in equity in the state or Federal courts involving the lands, or judgments there against the owner, which would be liens.

It happens thus that one must exercise very great care in seeing that the title to the land he purchases is clear. After that the purchaser must be sure he gets a good deed. This is a formal paper that requires certain formal words in order to pass the title; it must also contain an accurate description of the land; it ought to contain what are called covenants of warranty; and it must be properly acknowledged in order to be admitted to record.

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THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THE Globe was a little theater—only you must spell little with a small "l" to indicate that its size was dictated by grossly material considerations—namely, the dimensions of the old billiard parlor and the bowling alley underneath, which it used to be—and not by esthetic ones at all. It seated at a decided pinch six hundred and seventy-eight persons; and if you were fat and fussy you did better to stay away, because the space between the chair-arms was not calculated for the accommodation of any leviathans of the deep. With an eighteen-inch beam or less you did very comfortably and were likely to feel that you got your dollar's worth.

Which brings me to what I meant to say at the beginning—that, with only six hundred and seventy-eight seats to sell and the best of them bringing only a dollar, the salary list, even with ten performances a week, was a delicate matter. It would have been very easy for W. Ransome Lord in an expansive moment to sign up a cast that would leave him nothing with which to pay his light bills. The Sold Out! sign might be getting dingy with constant exposure to the elements and Willy Lord poorer all the time.

On the other hand, his patrons were by no means the sort of innocents who would come to his theater—unless they believed there was something to come for. The average audience at the Globe contained perhaps a larger proportion of persons who read the dramatic section of the Sunday papers and pored over the syndicated chatter from New York than any other audience in town. They knew what was what, all right! You could take it from them.

So it made, you see, a rather pretty dilemma. The weekly salary of one real first-magnitude or second-magnitude star would require the entire box-office receipts of a Saturday night, and perhaps a matinée thrown in, to pay—a proceeding which spelled ruin in letters big enough to satisfy the star himself. And if you did not give them something like that—or something that looked like that—the audience would not come.

Willy Lord, however, played a system which skillfully evaded both the siren of extravagance and the rocks of economy. It took on the average two productions a year to keep the Globe going, and whenever possible he opened a new show in an off season. May was a favorite time with him—just when the big New York productions were beginning to expire with the heat. He nursed this summer show along, if possible, into November. You will see the advantage of this in a minute. Willy's plan was to catch his principals either coming or going.

You know the flower stands you pass when you are hurrying to the railroad station. They have beautiful bunches of American Beauties a little too full-blown, and you carry them carefully in order that all the petals shall not be joggled off before you get them to their destination—or else little buds that have not bloomed yet at all; and you take a chance.

This was Willy Lord's policy exactly. He had a rather wonderful eye for buds and he did not care where he saw them, so long as they looked good to him. He found little Rags Jansen, for example—her real name was Ragna, but that was too hard to say—in a moving-picture house out in Bakersfield, California, doing a song and dance while they changed reels. And that case was a fair example. The buds worked their heads off for him; and after a season or two, if they turned out as well as they usually did, they flitted away from the Globe, went to New York and got discovered all over again. Willy never paid them over fifty or seventy-five dollars a week, and they and the chorus were pretty nearly the whole show, so far as entertaining the audiences went.

For getting the audiences into the house, though, you needed a few names. And that was where the timing of his new productions came in. When he viewed the landscape o'er in November, or in May, he was pretty sure to find here and there a really big name that could be secured at a very marked reduction indeed. It had to be done tactfully of course.

If Luttrell Shean, for instance, had suspected that Willy Lord's encounter with him at the club in New York was premeditated; that Willy knew he was broke; that all the big things he had been angling for had passed him by, and that Willy had now the presumption to regard him as fair game for his new production, The Spring of the Year, in a little second-rate dollar house out in Chicago, this same Luttrell Shean—hard up as he was, poised as he knew himself to be for a glide on the toboggan—would have been insulted within an inch of his life and would proudly have told Willy to go to the devil!

However Willy made their meeting seem the most casual thing in the world. He admitted that he was looking for a headliner in the comedy way. Did Shean happen to know of anybody? Willy wished, with a heartfelt sigh, that his resources ran "to somebody in your class, old chap"; but, of course, with a dollar house and only six hundred and seventy-eight seats, Shean could see how it was.

Yes, Shean could see and he would try to think of somebody. While he was thinking they had lunch together and a few drinks, and Willy listened, without batting an eye, to a tale of enormous prospects that had failed of realization by the merest hair; of duplicity and low commercialism on one side and high-minded devotion to the ideals of his art on the other for an hour or so. By that time the thing was practically settled. There was nothing the comedian would not do for a man he liked; and, by gad, Willy was a good chap! Shean would take the job himself—dashed if he wouldn't! He could have any salary he pleased, so far as announcements to his friends were concerned. As to the amount that came in his envelope every Saturday night—that was a confidential matter.

"He's Been Having Chickens Like You for Supper for the Last Twenty-Five Years"

The manager picked up another bargain on the same trip in the person of Aggie Renfrew. Aggie was English—from the Halls; and was what was left of an ill-judged attempt to make an American vaudeville star out of her by the brute force of advertising. When Willy threw her the lifeline of an offer she was so obviously *in extremis* it was all she could do to act disdainful and take a day to think it over, and affect a reluctance about coming to Chicago. Of course there was a project for building a theater for her next year and she was sure to have a show of her own anyway! But meantime—well, yes; she would do it.

She proved to be one of Willy's comparatively rare mistakes. She was a metallic and somewhat battered little Cockney, a very upstage lady, indeed, who considered America low, Chicago sickening vulgar, and the Globe a rotten hole. Look at her dressing room now! 'Pon her word she had never —— But these pork-killing Americans cared nothing for art—only for dollars.

The boss finally decided that, so far as her art was concerned, this was true; and that, though he had got her at a bargain, it was the sort of bargain that the innocent visitor to the wicked city sometimes gets when he purchases a satchelful of perfectly good ten-dollar bills at a greatly reduced price.

Anyhow she had served her purpose in advertising the new show; so she got her two weeks and departed in a pale blue glare of rage—and little Rags Jansen reigned in her stead.

We feel rather superior about miracles these days; but one happens every now and then nevertheless. And it was a sure-enough miracle that happened now at the Globe, when little Rags Jansen—a nobody from nowhere—stepped into the shoes of the celebrated Aggie Renfrew and, without a trick in her box or a shot in her locker, simply wiped up the stage with all the rest of the cast, including the great Luttrell Shean himself.

The miracle was not that she did it—not that the audience, the first night she appeared, just broke up the show whenever she did anything and refused to let things start again until she had done it over at least four times. Indeed it would have been a miracle if they had done anything else.

She could not dance very much, it is true, and she could hardly sing at all. And her little imitations were in no way technically remarkable. But she liked doing them so much herself; went into it all so completely in the spirit of a child; she was so vibrant with youth and high spirit; she invited you so irresistibly to come and share the game with her—that, as Boldt, the stage manager, observed, there was nothing to it! The show's real name was Rags from the night she first appeared in it.

However that, as I said, was not the miracle. The miracle was that back of the footlights, instead of starting up a tinkers' chorus of envy and disparagement—a rap-rap-rapping on their pans, as they used to sing in Robin Hood—everybody back there felt about her just as the audiences did. Staff, chorus and principals, from Cissy Blake—the youngest and freshest chorus man—up to and including the great Luttrell Shean, collectively and individually fell in love with her.

All told it was an exhibition to make the celebrated lying down together of the lion and the lamb look like a very inferior act indeed. The old Globe hardly knew itself—and that was a fact.

Of course part of it was because little Rags loved everybody back—loved them and regarded their superior knowledge and experience with admiring wonder. And, being the successor to Aggie Renfrew, she certainly shone by force of contrast.

Rags, bless her heart, was not superior to anybody! She made friends with the chorus girls in a way that was half timid, half adventurous—as if she might have expected a rebuff. She accepted as twenty-four-carat truth the statement of the soprano that Dippel had been trying to get her for grand opera, but would not pay her a proper salary because she had not a European reputation. She listened to

Freddy Boldt, the stage manager, with awe while he explained to her at great length the diversity, the onerousness and the critical importance of all his duties—duties that required—well, practical omniscience to fulfill and which left him not a moment from eleven A.M. to eleven A.M. that he could call his own.

And she watched with wondering wide eyes the goings and comings, the airs and the graces—which made him so much more like a well-preserved young duke than any real duke that ever lived—of the great Luttrell Shean.

Considering the fact that girls had been looking at him with just that sort of eyes for the last quarter of a century or so, you might think that by this time he would have ceased to notice them, that whether one more little girl wondered at him, half fascinated and half afraid, or whether she never saw him at all, never cared particularly whether he was there or somewhere else, would have been a matter of complete indifference to him.

You might think that at the end of a string of amatory adventures such as Mr. Shean could boast—though it was not true of him, as some people thought, that he had married a new one every two years for the past two decades—but, even stating the truth at its lowest possible terms, you might think that in the year of grace that found him starring at the Globe it was clearly impossible that he should begin once more perennially to bloom again; to belt in what it was not fair, perhaps, to call a corset, but which served the purpose as well, a couple of notches tighter; swing his swagger stick with an extra flourish; begin to try to look sad and cynical and Byronic as he stood in the wings before an audience of one, waiting for his cue to go out on the stage and make an audience of six hundred and seventy-eight rustle with laughter.

You might not think it possible that Luttrell Shean—fifty if he was a day—having made, as his experienced eye could see plainly enough, a conquest of little Rags, should begin by feeling sorry for her, go on by the old, familiar process to feeling sorry for himself, and finally, after sentimentalizing for a while about it, own up again that, at last and for the first time, he had really fallen in love. But if you do think all this was impossible you are a long way from doing justice to him.

Why, stop and think a minute! If he had not fallen in love with her, do you suppose he could have endured without protest her taking the scene away from him, as time after time she did every night The Spring of the Year was played?

This fact, indeed, was the final, incontrovertible proof that at last, after so many matrimonial misadventures that he had actually and literally lost count of them, he now knew that he had found the right one.

Why, he was glad, actually glad, that little Rags was such a hit! He did not mind having one of his best lines, a line he had written in himself, too, to say to the tenor, perish every night because the six hundred and seventy-eight besotted individuals out in front were still clamoring to have Rags do her telephone bit again for the fourth time. Let them applaud! Was she not his—or going to be? Of course she was only a raw little thing now—good for the Provinces that did not appreciate him; but when he had taught her—well, to be liberal, a tenth part of what he knew about the art of acting—she would be really great and Broadway would be all agape for her.

Well, he would have a word or two to say to them. Some of those insolent commercial dollar-grabbers round Forty-second Street, who had had the effrontery to tell him almost in so many words that he was a has-been, would sing a different tune when he turned up with little Rags under his arm. And it sent a glow down to the deepest roots of his soul—that is if a root can feel a glow—to think of the fond and loving way in which she would say, with a glance round at him: "I shall never take any engagement without my husband!" Ah, if he had only known her long ago—even a year ago—he would not have known the disgrace of singing in a dollar house!

What had escaped Mr. Luttrell Shean's eye was the fact that, though little Rags wondered and flushed and smiled at him, she was doing all those things in exactly the same way at more or less everybody else—everybody who had a place, however humble, in the wonderful new world that she had just found herself projected into—everybody, all the way down to Cissy Blake, the youngest and freshest of the chorus men.

You could not wonder at this oversight. One could no more expect Mr. Shean to be aware of little round-faced, ridiculous Cissy Blake than of an angleworm on the sidewalk.

Hazel Dering, however, a knowing green-eyed girl, herself one of the principals lately promoted from the chorus, was more alert; and presently she got wise to the situation.

She and Rags dressed in the same room—a little box of a place that represented what room was left after they got through partitioning off the domain of the property man; and by virtue of a degree of sophistication that it would take at least three reincarnations fully to account for, she acted, good-naturedly enough, the part of guide, philosopher and friend to the innocence of Rags.

More Like a Well-Preserved Young Duke Than Any Real Duke That Ever Lived

"It seems to me," she observed one evening as they entered the dressing room together, "it seems to me you're kind of careless who you show the glad face to."

Rags was wriggling out of her street frock and a troublesome hook or two had her attention for the moment; so Hazel went on:

"What did you think it was you was smiling at?"

"I think his name is Cissy Blake," said Rags. "Why do you suppose they call him Cissy?"

"Has he a name?" said Hazel with a blighting air of indifference. "I thought he was a chorus man." But you wasted irony on Rags.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked. "He smiled at me. Why shouldn't I smile back at him? Do you know anything about him?"

"He is a chorus man, isn't he?" said Hazel. And after a pause, while she investigated the extent of a Jacob's ladder in one of the sheer silk stockings she had taken off, she looked up at Rags and added: "You don't have to know any more about him than that, do you?"

"I don't know," said Rags. "I think he is kind of nice."

It went against Hazel's principles to admit the individuality of any one of the despised breed; but now she said:

"He's that fresh little fat one, isn't he? He's a joke!"

"I suppose he might be a good joke, though," said Rags; and at that, with a laugh, Hazel slapped her and told her to get along and put her clothes on. But the hand that gave the slap lingered in a sort of caress and then took hold in an investigatory squeeze. "Gee, but you're strong, kid!" she said. "Where'd you get it?"

It was not until a week or two later that Hazel, with all her alertness, became aware that Luttrell Shean was, as she put it, in again; and that his posings and his preenings, and the Byronically interesting look he wore in the wings, had Rags for an object.

The fact that she was so slow about it was due to Shean's method. The notion was that you must get them hooked before you betrayed any personal interest in them. Let them admire you hopelessly from afar—wonder if you were conscious even of their bare existence; get them to weaving romances about you; wondering about your past; trying to account for that mysteriously different look you wore; speculating whether it was a woman who had blighted your life and brought that premature touch of gray to your temples!

You got them going like that; and then, when their sympathy was ripe to pick, you broke loose suddenly; told them your sad life's story; let them see how hopeless and cynical and savage you were, all for the lack of a woman's sweet influence—the right woman; the woman there was only one of—in your life. And then you told her she was the woman. There was nothing to it after that!

This being Shean's invariable technic, it is not to be wondered at that, though Hazel occasionally turned a thoughtful eye on him, she did not for a while make out at whom he was driving. Indeed she might have been slower than she was in making the discovery if Rags had not had, by way of chaperon, a sort of aunt—a thin, respectable, chronically scandalized lady, who took her duties very seriously, came to the theater for every performance and glared disapproval of Hazel whenever she caught sight of her.

Their dressing room—the one she and Rags shared—was too small to admit the possibility of any third person getting in while the two girls were dressing. The aunt was much too superior a person to spend her time in the wardrobe room visiting with old Keziah Strong, the wardrobe mistress; so she sat out in the middle of a clear space they used for rehearsals and did highly ornate embroidery.

Well, when Hazel came out of the dressing room suddenly one day, intent on getting old Keziah to hook her up the back, and saw Shean talking to Rags' aunt—saw him looking more like a well-preserved young duke than usual and keeping the lady in a perfect twitter of appreciation—she saw through the game at a glance. The look in her face, as she stood there watching them, was that of a person who has just discovered that his breakfast egg is musty.

"Damn!" said a heartfelt voice beside her; and without looking round to see where it came from she said:

"Play that across the board for me!"

Then she did look, and it was the chorus man—Rags' fat, dumpy, fresh little chorus man. What had she said his name was? Cissy something!

The discovery took Hazel by surprise. And the fact that he was as surprised as she was over her answer, and that there they stood looking straight into each other's face with a perfectly clear understanding of all each other meant, made it a little difficult for her to get back on her high horse again and treat the fresh, fat little chorus man with the contempt he deserved.

Besides, except for the fact that he was a chorus man, there was nothing particularly contemptible about him. He was funny looking—made you want to laugh, especially when he was solemn; but that was not a fault necessarily. It was possible, as Rags suggested, to be a good joke as well as a bad one. And then there was something earnest and unspoiled and innocent about him, and he had said Damn! in such a nice, satisfying way that it did not seem exactly to call for the high horse.

He turned and stared again malignantly at Luttrell Shean's admirably tailored back.

"Been buzzin' round—buzzin' round like that for fifteen minutes—the baldheaded old buzzard!" he observed.

Hazel giggled. It was a libel to call Luttrell Shean baldheaded. If the grayish hair that was brushed so carefully across his forehead had its roots rather far down at the side it looked none the worse for that. And buzzard! Well, Hazel was always grateful for a new epithet. She never would have thought of calling anybody that.

So it happened they were standing there quite amicably—almost like old friends—when little Rags came out of the dressing room.

The first look that came over Rags' face, which lasted only about a fifth of a second, was of unaffected and rather pleased astonishment. It was gone before even Hazel saw it. The look that followed was a grin of clear derision, and Hazel caught it full, so that she started a little and drew about twelve inches farther away from Cissy and broke off the remark she had been about to make, as if saying anything to him at all had been the very last thing she ever contemplated.

That was what made Cissy turn round and look for himself. By that time Rags had on a third expression—very haughty, indeed, and a little hurt. As she walked by she ignored him aggressively, with a little toss of the head that seemed to say that, if people wanted to be so absorbed talking to other people that they could not even see people coming out of their dressing room, they might simply take the consequences!

Rags walked straight over to her aunt, who was fluttering and palpitating anew under some fresh gallantry of Shean's.

"Damn!" said little Cissy again. "Look at that! He's asking them to supper with him."

Rags' ecstatic, "Oh, we'd love to!" came across to them very clearly. Cissy's face was tragic enough now to have wrung a laugh from a Drama Club attending an Ibsen matinée.

"Say," he said earnestly, "we got to break that up!"

"We?" said Hazel, and she let the gaze of her green eyes trickle slowly down him from head to foot; but he took the snub so humbly that she relented a little. "Why should I help break it up?" she wanted to know. "So that you could ask her and her aunt to go and have a beer at Max's instead?"

It was not said unkindly, though, and Cissy acknowledged the implication with a rueful laugh. "It don't matter about me," he said. "But she's such a kid!"

Hazel grinned.

"What do you call yourself?" she inquired derisively.

"Well, I don't call myself George M. Cohan, or Dave Warfield, or anything like that; but if I ever got a chance I could show up that morgue over there!" And he turned another malignant glare in the direction of Mr. Shean.

"I believe you've understudied him," said Hazel.

The fat little chorus man blushed so that it showed through his makeup.

"Well," he said defensively, "I went and asked Mr. Boldt who I'd better understudy and he said 'Take Shean!' so I did."

Hazel was enough of an actress to keep her face straight until she got into the wardrobe room. Freddy Boldt was something of a humorist in his own way.

All the same the kid was right. The thing ought to be broken up before it went any farther. Hazel might have been puzzled to find a reason. Shean had the remains of a really big reputation and his wives generally managed to capitalize it rather profitably after they divorced him. And there was no question of his not marrying Rags—if that way of putting it will serve.

Hazel did not stop to look for a reason. She just knew! With a little more knowledge of natural history she might have explained that a buzzard ought to stick to carrion and not try to prey on skylarks. It was just a healthy, youthful instinct—in her as it was in Cissy—to revolt at the idea of anything old and imperfectly preserved and emotionally bankrupt being mated with youth and zest, and a headlong reckless innocence like Rags'. Yes; the kid was right.

Hazel was a pretty competent young person, with an amount of self-confidence fully adequate to her powers. It ought to be easy enough in the course of their dressing-room confidences to hand Shean a jolt or two that would do the business.

So she brought up the subject light-heartedly enough the very next night, after waiting until they were half dressed for Rags to bring it up herself. She and her aunt had been out to supper with him and it was a little bit queer that the kid was not simply fizzing with it.

"Have a good time with old ivory-top last night?" was her opening gambit.

It ought to have got a rise out of Rags, because, as I have said, Shean's baldness was more real than apparent. But Rags said "Uh-huh!" so indifferently that Hazel had to wait a minute and start all over again.

"He ought to know how to do it by this time," she said presently. "He's been having chickens like you for supper for the last twenty-five years." Rags giggled. "That's no joke!" said Hazel.

Rags said that was not what she was laughing at and giggled again.

"Something funny he said last night?" Hazel persisted, trying to keep a slightly acrid tang of impatience out of her voice. "Some flossy comeback he handed Willy Collier at the Lambs?"

"Oh, no," said Rags. "He didn't try to be funny!"

"Well, then," demanded Hazel, "who is the joke? Me?"

Rags exploded in a little snort of laughter.

"You and Cissy!" she finally managed to say.

"Me and ——" Hazel broke off speechless. "Well, you certainly have got one nerve!" she concluded when she got her breath.

"Nerve yourself!" observed Rags primitively. "Pretending he was not fit to look at; talkin' as if he hadn't any name"—here Rags turned away from the mirror with an oratorical gesture of protest—"like he was—was just a grease spot on the floor—and the next minute over in a dark corner with him!"

"Oh, beat a retreat!" said Hazel disgustedly. "Go back to the bag! You won't get any wild pitches out of me."

"But I don't see," Rags went on plaintively, "why you should start in to roast Mr. Shean just because Cissy's sore at him!"

There was nothing for it but physical violence after that; and Hazel, with an exasperated laugh, tried to shake her. But the shaking did not come off. Rags' young arms were surprisingly strong. Hazel uttered an imperfectly suppressed squeal.

"Quit it, you little brat! Quit it, I tell you! You're spoiling my makeup!"

There came a knock on the dressing-room door and the voice of Freddy Boldt outside, adjuring them to cut out the rough stuff.

"Oh, back up!" said Hazel, smoothing her ruffled plumage before the mirror. "We thought we saw a mouse."

The project of putting a spoke in Mr. Shean's wheel had not prospered; and Rags' angle on it—attributing it perspicaciously to a vicarious jealousy originating with Cissy Blake—estopped Hazel pretty effectively from trying it again. From now on it had to be little old Henry W. Watch and Wait for hers.

Well, the May days warmed and lengthened into June and Shean's campaign seemed to be warming up too. Rags was uncommunicative, but portentously spent more time than was her wont before her mirror under the pretext of making-up, staring at herself, and—if it is not too farfetched a surmise—thinking.

Poor little Cissy Blake went about looking solemn enough to be the hero of a farce; but Hazel rather discouraged his confidences. For one thing she did not like to own how lamentably she had failed as an ally.

Cissy, it appeared, could not do much either. He had just ten chances a week to speak to Rags—three minutes, or such a matter, along in the middle of the first act, while they were waiting in the wings—right—Rags and the eight chorus men—to come on and do a song.

The demon aunt did not feel equal to climbing the stairs for so brief an interval and Shean was down in the dressing room making his first change. Ten chances a week theoretically—but Cissy was not able to accept them all. More than half the time Rags stood down in the first entrance chatting with Props, who had charge of the ribbons she drove the chorus men about the stage with.

Sometimes, however, she squeezed into the third entrance and, as Cissy led the file, they stood for three minutes, as I said, side by side; and then she talked to him in whispers about how warm it was and whether the audience was going to like her tonight, and things like that. And on those occasions Cissy came down to the chorus-men's dressing room afterward quite transfigured.

He did not dare even look at her at any other time for fear the aunt would see and suspect something and take to coming upstairs with Rags herself. Cissy invented a number of horrible destructions for this aunt, each more lingering and Oriental than the last, until the paradox occurred to him that this very lady was all that stood between Shean and the successful consummation of his plans.

You could see that plainly enough from the way Shean looked at her when she turned an unsuspecting back. And the thing that must have made it most maddening was that it was not prudence—not a chaperonly desire to thwart the comedian—but her own delight in his society and a comic belief on her part that he reciprocated it. Shean had overplayed his gallantries to the demon aunt—there could be no doubt about that; and, plan as he might, he could concoct no successful device—suppers, breakfasts, outings or stratagems that would have done credit to a Napoleon—for getting little Rags off by herself.

If it ever occurred to him that Rags might have been of more material assistance in bringing about this object than she was he dismissed it without misgivings, charging it to the wonderful youth and innocence of her; and he loved her all the more wildly, just as he the more insanely hated the aunt every time.

So it was with a feeling in which despair and hope joined hands on a fifty-fifty basis that Cissy waylaid Hazel one Saturday afternoon just as she was coming in the stage door. His manner was so legibly marked Important! Personal! that she stopped for his news.

"She's sick!" Cissy hissed succinctly.

Hazel made a wrong guess.

"Rags?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

"Rags nothing!" said Cissy. "The aunt! She came in just now."

"Who? The aunt?" said Hazel.

"Aunt nothing!" said Cissy. His voice was a whisper but his manner was a shout. "Rags, I tell you! All alone! And—and she told me. Bronchitis—a week anyway."

"Happy days!" said Hazel.

"Yes," said Cissy; "but it gives him a chance too. Can't you see?"

"'Sw'at I meant," said Hazel grimly. "Whad'ju think I was talking about?"

"But," said the fat little chorus man desperately, "can't you—can't you look after her yourself? Sort of—stick around, you know?"

"Do I look like an aunt?" demanded Hazel.

She stood there a minute, though, making a wry, thoughtful face, and Cissy waited in tremulous eagerness for the oracle to speak; but it was only with a shrug of her slim shoulders that she turned away.

"Cheer up!" she said not unkindly over his look of despair. "Cheer up! Worse is yet to come!"

The suspense would soon be over anyway. The aunt's sickness clearly forced a show-down, and the mixture of excitement and relief Hazel felt over this fact showed the girl how much she took the issue to heart. It was like her, though, to treat this emotion derisively. "Regular old maid with a canary!" she mused. And she turned on Rags in the dressing room the best imitation of indifference she could muster.

Rags managed to remain an enigma longer than one would have thought possible. She dressed so slowly that there was no chance for her to come out while Cissy was hanging about outside. He had to be on the stage, of course, for the opening chorus; but she continued to loiter in the dressing room until within about two minutes of her first cue, which cut off equally any chance for a visit with Shean, who sat all the while with his door open, watching for her appearance.

Cissy informed Hazel hoarsely during the final ensemble of the first act that Rags had thrown him down—a statement that had reference to his precious three minutes when they waited in the wings together; and this would have seemed conclusive if, along in the second act, Rags had not broken away from Shean himself, pleading necessary repairs.

Hazel had followed her to the dressing room ostensibly to help, and judged from Rags' abstracted attitude before the mirror that the plea had been fictitious. This encouraged her to try an experiment.

"S'long's your aunt's sick," she suggested casually, "you might come along to dinner with old Keziah and me."

"Thanks, honey!" said Rags. "I'd love to." But there was a sort of reserve about her manner as she said it that Hazel did not risk prying into.

Hazel and old Keziah Strong were pals—the most queerly assorted pair that ever had evoked first the amazement and then the amusement of the Globe—Hazel, whose knowing insolence could even make Freddy Boldt blush; and Keziah, who in spite of her apparently enormous age was so innocent, so redolent of the hay, that she seemed to have strayed in accidentally out of the cast of Shore Acres.

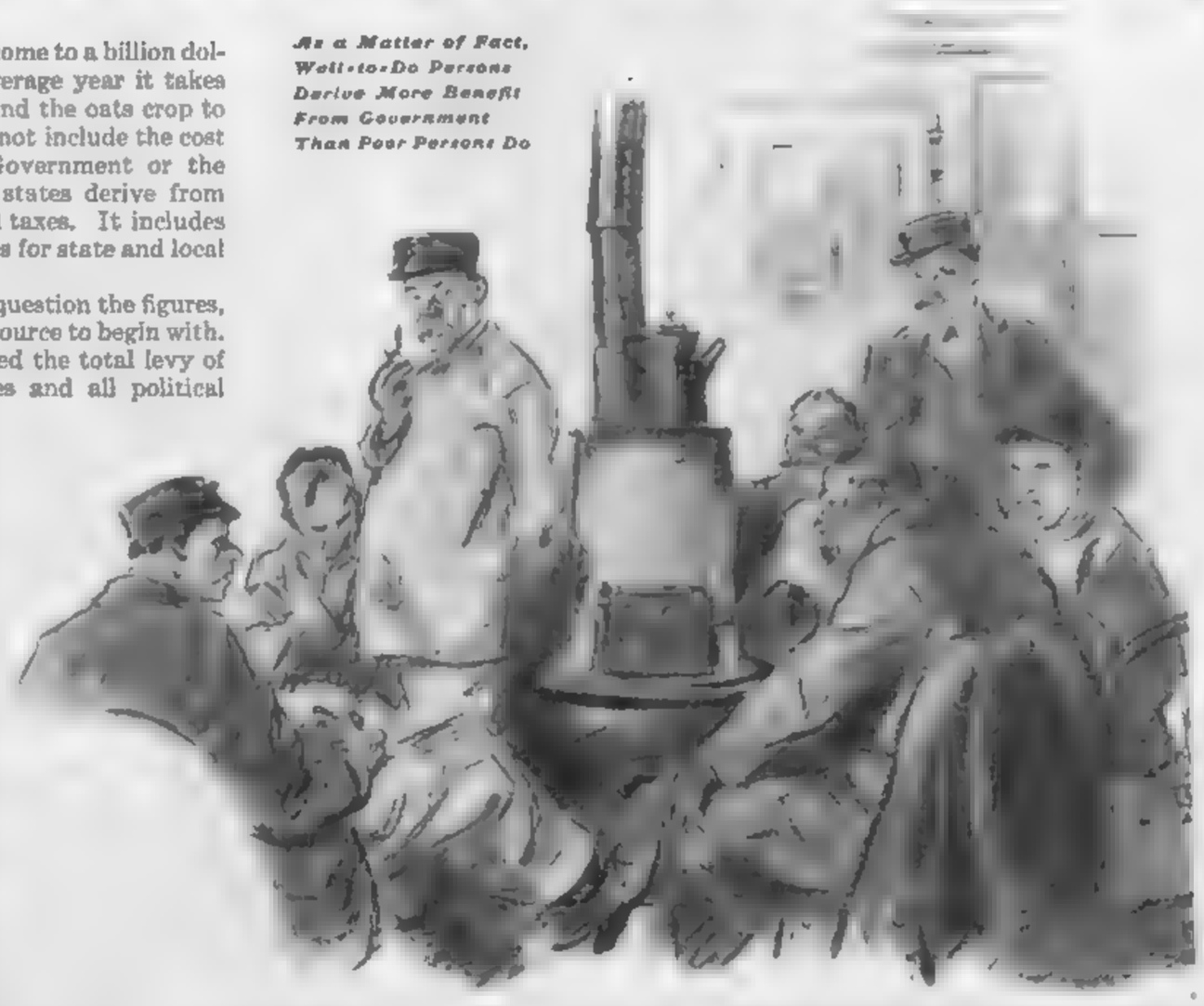
(Continued on Page 40

He Could Have Any Salary He Pleased, So Far as Announcements to His Friends Were Concerned

THE TAX MUDDLE—By Will Payne

STATE and local taxes come to a billion dollars a year. In an average year it takes both the wheat crop and the oats crop to pay the tax bill. This does not include the cost of running the Federal Government or the revenue which cities and states derive from licenses and various special taxes. It includes only direct ad-valorem taxes for state and local purposes.

Probably somebody will question the figures, so I may as well give their source to begin with. The Census Bureau reported the total levy of ad-valorem taxes by states and all political subdivisions for the years 1890 and 1902. In the latter year the total was just a little short of seven hundred twenty-five million dollars, while the increase over 1890 was fifty-four per cent. All the evidence indicates that expenses of state and local governments increased faster in the last decade than in the preceding one. But if we take only the same rate of increase we have a total for 1913 that reaches a thousand million dollars. Moreover, receipts in 1910 from property, business and poll taxes by cities having more than thirty thousand inhabitants came to nearly half a billion dollars. Now if you should ask the first farmer you met to hand over all his wheat and corn for public use, he would want to know how much other people were handing over and whether they were contributing as much proportionately as himself. In the last dozen years official commissions or volunteer bodies have been studying that latter question in at least half the states of the Union, and almost everywhere the answer has been that taxes were levied with the grossest inequality and injustice.



As a Matter of Fact, Well-to-Do Persons Derive More Benefit From Government Than Poor Persons Do

Take the concrete instance of Mr. Thomas Jones, who is a clerk in a Chicago railroad office and receives a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum. As soon as he married—being a person of almost incredible thrift—Mr. Jones began accumulating property in the form of household furniture: a gas range and kitchen utensils, beds and bedding, a neat parlor set bought and paid for on the installment plan, presently a modest piano or other musical instrument for young Martha's education.

Heavy Burdens on the Poor

IN THE course of time the Jones flat was provided with several hundred dollars' worth of property of this sort. Then the assessor dropped in. If he had been a strictly law-obeying assessor he would have dropped in before, for the Illinois law and constitution require him to assess every dollar's worth of personal property which he can discover, right down to Mr. Jones' cuff buttons and young Tom's sled.

But the cost of making very small assessments is so high in proportion to the yield that the assessors in practice indulgently overlook household furniture of less value than three hundred dollars. It is clear at a glance that the Jones family's belongings cost more than that minimum sum. In fact the furniture cost over twice that, although it would bring very little if put up at auction. So the assessor enters Thomas Jones at three hundred dollars, and in due time Thomas is notified to pay five dollars and sixty cents taxes for the support of his beloved city and state.

This is a privilege which he shares with a great number of similarly situated persons. In fact the assessment rolls of Cook County contain thousands and thousands of assessments ranging from three hundred dollars up to five hundred. E. Allen Frost, who has probably spent as much time over that particular tax muddle as anybody else has, opines that about one-half of all the personal-property assessments in Chicago consist of items of five hundred dollars or less—being, in the main, contributions to the support of government by Thomas Joneses.

With undaunted thrift Thomas accumulates a savings-bank balance of five hundred dollars. Being a simple-minded, conscientious person with a prejudice against perjury, he dutifully returns it to the assessor as the law requires him to. He is taxed nine dollars and thirty-five cents upon it, which absorbs almost two-thirds of the interest which the savings bank pays him.

Thomas' next step along the path of traditional family economy is to buy a home. The price is four thousand dollars—five hundred down and the remainder on installments. As soon as he pays down the five hundred and title passes to him he becomes liable for the tax on the whole value—or theoretically upon the whole value, for in practice the good-natured assessor enters the little home at only three thousand dollars instead of four.

The tax comes to fifty-six dollars. True, Thomas owes three thousand five hundred dollars on his home; but the law will not permit him to offset that debt against his household furniture or his money in the savings bank. His worldly possessions now consist of a five-hundred-dollar equity in his home, five hundred cash in the savings bank and a collection of used household furniture which might possibly fetch two hundred dollars if he were forced to sell it. His tax bill comes to seventy dollars and ninety-five cents, which is nearly six per cent of his total wealth; also nearly six per cent of his total income.

Now the boss of that division of the railroad office in which Thomas labors is the second vice-president, who receives a salary of thirty thousand dollars a year, lives at a downtown hotel and contributes not a red cent to the support of government. It doesn't look right to Thomas. It doesn't look right even to the second vice-president. To nobody, in fact, does it look right; but they can't change it because it is fixed that way in the state constitution.

If your great-grandfather had settled in Illinois in the early years of the last century this tax matter would have looked very simple to him. He would have said: "A man's ability to support the government under which he lives is measured by his property. Tax all property alike and you will have a fair revenue system." So they fixed it that way in the constitution of 1818, when the population of the state was fifty-five thousand, and practically all the wealth within its borders consisted of land, buildings, farm animals, and the like—wealth, in short, which stood out in plain view where any assessor could see it.

For a very simple agricultural and trading community like Illinois in 1818 an equal property tax is a very fair system, because a man's ability to contribute to the support of government will be measured with approximate accuracy by the property which he possesses. If one farmer is richer than another he will have more land and cattle, and be taxed accordingly. The prosperous merchant will have a larger stock of goods.

So your supposititious great-grandfather was justified in relying upon a simple general property tax. But his descendants still rely upon it when a bit of paper that one can slip in his vest pocket may represent more wealth, more income and more ability to support government than all the farms in a county; also when a larger and larger part of the best incomes are derived from salaries and professional earnings rather than from ownership of property.

The old-fashioned personal-property tax which Illinois still theoretically retains has broken down in every community where industry and commerce are highly developed. In Illinois, as in every other state where it remains upon the statute book, it is enforced only against the simple forms of personal property which cannot be concealed, such as household goods, farm animals, merchants' stocks.

Let us suppose that Mr. Thomas Jones has advanced a stage in wealth and sophistication. He now has a thousand dollars in the savings bank. In order to get more interest he draws it out of the bank and buys a five per cent bond. His income from the investment is fifty dollars a year, but if he reports the bond to the assessor as the law requires him to do the tax will take nearly forty per cent of the income. If he should die, leaving his wife ten thousand dollars life insurance, he would expect her—she having no business experience—to invest the sum in bonds and mortgages from which she would derive an income of five hundred dollars a year. But unless she lied to the assessor the state would gobble nearly two hundred dollars of that meager income.

Of course nobody will stand any such monstrous mulct as that. Nobody does stand it. Practically stocks, bonds and mortgages are not taxed at all. Their owners habitually and cheerfully lie about them. The assessors know it and wink at it—except now and then when an estate gets into probate court. Then the unfortunate widow and orphans suffer.

The impossibility of enforcing a personal-property tax against "intangibles" is so clear and has been so thoroughly demonstrated that some states have frankly given it up, exempting moneys and credits, including stocks, bonds and mortgages, from taxation. New York, for example, where there is greater wealth in the form of intangible personal property than in any other state, simply requires a mortgage fee of fifty cents for each thousand dollars. When that fee has once been paid the bonds are exempt from any further taxation. If the average life of a corporation mortgage is twenty years, and the average interest rate five per cent, this recording fee amounts to an income tax of one-twentieth of one per cent.

Men Who Get Most and Pay Least

THAT seems a light tax, yet from this recording fee the state has derived a far bigger income than it ever got when it attempted to tax bonds as personal property. The light tax is paid while the old confiscatory tax was not paid.

It is far better, unquestionably, to exempt intangible personal property from taxation altogether than attempt to tax it equally with other property, for that attempt will result simply in wholesale evasion. Yet complete exemption, or such an almost nominal tax as that imposed in New York, does not appear to be an ideal solution.

It is entirely possible, for example, for a citizen of the Empire State to enjoy an income of a million dollars a year without contributing a cent to the support of state and local government, and without evading any revenue law. Presumably the property from which his income is derived—that is, the railroads, factories, and so on, whose bonds and stocks he holds—do pay taxes, but that hardly affects the question of his ability to support the government.

Now in the nature of the case you can't sell government by the pound as grocers do sugar. One man can't say that he will take six pounds of it while another opines that three pounds is as much as he needs. Everybody is subject to its laws and everybody is supposed to share in its benefits, so the accepted theory is that every one should contribute to its support according to his financial ability.

As a matter of fact, well-to-do persons derive more benefit from government than poor persons do. Chicago, for example, maintains a very extensive and attractive park and boulevard system; but the smooth pavements of the boulevards are for the second vice-president's automobile. When the Jones family travels it is in an overcrowded street car. In every city the high schools are far more expensive relatively than the lower-grade schools, but it is notorious that poor people's children rarely go to high school. They must go to work. It is the children of the well-to-do who get the benefit of the high schools. New York's splendid improvements along the bank of the Hudson are enjoyed mostly by people in comfortable circumstances. Every state and local government spends a good deal of the taxpayers' money simply for the protection of property; but it is the second vice-president's jewelry rather than the plush parlor set of Mr. Thomas Jones that requires protection from the predatory. It is the property of stock and bond holders which periodically needs the services of the militia in a strike.

Again, ability to support government and benefits derived from government may have no relationship to possession of property. British income-tax returns show that salaries comprise a class of incomes which rise as fast as any other, not excepting capitalists' incomes. Big business means big salaries and constantly more of them. In a world that grows more technical and specialized all the time professional incomes in the bulk rise rapidly. No doubt an income census of New York or Chicago would show that a large proportion of incomes between ten and fifty thousand a year are not derived from possession of property—or at least that incomes from investments form the smaller part of the total revenue. Certainly the lawyer, doctor, engineer, broker, and so on, with an income of ten or twenty thousand a year, is able to contribute something to the support of government.

In short the practical breakdown and abandonment of the old personal-property tax as applied to moneys and credits exempts a great many persons who could well afford to contribute. Everybody realizes this, and up to about one year ago it was a common opinion that the persons referred to must be exempted because it was impossible to devise a revenue system that would reach them for state and local purposes.

This opinion was based on the utter failure of the income tax as a state measure. The income tax in the United States is, of course, no new thing. Before there was a United States men realized that a person's actual ability to contribute to the support of government was finally much more a question of income than of wealth. One might hold a great deal of property and still, for all practical purposes, be poor—"land poor" has been a stock phrase, for example, time out of mind. The property might be unproductive; it might be saddled with debts that consumed its entire revenue. On the other hand, even in those simple times the lawyer or doctor might, for all practical purposes, be a very well-to-do person.

How Wisconsin Did the Impossible

SO EVEN in Colonial times New England resorted to an income tax under the name of a "faculty tax." In Vermont, to illustrate, lawyers and doctors were to be rated at ten to three hundred dollars, "according to their respective gains."

Merchants and traders were to be assessed at fifteen to six hundred dollars, "in proportion to their gains, taking into account the capital employed in said business."

Connecticut assessed land, not according to its supposed value, but in proportion to the income which on the average it was likely to produce. Massachusetts enacted that "personal property shall for the purpose of taxation be construed to include income from any profession, trade or employment." Later on Pennsylvania proposed to tax salaries two per cent. Southern states both before and during the Civil War adopted the income tax.

Without exception all these attempts by states to tax income came to flat failure. As late as 1894, for example, when Massachusetts still required all incomes in excess of six hundred dollars a year to be taxed, the total amount of income assessed in Boston was less than eight hundred thousand dollars. Professor Seligman's history of the income tax and David A. Wells' work on the same subject show how utterly the tax petered out everywhere. There was no disputing the fact and there was little dispute as to the reason for it. The states depended upon the individual's statement of his income. The individual understated it, or stated no taxable income at all.

Hence it came to be a very generally accepted theory that an income tax could not be successfully applied except by taxing the income at its source, and that states could not tax income at its source because nowadays the source of income is often outside the boundaries of the state in which its recipient lives. For example, New York State could not tax at its source income derived from Steel Corporation stocks and bonds, because the source is over in New Jersey, where New York tax authorities have no jurisdiction.

The Federal Income Tax Law, you remember, levies the tax at the source of the income wherever that is possible—and it is possible in the great majority of cases. That law requires every corporation in the country to report—under penalty of having to pay the tax itself—every salary that it pays in excess of three thousand dollars a year, and to deduct the income tax unless the recipient of the salary files a certificate claiming the exemptions which the law allows him. In fact it requires every employer, individual or corporate, to deduct the tax on taxable salaries or to turn in a certificate of exemption. It requires every tenant paying three thousand dollars a year or upward in rent to deduct the tax or turn in a certificate of exemption. In the same way corporations paying bond interest must deduct the tax or secure a certificate from the bondholder. As to income derived from corporation profits and distributed in dividends, the Government catches that by taxing the corporation's income. All the certificates of exemption are compared and the man who claims more exemption than he is entitled to will be brought to book. The Government's net, in fact, is so wide and finely woven that it is bound to catch nearly all taxable income.

He Receives a Salary of Thirty Thousand Dollars a Year, Lives at a Hotel and Contributes Not a Red Cent to the Government

No state can weave such a net; but just about as it became a pretty common opinion that a state, being unable to tax income at its source, could not successfully tax it at all, Wisconsin stepped into the breach and did it. The agitation for an income tax in that intelligently radical state dates back at least ten years. It required a resolution for a constitutional amendment, to be passed by two successive legislatures; then the submission of the amendment to the people and its ratification by them; then the passage of an income-tax law by the legislature under the constitutional power thus granted. The law was finally passed in 1911. It has been in operation two years and has been remarkably successful.

A single person's income up to eight hundred dollars a year is exempt from taxation and a married person's up to twelve hundred, but there is a further exemption of two hundred dollars for each child under eighteen years of age; also an exemption of two hundred dollars "for each additional person for whose support the taxpayer is legally liable and who is entirely dependent upon the taxpayer for support." Thomas Jones, then, with a wife and two children, may enjoy an income of sixteen hundred a year without taxation. If there are three children the limit is raised to eighteen hundred, and so on.

But the law exempts from taxation as personal property all moneys and credits, including stocks and bonds; all household furniture in use and personal ornaments and jewelry habitually worn; tools of a mechanic and machinery and implements in use on farm or in orchard. Thus it does away once for all with that attempt to tax "intangibles" which makes the personal-property tax an iniquitous farce wherever it is retained. And it does away with the taxing of household goods and mechanics' tools.

The importance of this exemption is apparent when one recalls that probably half the personal-property assessments in the opulent city of Chicago are levied upon schedules of five hundred dollars or less. "It is a safe assumption," says a Civic Federation report, "that practically every one of these small items represents an assessment against household goods or workingmen's tools. On this basis out of about eighty-five thousand personalty items received by the county treasurer, nearly forty-five thousand would be on these classes of property. Examination of the county attorney's dockets for the past three years gives basis for the estimate that upward of thirty-five per cent of the collections passed on to him represent assessments on items of less than five hundred dollars full value."

The rate of taxation for individual incomes under the Wisconsin law is finely graded. For the first thousand dollars of taxable income, or any part thereof, it is one per cent; for the second thousand it is one and a fourth per cent; for the third thousand one and a half per cent, and so on up to six per cent on any taxable income in excess of twelve thousand dollars.

The Honesty of American Taxpayers

THE exemptions, of course, are much lower than for the Federal income tax and the rates are decidedly higher; but the great difference between a rate of taxation on principal and the same rate applied to income must always be borne in mind. For example, here is a man with a wife and one child who has two hundred and thirty thousand dollars invested in five per cent bonds and mortgages. His income obviously will be eleven thousand five hundred dollars a year; but he is entitled to an exemption of one thousand four hundred dollars, so his taxable income amounts to ten thousand one hundred dollars. On the first thousand dollars he pays one per cent, on the second thousand one and a quarter per cent, and so on. Thus the average rate on the whole ten thousand one hundred is two and a half per cent, and his total income tax comes to two hundred and fifty dollars, or a little over one week's income, which amounts to a tax of but little more than one-tenth of one per cent of his principal.

In other words, a tax of only one per cent on his principal would come to more than nine times as much as the Wisconsin tax on his income.

The income tax, in fact, is by far the lightest of all direct taxes. A man with a wife and two children and an income of three hundred dollars a month would be called upon in Wisconsin to pay only twenty-two dollars and a half a year. If he is going to contribute anything at all to the support of government he can't reasonably expect to get off more lightly than that. For corporations the rates are heavier. In fact nearly all corporations pay six per cent of their net income.

And after two years' experience the Wisconsin Tax Commission finds that the individual taxpayer is not an habitual liar; that nine times out of ten he will make an honest return of his income; that a state income tax—although collected at the source to only a small degree—may be successfully enforced; that its administration is comparatively easy.

On this subject T. S. Adams, one of the three commissioners, recently wrote: "The American taxpayer is the most maligned creature in all fiction. He has been used as a synonym for liar. As a matter of fact when confronted with an equitable tax and a fearless assessor he is honest. In the opinion of those who administer the Wisconsin law, about one taxpayer out of ten will equivocate, twist the truth or lie flatly."

(Continued on Page 33

If He Reports the Bond the Tax Will Take Nearly Forty Per Cent of the Income

THE JACKPOT'S DENTIST

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

FAR to what Alaskans of the southeast coast call the westward, Cook Inlet narrows and a part of it becomes Turnback Arm, navigable only by gasoline launches of little draft. The tide rushes in over the shallows of the Arm—a tremendous wall of water sixty feet high. It rushes out with the same terrific force, leaving miles of mudflats bare except for a few deep pools. A boat caught in Turnback at low tide will batter into splinters against the breakers of the flood.

Two miles from the mouth of the Arm was the camp of the Jackpot Mine. There was a small dock, which had been built between tides, sheltered in a scallop of the shoreline. Above, on the wet tundra of the hillside, were the mine buildings, including a long, low bunkhouse; the cookhouse and staff quarters; and, nearest the water, the power plant. Farther up the hill was the mill, and the pale sun of an October morning made a faint glitter on its many windows.

Like a great black eye the entrance to the mine's main tunnel stared out of the snowy cliff to the right of the mill; and below the tunnel was the waste dump, snow-covered except where more had been trammed out since the day-shift had gone to work. The Jackpot was producing twelve thousand tons a month, which was amalgamated in the hundred-stamp mill and the tailings cyanided. The ore averaged twenty dollars a ton, with a ninety-five per cent recovery; and, provided the monthly steamer arrived at the company's oil wharf at the mouth of the Arm in a month—instead of every five or six weeks, as was quite likely—the Jackpot shipped approximately two hundred twenty-eight thousand a month.

All the Jackpot's owner had needed to do to reach this point was to put in three solid years getting the equipment up the Arm and over the winter trail, which crossed three high summits before it sloped down to a port with water enough for a real steamer to ride in, and to pay wages on the Alaska scale all the time. The mill had just begun to run without something happening to stop it; the air compressor had finally been moved underground, after two snowslides proved there was no use leaving it in its house outside; and Harvey Jenks, superintendent, was only on the job some sixteen hours a day.

Formerly he had merely taken a quick snooze in the concentrator or on the lumpy sofa in the staff sitting room, because if he did go to bed he would have to get out and see what was wrong. The assay office had caught up with itself, and Charlie Brent, the engineer, no longer stayed until two A. M. in the drafting room. The mule that had died when most required to pack powder was replaced by a live mule of the sturdiest health. Supplies were in for the winter, and the ten-thousand-gallon oil tank was full.

So those in the camp took time to wonder where forgotten razors were and to speak vaguely of seeing a dentist when they went outside. They were all good, steady men; and Harvey Jenks was not going to be left shorthanded when he needed men most if any reasonable or unreasonable desires could be gratified. After consultations in bunkhouse and staffhouse it was decided that fifty more records be bought for the three phonographs to use in turn, and to send to Seward for a dentist.

Jenks wrote that the very best dentist was wanted. There were a hundred and fifty men, and everybody had work to be done. Jenks further emphatically stated that the Jackpot would throw an incompetent dentist right off the dock into Turnback; wherefore, to take no chances on some one getting a wetting, would not his old friend, Doctor Daggett, accept the contract?

Doctor Daggett, however, by the steamer that took five weeks that trip, replied that his wife would not let him. It was too near Christmas—and no one ever got away from Turnback Arm when he wanted to. But a dentist had written him, looking for just such an engagement, and the introductions of this dentist were sufficient to insure the best class of work. Let Doctor Everard be met on the Daniel Dollar's next trip, as the doctor would come direct from a vacation trip in Southeastern Alaska.

Young Doctor Hanson, the company's physician, fixed a room in the little hospital for the dentist. There should be all sorts of droplights for the dark winter days and nights.

The Jap boy cleaned an inch or so under the bed in the best guestroom and rubbed a clear space in the window with a finger, so that the dentist could look out and remark the weather. The staff said he could find a place on the big table for his own pipes and writing paper—they were not going to houseclean.

She Could and Would Pull That Cord

"The Jap only sweeps back of the stove when he wants a cigarette butt," said Jimmy Harkins, the mine's nightshift boss.

"Everard won't care, s'long as we've got lots of teeth for him," yawned Charlie Brent. "Ain't the Dollar pretty near due?"

If the wind was right they could hear the steamer's hoarse port call as she hailed the oil wharf. The staunch little launch Bug would speed down on the tide and bring all the freight and mail she could pack on the next tide. Kilowatt Bentley would be invited to come out of the power plant and run the Bug's engine, and everybody left in camp would declare a wish to be going—and be privately glad to stay on land.

Kilowatt was the handy man; but he hated to be bossed. And he hated women worse. He said they made him sick—all of them—and that they hampered and held back many a man who would have been something by himself.

Kilowatt's beginning was rather mysterious. Some one said he had been a wireless operator on the China run; and McCarty, the master mechanic, reported that Kilo must have been a locomotive engineer, or how could he have run over a railroad vice-president who was joy-riding without lights on the machine?

Anyway, after that, Kilo was not with that road any more. He had mushed downhill into camp one cold April day, after getting lost coming from the Albert Creek country and thinking that the monuments on the winter trail led to a port. Rotted low-bush cranberries, scratched out of the snow, with bark, and an old reindeer mukluk was all he had to eat for six days. He had no formal title in the power plant. He was just Kilowatt—yelled for when complete sympathy with an ailing boiler or engine was necessary.

Work was proceeding pleasantly this nippy October morning. Stomachs warned that the noon quitting whistle would soon force the frost from its throat and shrill a summons over the Arm. McCarty, looking out of the power plant, saw Kilowatt on the porch of the bunkhouse playing with the company's sled dogs.

"I'd 'a' swore I heard the Dollar blow," called McCarty.

"No," demurred Kilowatt; then he put his hand to his ear and cried: "Yes, it is! One, two, three—that's the last two now. I'd better pull up the Bug's hook."

Harvey Jenks, big and wide and cheerful, rushed from the office and, seeing the mine foreman descending the slushy trail, yelled:

"Gimme six men for the Bug, Bill—to handle freight. Tide's going out, Kilo, and you can get back on the next one. Watch out for Doctor Everard's freight. He'll likely have a good bit of junk with him."

Kilowatt nodded, observing:

"I hope this dentist party won't scare easy. But we can't turn round if we once start; so I guess he'll get over it."

"Oh, he's probably a seasoned sourdough," said Jenks. "Don't let the cuss weaken on you, Kilo—for he must come!"

"When you see me you'll see him," promised Kilowatt; and with a lift of his shoulders he ran to the dock to untie the anchored Bug's shoreline.

The noon whistle blew, and from tunnel and mill the men hustled for the cookhouse, all rather excited, for boatday meant letters and papers, and Kilowatt's getting the Bug ready was a notice that the Dollar was in. The outgoing mailsacks were carried to the dock and lowered to the deck of the Bug, rocking in five feet of water.

Jenks yelled to Kilowatt not to forget to ask the purser about Louis Pappas' new gun, which had not been put off the last trip; and Ellis, the storekeeper, requested that any extra fruit and fresh meat be bought from the Dollar. There would be fresh beef and something green for supper. Louis Pappas, the powder monkey, ran soapy-faced from the washroom and yelled about his gun.

Kilowatt yelled, and the man on the Bug's stern, pushing her out of the mud with a pikepole, yelled back. A Japanese cook began to beat with a hammer on the circular saw that called the camp to meals; and the men trooped to dinner while the Bug sped out and was swept from sight on the ebbing tide

As a concession to the arriving dentist, Jenks put on his corduroys with the least spots and the hat that he did not wear underground. Charlie Brent and Larry Lane, the assayer, got out the ties kept in a drawer in the balance room; and Louis Pappas was seen passing, under the derby hat he wore on Christmas, Fourth of July and boatdays.

A trifle of snow fell at the waterline. Up in the hills there was a real storm swirling over the heights on both sides of the Arm. The nightshift, loafing in the store and bunkhouse, remarked that ptarmigan would be coming lower now and wondered when Kilowatt would get back. The wide flat before the camp went dry; then a long tongue of water rolled by; next a wave with a crest of white; and soon the crash of the tide was louder than the noise of the concentrator.

The nightshift got into mackinaws and slickers and massed on the dock to watch for Kilowatt. The mine foreman in the office made up his timesheet with an eye on the water.

Jenks stood in the store door worrying—as he always did when the Bug had a gang of his men aboard.

"Kilo said that new clutch on the engine was too light; and if it doesn't hold her he'll be helpless. He's going to put a piece of shafting in and take the clutch out," said he, smoking fast.

"Them people in Seattle never send what they're told," said McCarty, likewise nervous. "He ought to be gittin' here soon."

Twilight settled over the Arm, and the whistle blew twice. Five o'clock! The dayshift got the muck from themselves and joined the crowd on the dock. Kilowatt could not make it on the full tide and he would have trouble turning the Bug shoreward now. Then the shout:

"Here she comes!"

With glasses Brent saw that a man lay on the stern deck steering with an oar; and another man held the first round the middle to prevent him from being drawn over. The rudder was broken!

"That engine's stopped! I tell you that engine's stopped on him—it's the clutch has gone back on him!" groaned McCarty.

The Bug was wallowing athwart the tremendous onrushing waves. Then she headed forward, riding with the tide. A third man helped with the steering oar and she turned in a little, the water breaking over her. Jenks thought he heard the cough of the engine, which was impossible because of the roar of water. McCarty suddenly bellowed:

"She's runnin'! She's runnin' for him, boys!"

"Stand by to hold her off the dock—she's goin' to bump!" thundered Jenks, and held himself ready.

Now they heard the engine—missing her spark, but running enough to bring the Bug home. The launch dived and lifted, went almost under, lifted again; and some one in a black slicker and a fur cap, hanging to the mast, hurled a coiled line, which Jenks caught and slipped over a pile. There was the rattle of a chain as the Bug's anchor was dropped to steady her, and all the men that could got near and drew her in to the dock.

Kilowatt, bareheaded, his yellow curly hair standing straight up, his blue eyes sparkling above grimy cheeks, looked out of the engine compartment, crying:

"Get the lady ashore, you dummies! Ain't she had about plenty?"

"Lady!" said the dayshift to the nightshift. "Lady!"

The person who had thrown the line jumped and lit beside Jenks.

"I'm Doctor Everard, your dentist. Where shall I find Mr. Jenks?" asked the first woman to enter the Jackpot's camp.

It was fifteen minutes later, as she took off her cap in the staff sitting room, showing dark, wavy hair, fluffed and braided and coiled, and cunningly curled, and scarcely mussed at all, that she said briskly:

"No other ladies? Fiddle! You've got teeth and I'm here to work on 'em. The Dollar's gone now anyway. I signed only initials to Doctor Daggett, and I suppose he thought it was a man; but so long as I don't care—you should worry!"

"I think it's going to be simply swell!" said Charlie Brent; and without one kind word to the owners he gathered every odoriferous pipe on the table and, stepping outside, threw them into the water. No one seemed to mind.

She wore a gown of American Beauty satin to supper and acted as if eating on table oilcloth of uncertain age, with black-handled knives and forks and tin spoons, was the way she always lived. She was of small and elegant figure, and the round neck of her glowing gown showed a full white throat; the short sleeves revealed arms, with dimples in the elbows, that it was the delightful privilege of Jenks and Joe Manley, the mill foreman, to feel lightly brush the sleeves of their blue flannel shirts. And she hailed from New York.

"Sure she does!" exulted Brent, who was from there too, by way of Yale. "If she'd been born up here she'd be making out she'd never seen a tin spoon and sticking her nose up at canned mutton mulligan, having really been bred on dog salmon."

Her manners were so informal and easy that everybody talked gayly when they left the staff's private dining room, escorting her out through the rows of miners, muckers and millmen loitering on the wharf, intent on observing the only woman that some of them had seen in three years. Louis Pappas made a knightly bow with his derby hat. Sou'westers and candle-greased hats were lifted, and the doctor smiled and bowed to them all.

"But the young man who ran the engine and told us everything to do when the rudder broke—where's he?" she inquired.

"That's our Kilowatt—Tom Bentley. He's not a staff man—belongs in the power plant," explained Jenks.

"Oh," said the doctor, and her hazel eyes looked thoughtful.

She began to describe the clothes that were in vogue outside, and gave them news of politics and wars, of a Zeppelin wreck and Mrs. Pankhurst, the deciding game of the World's Series, and the shows that were on in the big towns. She was well informed about Alaska; said the eight-hour law for quartz mines was a good thing—there was but just so many hours' work in the average man anyway, and he got no more done in ten than in eight; and, as this was Harvey Jenks' own and proved theory, his regard for the Jackpot's dentist increased with each of her impartial smiles.

The doctor was telling Doctor Hanson, who had assumed a slightly proprietorish air toward this captivating confrère, about the National Society of Hygiene's doings. She leaped from that to Yale, and Charlie Brent found that they knew the same people in several places. Bill Lindquist, mine foreman, grew happy when she discussed Swedish philosophers and desired minute details of Bill's home outside of Stockholm. All things to all men was the little doctor.

"Let's see that work—open your mouth nice and wide. Pretty!" she cried as she abruptly caught the embarrassed Bill's jaw in a firm grip.

Next she asked for a frying pan, a can of milk, sugar and shredded cocoanut, and made cocoanut bar on the big stove, while demanding the names of every one of the company's sixteen malemutes.

"I love the West and the North!" she said.

"I'd rather be dead than East," agreed Brent. "Please, Miss Doctor, may I have the first go for my teeth?"

"Nothing ails the big stiff," contended Jenks. "Let him wait, and do me first."

"Engagements will be made as time is applied for," said she. "I'll work days on the nightshift, and from seven until twelve or one on the dayshift."

"But you can't stand that long pull," protested Doctor Hanson.

"I'm not average," she retorted.

She was at breakfast with the rest at six-forty-five the next morning, and was very soon directing the two men who were detailed to set up her apparatus. The red plush traveling chair was unfolded and placed in position, the electric motor started, and dozens of bottles unpacked and ranged in rows on shelves.

Doctor Hanson had risen unusually early and was now an active aid in arranging instruments on a convenient table while he talked therapeutics. The office was ready for patients at noon and so was the dentist, trim and blooming in a white, short-sleeved linen shirtwaist and a short dark skirt over which was a large and workmanlike apron. She hurried through dinner and went to receive callers; but the men were afraid of her. It wasn't like going to Doc Hanson, who swore a little to put a man at his complete ease.

"Don't Leave the Boys In! I'm Too Sick"

"She's too little! Why, a great big guy couldn't hardly hold me down when the zizzin's goin' on!" lamented Big Dobson impressively.

Little Dob, his brother, declared he'd wait until he went outside. Then swiftly the door of the hospital opened on them and Doctor Everard said sweetly:

"Which of you boys is it who needs the big upper bridge? You must let me look over your mouths early in the game, so I can map out my work, you know. Is it you, young man? Then come in and get into the chair."

With uncanny cleverness she had picked Ike Dooley, who had only four old roots in the top of his mouth. And while his mates snickered Ike went fearfully in, and the doctor was charting his needs in another five minutes. He was replaced by Kilowatt, dressed in a blue suit the camp had never seen but knew at once for the package that had come on the last boat. No secrets round the Jackpot as to wardrobe!

"I need a lot done," said Kilowatt modestly.

He stared into her eyes as she put a dental mirror into his mouth. She murmured to herself and nodded gravely, possibly noting, too, the pink skin of cheeks that an extra-close shave had smoothed.

"You've got wonderful teeth," she said finally. "Not a thing wrong and you take proper care of them. Oh, I might clean 'em a little; but there're no cavities."

"But this one aches!" said Kilowatt, vaguely indicating a wisdom tooth.

"It can't! It's perfectly sound."

"Then I've got pyorrhea," he decided hopefully.

"Nonsense! That's mostly from neglect. Your gums are as healthy as possible."

He again asserted that one or more teeth ached. The doctor was puzzled. It might be neuralgia, induced by the climate—so wet and cold. Kilowatt observed:

"Couldn't you dig into some of them?"

"My dear boy, don't be absurd. Truly, you're absolutely all right. Now don't you fret about teeth like yours. They're just fine!"

"Are you going to settle in the North!" he queried, making no move to leave the chair.

"Oh, no. This is just a vacation for me. It's my first year practicing too."

"A lot of women would have been sick today—after that scare yesterday."

"But I could tell that you knew your business," she answered.

Kilowatt sighed. The doctor smiled reassuringly, and with the most obvious reluctance he rose. She was interested. He was tall and gracefully thin. She knew he had strength, for he had handled the oar on the previous day, showing the men how to use it for a rudder; and she liked his hands—lean and sinewy, with cleanly nails and skin though he worked in grease and dirt. The hands were rough; and she liked that, too, being no friend to loafers.

"An'—Listen!—They Must 'a' Stood Twenty Minutes the Other Night Sayin' Good-by—an' it Was Snowin' Like Sixty!"

When she had gone to the power plant to ask about a repair to her motor, McCarty and the other men were abashed and nervous before the unusual visitor; but Kilowatt was always composed. He smiled down on her now as he stood resting a hand on the top of the chair.

"You must have put in a long time at school to be proficient enough to do this work," he said admiringly. "Need good nerves, I guess."

"I'm not very jumpy by nature," said she. "I took five years in Cincinnati; and I'm studying all the time, of course. But you—now—what do you do between shifts?"

"Study," said he. "I wouldn't want to stick at a three-and-a-half-a-day job long. I'm at mineralogy and geology—just got through digesting four fat books on ore dressing. I had two years at Boulder; but I got crazy and beat it for the Orient. Then I came across from the Siberian coast on a trader and monkeyed round. Got more sense now. I'd stay and graduate."

"You didn't show much at the start," she reproved, "when there're boys eating their hearts out for a chance to get a technical education—and you threw it away!"

"Hit me again," said Kilowatt humbly. "I deserve it. But Jenks will put me into the mine when he sees a place. He'll go the route if he likes you, and we get on in great shape. Say, when will you take an afternoon off and take a climb after ptarmigan? Or we might get a white sheep for you. I've got a nice light gun."

"And I've got climbing clothes here! I'd love to go."

"Then say when; but do it before ten days, because it'll be change day then and I'll go on dayshift. I wish to heaven something ailed my teeth!"

"For mercy's sake! Why?"

His bright blue eyes looked into her dark eyes with such meaning that the doctor felt a blush burn her face. The affected cough of Ike Dooley, ordered to reappear at two-thirty, and who had been stationary on the hospital porch for the past ten minutes, startled both of them.

"Well," said Kilowatt laggingly, "I s'pose that bohunk's got to come in. Good-by."

"Did it hurt much?" asked Ike in a fearful whisper as Kilowatt emerged.

"I could stand a whole day of it!" said Kilowatt. To himself he said: "Wonder whether a girl with her brains could ever think anything of a guy like me."

The doctor had made a rule against spectators; but she broke it during her second day after discovering that most of her patients liked to have a friend near. There were from two to five seated in an orderly row against the wall at most sessions now, any of them ready to leap for a needed instrument, light the gasoline forge, open the door for a supply of fresh air, and generally admire and wonder. A stool in one corner belonged to Kilowatt, and the one man to occupy it illegally wore a black eye and a cut lip later, after unwisely taunting the owner when they met back of the power house.

Guests were encouraged to examine the neat cases of teeth and to note their many shades. Because a man's actual dentistry was completed was not a sign that he was discharged. He had to report daily, that the doctor might see whether her repeated lectures on preventive measures were effective. She would take a hamlike hand in one of hers, thrust a new toothbrush at the hum, and demand a demonstration of brushing the new teeth. The patients were taught the proper twisting motion.

"T'ree tams a day to broosh dem teet'?" demanded Louis Pappas. "How I geet tam to pack that powder?"

"You eat that often, don't you?" she retorted. "Cleanliness is just a habit—the same as eating. Carry that brush and stop at a waterhole in the summer, or in the washroom when you come from meals. You don't feel like paying out seventy dollars this time next year? Then take care of them. It's only you who will get the benefit, you see."

The staff paid her price willingly. It was worth it. But the bunkhouse men cut out advertisements of a crown for three dollars—and a full set for five—from odd newspapers and asked: "Why this astounding difference?" The doctor met them intrepidly, explaining the high cost of dental supplies and the difference between good work and bad.

"It is too high, but there's no way to cheapen it yet. My gold is twenty-six dollars an ounce · —"

"They're handin' it to you, doc. Oughter be twenty," said Big Dobson. Little Dob agreed.

"Dental gold has to be prepared," said she, smiling. "Equipment is very expensive. My technical books must be renewed often so that I may keep abreast of improvements; office expenses have to be figured in—fares and freight on all my stuff when traveling; it took me a good many years to become skilled, and that must pay some interest on the investment. At that, I figure to make only about five dollars net an hour. There are men in the East—and one at least in San Francisco—who get twenty-five an hour."

"He ain't no piker," said Big Dobson.

"The old guy at Nome'd wheel a barrer of cement into camp, an', when he'd took his hammer an' chisel, he'd fill the hull of 'em," said Ike Dooley while the doctor was selecting platinum pins. When her little chuckle gave approval, appreciative guffaws came from the audience.

Once, when Ike and his entourage were dismissed, Kilowatt remained; and while the doctor, whistling to herself, became engrossed in Ike's enthralling bridgework Kilowatt soused the dozens of used instruments into a sterilizing solution, returning each to its place on the towel-spread table. He took charge of her casting machine, which had been cranky all day, and rigged a droplight to shine where she was engaged in laboratory work. Quietly and silently he labored, paid by the one grateful glance she gave him as the light chased the shadows about her away.

"I'm tired," she sighed. "I worked on old Mutsado, the chief cook, last night, and he wouldn't stay still a minute until I said if he didn't I'd stop. Some men are worse than women in a dental chair."

"If I'd been here he'd stay put or been booted out," said Kilowatt savagely.

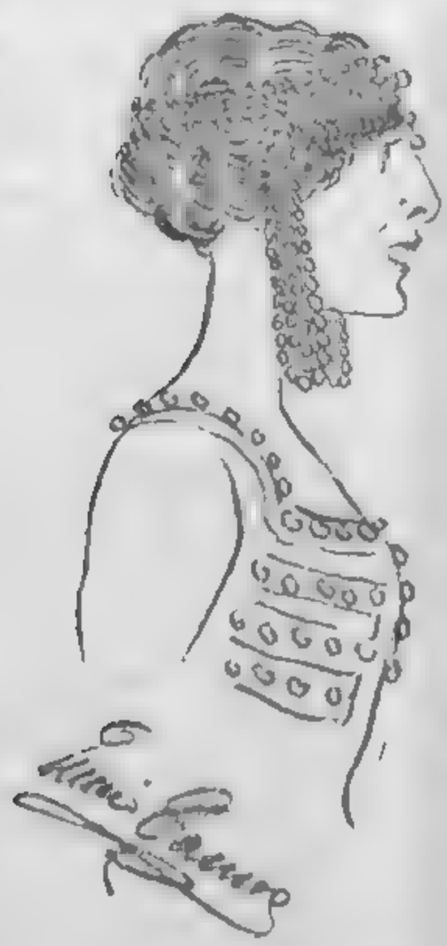
She found his anger very comforting.

(Continued on Page 45)

Behind the Scenes With Caruso

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ENRICO CARUSO



Eva Swain - Prima Ballerina in "Aida"

THE opera was Aida; Caruso was to sing Radames and he was in the dressing room at five o'clock sharp. The curtain was to rise at eight.

"I like to arrive early and to take my time," he explained. "I am not yet American."

In his train came his two valets. Wonderful indeed were they. Celerity and deftness raised to the nth power, with silencers on their feet, they passed and repassed each other in inconceivably small spaces, without once touching each other or bumping into their lord and master. Of them, more later.

Caruso took his time in removing his outer clothes; and the valets feverishly unpacked grease paints, atomizers, vaporizers, cigarettes, toilet waters, toothpaste, apples—yes, apples—salt, combs, brushes—and heaven only knows what. In long, orderly lines they placed the litter on a shelf, waisthigh, that ran the entire length of one side of the room. Then, with naught separating him from the world but two woolen garments, Caruso began the Homage to the Throat.

More than passing strange were the rites that were then performed; peculiar, to the eye of the layman, were the preparations; unusual, interesting and illumining were the several operations that nightly, when he sings, Caruso goes through before he dons his costume for the stage. No ceremonial of the ancient Thebans, when, spotlessly clean, they brought their offerings to the great god Ptah, outdid in thoroughness the painstaking care to throat and nostrils that Caruso gives before he brings his offering of song to the altar of music!

Two alcohol lamps sputter at the far end of the waist-high shelf. One merely heats water—filtered, germless water. The other has a receptacle for a glass, and a long spray. These take the place of the lamps of the ancients in the sacrificial rites.

Caruso sits before a stationary washstand, and one of the valets hands him a toothbrush and powder. Then for three solid minutes by his Swiss-movement watch does Caruso cleanse and scrub and polish. The ever-alert dressers stand behind him, watchful for a shrug of his shoulders, which they immediately interpret into a command.

Caruso takes a long breath—and he needs it. It must be a signal, for one of the valets has a glass of warm water in one hand and in the other a big, round pasteboard box full of little brownish crystals. Caruso takes a handful of the crystals and drops them into the warm water, where they dissolve immediately.

"That's gargling salt," he says. "I use it for my first gargle."

The gargle takes four minutes and then comes the vaporizer. A glass of water containing bicarbonate of soda and glycerine is placed on a little stand; a rubber hose connected with the vaporizer is put into the glass, and a thin, forceful, sputtering spray shoots out a full foot. Into this tiny Gatling-gun spray Caruso plunges, mouth open.

Then the heavy artillery answers the little Gatling gun for Caruso coughs back at the spray, chokes, bellows and sputters. Into each nostril, then deep down into the throat, go the bicarbonate of soda and glycerine over and over and over again, until Caruso coughs no more.

Margarete Matzenauer as Amneris in "Aida"

"Now it is clear," he says, and rises. "You have no idea how much dirt can collect in the throat and nose in one day's time."

The vaporizer bath has taken eight minutes by Caruso's infallible watch; but the end is not yet. There is a cold-water gargle—sterilized water, please—minus the salt, to follow; and that in turn by a spray for the nose only, of a very dark color, the name of which Caruso could not recall. Only about six sniffs apiece for each nostril and the spray is put away.

Then menthol and vaseline on absorbent cotton attached to long sticks—and Caruso swabs out his throat with these as a gunner would a cannon.

"Dilates the throat!" he says between gasps. One more gargle of cold water and the homage to the throat is finished. It has taken twenty-two minutes!

On goes his bathrobe and he is in the corridor—smoking a cigarette! Twenty-two minutes of hard work he has given to that throat—and now he is calmly smoking a cigarette and inhaling every blessed puff of it! Shades of bicarbonate of soda, of gargling salt, of glycerine and of menthol—of what avail are you when a nervous man wants a cigarette—and wants it now?

Caruso is pacing up and down the corridor, his every move betraying nervousness.

"Stage fright?" I ask, more for the sake of saying something than meaning it.

"Exactly!" answers Caruso.

"Richard Mansfield once told me he had stage fright every time he went on the stage," I comforted. "He said he knew he would never get over it if he acted until he was ninety."

"He was right," answered Caruso gravely. "Every man who gives of his best must be ever watchful that he gives it. That makes him conscious of himself—then he becomes nervous; fearful that he may not give full measure. Stage fright is the price one pays for being an artist."

Back into the dressing room and Caruso is making up. The dressers are lacing his long boots, which he wears in the first act, when there is a flood of Italian in his ear—and behind him stands a good-looking chap. Caruso never turns his head, continues to rub in the grease paint, and the good-looking Italian behind him continues to talk—to talk for five solid minutes—and stops only for want of breath.

Dressing for Radames

THEN Caruso shrugs one of his expressive shoulders and says one word to the valet on his right. The dresser stops lacing the boot, dives into his pocket, where he is keeping Caruso's money, and from a mass of greenbacks fishes out a five-dollar bill and hands it to Caruso. Caruso passes it over his shoulder to the waiting hand of the good-looking chap. There is a murmured "*Grazie, signore!*" Caruso continues his rubbing in of the grease paint and the valet his lacing of the right boot. Caruso never turned his head to see the recipient of the money.

"He said he was an Italian acrobat," explains the tenor; "that he met me once in Boston, and that he is in hard luck now."

He deftly drew the blue pencil under his eyes and gave a little sigh. "It may be so," he added. "We all have hard luck at one time or another."

The tenor leans over the dressing shelf and slices one of the big rosy apples into quarters.

"On the nights I sing I take lunch at one o'clock in the afternoon," he said as he sliced the apple. "Then I don't touch a thing until after the performance—that is, except two apples. I always eat two apples—one before the first act, one during the performance. And I'm as hungry as a bear when midnight comes and it's time for my supper; for, apart from the abstinence from food for twelve hours, there is the exhaustion that comes from an evening of singing. So I am very hungry for my after-midnight supper—yes, and very tired. I am never tired during the performance—never. It always comes fifteen minutes after the final curtain. It is the reaction, I suppose."

He takes a powderpuff, as big round as the largest grapefruit, and dabs his face, keeping eyes and mouth tight closed and puffing out from his nostrils. Then he holds the powderpuff out at arm's length before he opens his eyes. One of the valets takes the puff from the outstretched hand and puts it gingerly on the shelf—as if it were so much dynamite. Caruso eyes it apprehensively.

"I must not get powder into my throat or nostrils," he says.

Then he lights another cigarette!

The two valets are now dexterously dressing him for the first act. Not a lost motion is theirs—not an unnecessary movement. One is safety-pinning him here—the other buckling his armor there; and while one is working at Caruso's shoulder the other is engaged at his knee. Never does the one's busy hands touch the other's busy hands. Everything they need is close to them; there is no running to the end of the room—merely the stretching of a hand

for a pin, a piece of cord, a buckle, the Theban earrings, the tunic. They have foreseen what they wanted and put everything within arm's reach.

Then Caruso clears his throat and runs a scale, his magnificent tenor vibrating from the walls of the little room. The effect is magical. Along the corridor come the answering twitterings. Emmy Destinn's soprano trills some notes; Matzenauer, next door to her, runs a contralto improvisation; Dinh Gilly, with his barytone, indulges in vocal calisthenics; and the deep boom of Rossi's bass is heard at the end of the hall. Mordents and cadenzas follow and call to each other from the dressing rooms—the songbirds in their little cages are preening and twittering.

From one cage comes a torrent of song that stops as abruptly as it began—a fragment from Faust. From another direction Caruso is caroling from Pagliacci; Destinn is trilling from the mad scene in Lucia. Tonight's opera is Aïda; but the songbirds wot not of that. There are but twelve tones in the scale—and Gounod, Verdi and Leoncavallo use them all, but in different arrangement; so, whether it be Faust, Aïda or Pagliacci, each songbird to its liking.

And, wonderful to relate, Caruso, in his little room, with his tenor shaking the walls, hears not Destinn—or Destinn, Matzenauer—or Matzenauer, Gilly—or Gilly, Rossi. Sufficient unto the ears of each bird is the song that it sings to itself!

Caruso is dressed and ready half an hour before the overture; so he says he will make some drawings—for he is so full of nervous energy that he must needs work. And work he did. Sometime during the four acts of Aïda—sometime

Emmy Destinn as Aïda

Leon Rothier as Ramfis in "Aïda"

between eight-ten and eleven-twenty—every principal in the cast that evening posed for him. Sometimes he caught them in the corridor—like Rossi and Rothier—and made them stand still; sometimes in the dressing room, where he found Emmy Destinn; and latterly little Eva Swain, the prima ballerina. In the wings he sketched Setti, the chorus master. Polacco, the conductor, came to Caruso's room with a message, and stood for his picture; and so did Gilly.

Matzenauer was on the stage singing when Caruso rushed to the wings and caught her—her mouth wide open. He at that time was the most interesting picture in the opera house.

Legs stretched far apart, like some modern Colossus of Rhodes, pad and pencil in hand, his huge helmet cocked rakishly to one side, he stood in the wings in full view of at least three hundred persons in the audience as he sketched Matzenauer. Batteries of opera glasses were leveled at him, for he must have presented a very unusual picture from the front of the house—the intrepid warrior Radames, in full armor, turning to the gentle art of sketching, and supporting his helmet on his left ear.

Making Sketches in the Wings

IT WAS a wonderful likeness of Matzenauer he brought back from the wings; in fact not one of the nine sketches he made was in any sense a caricature. Each one was a portrait—virile, expressive and true to life.

From eight-ten to eleven-twenty Caruso was either on the stage or drawing pictures. He said afterward that he had never worked harder in three hours than he did that evening. Yet he was graciousness itself—untiring, urbane, always smiling; doing favors in a way that made you think that nothing on earth could be doing at that particular time that would give him greater joy than the one thing he was then doing.

It is this very human quality in Caruso that makes him most beloved. He is simple, unaffected—as ready to do you a favor as you are to favor him. Nor has he any of the mannerisms of those raised to power—the arrogance, the lordliness, the superciliousness that call for kid-glove treatment. One forgets his greatness when near him.

Here is an illustration—he was making a sketch of himself and had left that until the last:

"You'd better hurry with that," I said, glancing at my watch.

He looked at me and looked at the sketch. Then:

"I'll hurry," he said apologetically.

Later, out under the stars, I marveled at my audacity and felt ashamed; but the man had made me forget he was great!

The curtain rose at eight-ten and at eight-five Caruso had taken another salt-and-water gargle and had tucked a tiny bottle of the stuff into his tunic.

"I never go on the stage without this little bottle," he explained. "If I go hoarse suddenly I have a remedy; if I don't need it—well, it is satisfying to know it is near me. I should be lost without it."

"But suppose you did go hoarse, how in the world would you use it in view of the audience?" I asked.

He smiled.

"I have done it times without number and no one saw," he answered. "One may pass one's hands across one's face—yes; and have a little bottle of salt and water handy.

(Concluded on Page 36)

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

They Were in the Grip of a Powerful Current or Eddy

III

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

MISS DOROTHY MILLAR was a bachelor maid who admitted the age of twenty-seven and looked even younger. It was probable she would continue to look younger still every year for the next decade, when the alarm clock might go bang!—and she would find herself at forty and looking even more.

She was a pretty woman with a graceful, rather boyish figure, which she was careful to keep excellently groomed; a head beautifully set upon her trim, athletic shoulders, and features of which the charm was rather lost than embellished through their classic regularity. Her eyes were of a curious slaty gray; and their gaze, though usually direct, had in it a certain calculating quality by which most men and a few—a very few—women, and these usually of the swift, warm, Hermione type, were repelled.

The action of her mind was quicker than most people would have believed, subtly entraining to the minds of other women and capable of getting her a great many things she needed and wanted, but never anything she did not. Curiously enough, it had never seemed able to get her what secretly she wanted most—this was a husband.

Miss Millar herself had often puzzled over this. She was essentially a woman's woman, less from inclination than through some peculiar quality of character that enabled her to prove charming and interesting and even fascinating to her own sex as well as to a certain type of man, which by some irony of fate was not the type she herself required. Being a good deal of an opportunist, she made the most of her gifts, considering it better to be a woman's woman than nobody's woman; but her clever eyes were always open to the main chance. As an intellectual companion many masculine men had found her thoroughly satisfactory. They helped her often and were glad to do so—then chose their mates from those having neither her mental nor physical attractions.

Miss Millar had had rather a hard time of it. Her father was a commonplace sort of person, who at one time had acquired quite a decent little fortune as a broker of industrials, but had subsequently frittered it away in small speculations and was at this time eking out a precarious livelihood as a real-estate, bicycle, automobile, insurance, nursery and general merchandise agent in a Western city of large ambitions, where Miss Millar's elder sister was at the head of a very nice boarding school for young girls. Another sister was married to a Chicago hardware merchant in comfortable circumstances, while a third had achieved some reputation as a vocal instructor in St. Louis. This comprised the family.

Dorothy Millar's own source of livelihood was a problem not only to her friends but very often to herself. She was socially ambitious in a semiprofessional way, with, as has been said, both clear eyes always open to the main chance. Women liked her, admired her, and were always ready and willing to "do something" for her. She went often to Europe, sometimes personally to conduct young girls of rich parents placed in her charge by her sister, and on these occasions she had usually numerous commissions to execute. French and German she spoke fluently, and she could get on fairly well in Italian. Also she played bridge marvelously well; and it was this quality that had perhaps helped her most—not in the money she won, but in the money she helped her partners to win.

Lady Audrey, a ferocious bridge player and invariable loser, had drawn Dorothy at a luncheon and bridge party and, having with this skilled assistance gained about a guinea for the first time in her life, had cloven to her youthful partner, for whom, as a matter of fact, she did not greatly care. This, however, was no slur on Dorothy. All that Lady Audrey really cared for consisted of her Ideas—mind the capital I—her Airedales, a pack of which scurried round the decks, and random young things—as baby dogs, baby calves, baby cats, pheasants—and babies.

When Cécile and Edna, immaculate in embroidered muslin, set their daintily shod feet on the deck of the Foxhound they were greeted by a rush of eager Airedales, whose paws were fortunately clean, a sort of Santa Claus sailing master, and an ancient mariner of a quartermaster who did his best to fend off the terriers with his boathook. Miss Millar was also there.

"Good heavens!" gasped Cécile, smiling at the skipper. "Isn't it a bit early for the dog watch?"

The broad face broadened.

"We's fairly smothered wi' they tykes, ma'am," rumbled the skipper apologetically. "They've went fair woild since they smelled the land. 'Er ladyship's gone ashore to ask permission to give 'em a scamper on the beach below the fort. If we tie they up they 'owl something 'orrid!"

Miss Millar rescued her visitors, coming forward with a welcoming smile. At a word from her the dogs withdrew, looking bored.

"How are you, Cécile?" said she with quiet warmth. "How awfully well you're looking! It was so nice to see you over there aboard the Eglantine when we came to anchor. Just fancy—five weeks at sea and the first face that of a friend! I nearly dropped my glasses." She looked smilingly at Edna. Cécile introduced them.

"You're looking very fit yourself, Dorothy," said she. "Did you have a good crossing?"

"Splendid! Not much wind, but perfect weather most of the time. I loved it!"

"Didn't you get awfully tired of nothing but sea and sky for five whole weeks?" Edna asked.

"No. One doesn't seem to notice time after the first week. We read and studied Gaelic, and fenced and had target practice—Lady Audrey is an awfully good gun at the trap, but I stuck to the rifle and pistol; and sometimes when we were becalmed we went in swimming. That's a sensation for you, girls—to swim round knowing that there's four or five miles of water under you! I must say I was frightened the first time. After that I loved it! We tried boxing too, but Lady Audrey was too much for me. You see, we were all alone. Charteris" she pronounced it Chatters—"shipped us off to get rid of us. He's coming over next month to take the boat back or to the West Indies or somewhere." She glanced at Cécile inquiringly. "Are your sister and brother-in-law and that love of a baby coming?"

"No," Cécile answered; "they're going fishing. Harold turned rank because he was invited conditionally, and Hermione's got so that half the time she never bothers to be decent and send regrets. There's really nothing to do with such people but to leave them alone."

Dorothy Millar led them aft to where some deckchairs were placed about a folding table with a green felt top. Cécile and Edna, both experienced yachtswomen, looked about them with interest, for they had never been aboard just such a vessel. The high bulwarks gave the decks a boxed-in atmosphere, while the different gears were far heavier and of rougher character than those to be found aboard an American pleasure craft. As Edna was about to seat herself, a crisp, authoritative voice at her shoulder said with startling suddenness: "Hoity-toity! What are you doing here?" And the surprised maiden turned to see a large green parrot perched on a davit's head. "Hoick—hoick—hoick!" called the bird; at which the Airedales sprang up briskly, then subsided again with a disgusted look in the direction of the parrot.

"That is the Prime Minister," said Miss Millar with a smile. "Lady Audrey gave him the name. You will like Lady Audrey; she's really no end of fun and awfully kind underneath her eccentric manner. It's been such a privilege to have known her so intimately. You mustn't mind if she seems a little odd, as she's one of those women who says and does whatever comes into her head."

The elderly quartermaster turned to Miss Millar and touched his hatbrim.

"'Ere comes 'er ladyship, ma'am," said he in a husky bass.

The three ladies glanced over the rail and saw rapidly approaching the yacht a small cedar boat, which contained a single occupant.

The oars flashed brightly under the vigorous strokes of this athletic figure, and the light skiff presently rounded under the stern and shot up to the ladder, when Lady Audrey—with a brief: "Hoist her aboard! Shan't want her again today!"—came on deck.

The two girls, regarding her curiously and with a trace of awe, saw a tall, lean, rangy woman of about forty-five with high, aristocratic features and prominent eyes, which held the suggestion of authority, but were yet of a kindly, quizzical expression, and with fine lines denoting humor at their corners. Her gray hair was done up snugly on her head and covered by a hat of panama grass twisted about with a puggree of dove-colored pongee silk. She wore a close-fitting Guernsey, which unbuttoned at the throat, and a white serge skirt that fitted snugly at the hips and reached a little above the ankles.

Thus outlined, Lady Audrey's figure was one many girls of twenty-five might well have envied—strong, of bony frame, but not angular, the lean, well-developed muscles and arched chest lending it the curves of youth and graceful proportions. Her wrists and ankles were a little heavy perhaps, and her strong, well-shaped hands and feet were of generous though not ungainly size. The face showed the contact of wind and weather, but was still feminine and of pleasing expression.

"How d'ye do?" said she, breaking into Miss Millar's presentation of her guests and giving each a hearty grip of the hand, while her intelligent eyes, with their slight, nearsighted squint, rested in a glance of quick, keen scrutiny on first one and then the other fresh, pretty face. "Glad to see you aboard! Where's the little spadger?"

"His parents had promised to take him fishing," Cécile replied, "and he held them to it. They asked us to make their apologies." Which last was rather more than the truth.

"Sorry," said Lady Audrey. "I like 'em when they're callow and ducky. Haven't any use for the male sex after the first two or three years. They all learn to be liars as soon as they can talk." She glanced at Edna. "Do you agree with Kipling that the female of the species is deadlier than the male?"

"It's not, as a rule, so deadly dull," Edna answered.

Lady Audrey's face lightened and her strong, white teeth flashed in a smile.

"Right! I see we'll get on. Personally I hate the brutes. Won't have one aboard the boat except as an employee! I must say, though, your Americans are not half bad. Seem to have the saving grace of humor. Fishin' for babies—ha ha!" She gave her quick, jovial laugh, then stepped to the head of the companionway and touched a bell. "Tea, Hopkins!" She stooped to caress one of the Airedales. "When I asked the officer of the day if I might have the privilege of exercising the dogs he told me I might have the fort if I wanted it. 'Then it's not against the regulations?' said I. 'Oh, I suppose so,' says he; 'but don't mind about that.' I thought he was chaffing and asked if you Americans weren't afraid of bringing in hydrophobia, like our silly asses at home. 'Not a bit, madam,' says he—'we're all mad over here already.' Nice boy!"

"Won't you have trouble taking them in when you go back?" Cécile asked.

"There'll be more trouble about taking myself in, I fancy. However, we're all smugglers more or less down in Devon, and no doubt it can be managed. Don't suppose either of you happens to be interested in suffrage?"

"Miss Gillespie is," said Cécile. "She helped to try to burn the bowling alley of a country club because the men passed a by-law forbidding the women to play on Sundays."

"Capital! Did you manage it?"

"No," Edna answered. "The men came out and caught us. They sat down in a row to watch—and one of them had the cheek to throw me a box of matches."

"Swine!" said Lady Audrey, struggling with a grin.

"Weren't they? It spoiled the whole effect—especially as they offered to go away while we burned the clubhouse too. They said they wished we would, as it would save their forking out fifty dollars apiece for the midsummer dance. I wanted to do it, but the others lost their nerve. Besides, they were looking forward to the dance and the men said that if we burned the bowling alley the dance-money would have to be appropriated to build a new one."

"'Fraid the movement over here is not taken so seriously as in England," Lady Audrey observed.

"I'm afraid not," Edna answered. "You see, it's rather difficult for us, because the men take so little interest in it. Every man I've talked to about votes says: 'Why, certainly! You can have mine if you like—all of them. I'd rather play golf.'"

Lady Audrey looked rather thoughtful. "They're not like that at home," said she. "But then, they're afraid of us."

"They're afraid of losing us," said Cécile.

"Huh!" Lady Audrey smiled. "Don't know as I blame 'em much. Our girls are too meek. It's beastly discouraging. Sometimes I think our movement is all wrong. I'm not so sure but what polygamy is the only thing that can save England."

"That is being tried to some extent, isn't it?" ventured Dorothy.

Lady Audrey chuckled.

"Lord, yes!" said she.

"I've been thinking," said Cécile, knitting her pretty brows, "of a plan that might work better in England than the militant one. What if the women were calmly to walk out?"

"Walk out of what?" Lady Audrey demanded.

"Out of England."

"Mercy!"

"Why not? When the working classes can't get what they want they walk out. Why shouldn't the women? If your suffragists were to threaten to leave England in a body——"

"The government would buy their tickets!" snapped Lady Audrey; but she looked interested nevertheless.

"I'm not so sure!" said Edna. "A lot of those women would be very much wanted at home. Besides, the nation wouldn't sit quietly and see its women deserting the country."

Lady Audrey looked rather excited. Her mind was impulsive rather than soundly reasoning, and she had always lent herself to any new ideas with the enthusiasm of her perennial youth. Now her swift imagination pictured the glorious spectacle of regiment after regiment of her oppressed and unjustly treated fellow countrywomen marching resolutely down to the sea and boarding ships for a fairer and freer land beyond the swelling deep. She saw herself suddenly in the rôle of a female Moses leading her sex out of the land of bondage. And there was no doubt that England would be struck aghast.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin had the right idea. This one, advanced by the pretty American girl whom, at first sight, Lady Audrey had appraised as a mere butterfly of fashion, was even better. It would not take long to restock the juvenile supply, but young girls and women were products requiring time and patience—especially the latter.

The thought seemed worthy of consideration—for, with the women, a great deal of money was bound to go out of England. The suffragists were by no means composed entirely of indigents and spinsters. The exodus of a phalanx of respectable wives, sisters, sweethearts and maiden aunties would certainly cause the British lion to sit on the shore and yowl in a manner to be heard throughout Christendom. And if these cohorts were to stand firm in their consolidation, and refuse to return until there was served out to each a vote with her landing ticket, it seemed probable that the government printing presses would soon be working overtime.

"Do you know, my dears," said Lady Audrey impressively, "I am not at all sure but what there might be something in the idea?"

A sedate steward, with gray side-whiskers, a precise mouth, and cheeks that may or may not have been reddened by the sun which struggled down through the skylights, spread a serviette on the cardtable and set out the tea things. There were toasted muffins and jam, and the half of a plum cake; also a small decanter of rum.

"Not such a rotten place, Newport!" said Lady Audrey, sipping the rum which floated on the top of her tea and surveying the pleasure fleet with lenient eyes. "What a devilish lot of money they spend over here!"

"That's about all it's good for, isn't it?" Edna asked, and fixed her pearly teeth in a crisp, buttered muffin.

"Fancy you're right. I used to rather like giving mine away; but I've got over that. Feel up to a little bridge?"

The two girls agreed with alacrity. Both were good players and fond of the game, though they had not enjoyed it aboard the Eglantine, where they played always against Applebo and Hermione, who invariably depleted their purses of a considerable quantity of small change. This was the more irritating as Hermione was a slipshod bridgette at best, while Applebo gave usually the impression of being half asleep and rousing barely in time to lay down the card that took the trick.

Cécile and Edna, who appreciated each other's skill, had never been able to understand why they could never win. The answer was simple enough—it lay in the fact that Applebo, under his somnolent mask, never lost track of a card; and this faculty, backed by one of swift mathematical calculation, far more than compensated for the frequent blunders of technic on the part of his wife, who played usually with one ear on the deck or pantry, or whatever locality Christian might happen at the time to infest.

The tea things were tremblingly removed by the steward, and a pack of cards produced. The quartet cut for partners, Lady Audrey drawing Cécile.

"What shall it be?" asked the Englishwoman—"Ha'penny a point?" She looked severely at Cécile. "Are you a good player?" she asked.

"Just average."

"How about Miss Gillespie?"

"We play about the same game," Edna answered.

"Well, then," said Lady Audrey, "suppose we call it a penny a point and five bob on the rubber?"

The two visitors restrained their smiles. The stake was agreed upon and the game commenced, when two facts became quickly evident to the quick-witted Cécile: first, that Lady Audrey was about as skilled at bridge as might have been expected of a woman who obviously excelled in all out-of-door sports; second, that she was possessed of a robust faith in her talent for the game. Fortunately Cécile herself held hands which made it almost impossible to lose; and at the end of the hour they had agreed to play she and her partner had managed to win a little over ten shillings. The delight of Lady Audrey over the brilliance of this performance quite got the best of her British reticence.

"Well, we managed it!" said she, springing up and rubbing her hands. "You're not a half-bad player yourself," she generously informed Cécile. "Where do you go next?"

Many of the yachts had been out to watch or take part in the races and, the breeze having proved fresh and steady outside, were now gliding in to their moorings. Edna sighed.

"We're to get put ashore day after tomorrow," said she. "Mr. Applebo is going to lay up the boat."

"Dear me! But the season's only just begun!"

"I know it," said Cecile. "That's what makes us so sick. This has been just a tryout for the schooner and now she's got to be tied up to a mooring until they go south in November. She's quite new. This is her first season, and she's won about everything in her class. So we've all got to bury ourselves in the woods."

"The woods?" Lady Audrey raised her eyebrows, which were prominent and heavy, and of the same sandy gray as her thick hair.

"Yes—up in Maine," Cécile explained. "Edna is going to her aunt's camp and I've got to scratch mosquito bites with the Applebos and father."

"It's pretty tough on us," Edna complained. "We're both crazy about the water. Besides, our families are so very much married, and there are babies on all sides—or other things that are even worse."

Lady Audrey's sudden laugh burst out with an explosive force that sent the parrot scuttling for the scuppers with a protesting "Hoick—hoick!"

"You poor dears!" said she. "Go back and get your sweaters and nighties, and come for a cruise with me. I've got another month before Charteris comes over and sends me packin'." The faces of the two girls showed their extreme surprise. Lady Audrey laughed again. "You can't have any men!" she cautioned.

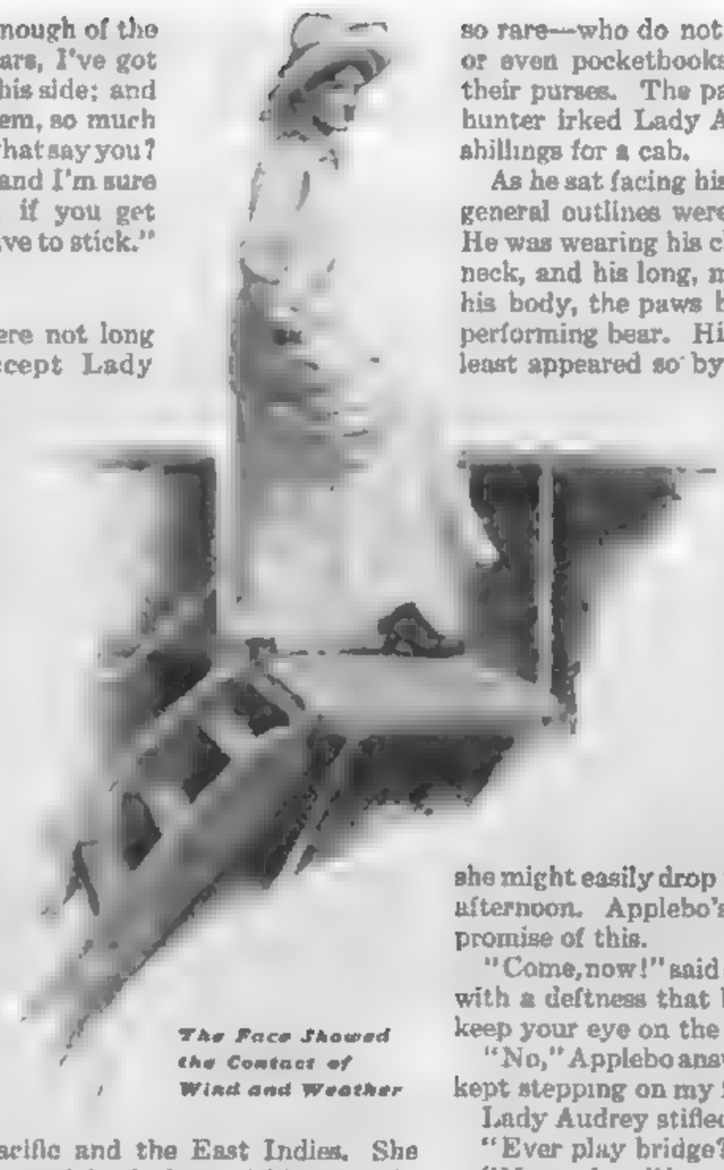
"Men!"

"I Cannot Take Anything of So Little Value as Money From My Guests"

"Quite so. I've had enough of the brutes. You see, my dears, I've got a few weeks to kill over this side; and if you'll help me to kill 'em, so much the better. Come now, what say you? This tub's not half bad and I'm sure we'd get on. Besides, if you get enough of it you don't have to stick."

IV

CÉCILE and Edna were not long in deciding to accept Lady Audrey's informal invitation to become her guests aboard the Foxhound. Both girls had taken an immediate liking to the eccentric sportswoman; and they felt that this was mutual and that they were not being asked merely to amuse their hostess, but because of a friendship quickly formed, but sincere.



The Face Showed the Contact of Wind and Weather

Before leaving the British yacht they had discovered that Lady Audrey was a very greatly traveled woman, though, oddly enough, this was her first visit to the coast of North America. She had, however, voyaged extensively in the near and far Orient, the South Pacific and the East Indies. She had crossed the Andes on muleback, hunted big game in Central Africa and the Arctic, climbed about halfway to the top of Kunchinjinga—being forced to turn back owing to the loss of three porters in an avalanche—and penetrated deeply into Tibet. Traveling, with the objective of sport or exploration, had been her almost constant occupation for the last twenty years; and, though preferring, as a rule, the less civilized regions of the world, she was quite thoroughly at home in most of the capitals of Europe. She spoke several languages and a number of dialects.

Both Cécile and Edna were quick to appreciate that the opportunity of becoming intimate with such a woman was too rare a one to be neglected; so, casual as was the invitation, they had decided to accept it almost before returning aboard the Eglantine. As Applebo was planning to sail for Boston the following morning, Lady Audrey was persuaded to call aboard the Eglantine after dinner, though she made it quite plain that social activities were quite outside of her proposed schedule. However, the promise of more bridge proved an effective lure.

Applebo did not appear over-enthusiastic at the arrangement, having a constitutional dislike of meeting strangers. Besides he hated bridge and liked to go to bed early, rising usually at dawn to swim a few miles. However, he made the best of it, with his usual sleepy good grace, rigging out an awning over the quarterdeck and hanging some Japanese lanterns, for the night was hot and still and the air a bit oppressive below. Lady Audrey and Dorothy, having arrived, were made acquainted with Hermione and briefly inspected the somnolent Christian Bell, who still smelled slightly of fish, he having fallen asleep in the bottom of the dingey, with a large flounder as a pillow, while his parents pulled back against the ebbing tide. The Finn had, however, washed him fairly clean on his arrival aboard, Hermione being occupied in preparing his sop.

She and Cécile excused themselves from bridge—Hermione on the ground of domestic duties and Cécile because she had to pack and to wash some stockings if she were to go aboard the Foxhound the next day, for Lady Audrey's first brief interrogation had been: "I say, how about our cruise? Made up your minds?" And she had appeared quietly pleased at the reply. It is probable that Lady Audrey was lonely at heart, and that this vigorous organ had warmed to her guests of the afternoon. She had found Dorothy an agreeable companion, but there was to this young lady a cool limpidity that discouraged close intimacy, though such a trait was the last thing Dorothy would have desired for herself. The quills of the cunning little hedgehog, which wise Nature has provided for its defense, must nevertheless be sometimes awkward in its social relations. Poor Dorothy had been obliged to grow a few fine quills in her contact with the world.

Lady Audrey drew Applebo as a bridge partner, and as the cards were being dealt she regarded this dispensation of Fortune with some misgiving. Applebo's company manner was much that of a captive lion after feeding time, regarding visitors through the bars of his cage. Also, his attitude was not such as to inspire high hopes in a captious card partner. Lady Audrey was one of those persons—not so rare—who do not object to opening their checkbooks, or even pocketbooks, but who dislike extremely to open their purses. The paying of a thousand pounds for a new hunter irked Lady Audrey less than the paying of three shillings for a cab.

As he sat facing his august guest and partner, Applebo's general outlines were something like those of a terrapin. He was wearing his chest somewhere under the nape of his neck, and his long, muscular arms were drawn in close to his body, the paws hanging rather limply, like those of a performing bear. His tawny eyes were nearly closed, or at least appeared so by reason of the thick, double fringe of lashes. Hunched as he was in his chair, he gave still the impression of aggressive size—an impression augmented by the heavy head of yellow hair which bristled against the collar of his white flannel coat. Hermione cut this yellow thatch occasionally after the excellent classic method of an inverted bowl and a pair of shears. Applebo could not endure a barber. Perhaps in some previous existence one had kept a vein open too long.

Lady Audrey was not thinking of all this—she was thinking merely that, with the large lump opposite, she might easily drop the several shillings she had won that afternoon. Applebo's general aspect seemed to give some promise of this.

"Come, now!" said she briskly as Dorothy dealt the cards with a deftness that bespoke experience. "Wake up and keep your eye on the ball. Have you ever played polo?"

"No," Applebo answered. "I tried it once, but the pony kept stepping on my feet."

Lady Audrey stifled her grin.

"Ever play bridge?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," he answered sleepily, "I work at bridge."

"Well, then, get to work! We've got ours ahead of us. Miss Millar used to give lessons."

"We are put into this world to learn," said Applebo sleepily, and his cards were lost in his capacious hand.

At the end of about an hour and a half, when they stopped playing, Lady Audrey and Applebo had a little over twenty dollars to divide. Lady Audrey's glee was diluted by a certain mystification. The cards had run evenly enough, as all allowed, and her sense of fairness obliged her to admit that she was the only one who had been guilty of any blunders. She knew Dorothy to be an uncommonly good player and both she and Edna had kept their minds closely on the game. Applebo, on the contrary, had shed his cards in the far-away manner of one whose thoughts are wandering in sunny fields of asphodel; in fact so dreamy and abstracted had been his manner as to call more than once a sharp word of caution from his partner. Lady Audrey was puzzled and a little irritated. So was Edna. Dorothy alone understood quite perfectly that they had been opposed to a player whose daring was equaled only by the absolute perfection of his calculations.

"'Pon my word!" said Lady Audrey, looking severely at Applebo. "How did we manage to win all this?"

"Quite honestly," he answered, his large chest heaving as if from an inward yawn.

"You were half asleep most of the time," she snapped, and turned to Edna. "Is the man ever wide-awake?"

"If Mr. Applebo has been asleep I shouldn't care to play against him when he was awake," said Dorothy as she and Edna proceeded to liquidate.

Applebo carefully counted the money, part of which was in English silver, tested a half crown with his strong ivory teeth and examined the dint under the lamp that had been swung over the table; then, dividing the winnings equally, he pushed her share across to Lady Audrey. His own winnings he placed carefully in the middle of the table.

"I cannot take anything of so little value as money from my guests," said he. "It offends my esthetic sensibilities."

"Oh, can't you!" scoffed Edna. "How about all that you have mulcted from Cécile and me in the last fortnight?"

"That, dear maiden, is down below in a little bag marked Homeless Spinsters' Fund. You shall receive it on leaving this vessel."

"Shall we, indeed!" said Edna hotly. "You can just go to the devil, Harold dear!"

"If you feel like that about it," drawled Applebo, "I shall ask Lady Audrey to take it and devote it to the cause of Votes for Women. There must be enough to buy a dozen if judiciously expended." He raised his purring bass: "Yan!"

The Finn came scuttling out of the shadows. He had been crouching over the skylight of Christian's room like some swart Caliban. The child had been fretful in its sleep, perhaps from the sultriness of the night and the low atmospheric tension that had been left by the exhaustion of the fresh but fitful northerly puffs, like a vacuum in a nursing bottle. The Finn was highly sensitive to these quick, atmospheric changes, and so was Christian. Perhaps the Finn had been invoking gods or devils, or both, to give the child repose on the ground of his being still too young to be partisan to either. Now, as he slithered out into the thin glare of the paper lanterns, his pale face slightly damp from his religious exercises, he was not humanly prepossessing.

Lady Audrey, glancing up over her shoulder and on the point of challenging Applebo's sincerity, gave a slight start as her eyes fell on the distorted figure—and Lady Audrey was not a woman easily startled.

"Go below," said Applebo in Danish, "and get the small bag of money in the upper righthand drawer of my desk. Where are thy manners?" he added sharply.

The Finn snatched at the long forelock that straggled out from beneath his watch-cap.

"Service, your honors!" said he in the same tongue, and shambled to the companionway.

"Ha' mercy!" murmured Lady Audrey as he disappeared. "What sort of a bogy is that?"

"A physically malformed Finn," answered Applebo. "However, his moral nature is now straight enough. He used to drink, but has broken himself of the habit through his devotion to the baby. He believes that it summons unclean devils and things whose society is injurious to the child, and I quite agree with him."

The Finn returned with a small canvas bag, which he placed upon the table; then withdrew himself into the shadow. Nobody noticed the money, for Cécile had joined the group and, at Edna's request, began to tell their guests the story of how her father's old schooner yacht, the Shark, had been dismasted off Cape Cod and her people taken off by Applebo and his Finn, who had put to sea in the gale as the result of a vision in which the latter had seen the wrecked vessel with her decks awash.

"God bless me—the man's a warlock!" Lady Audrey exclaimed when Cécile had finished.

"I'll lend him to you if you like," said Applebo. "We don't need him in the woods. He knows these waters as a dog knows his kennel."

"I'd be jolly glad to have him," said Lady Audrey. "We're a bit shorthanded for pokin' along the coast. My sailing master suggested that we ship another hand for while we are here."

"Very well. I'll send him over in the morning." Applebo picked up the little bag of money and weighed it in his hand. "Who wants this?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 32)

As an Intellectual Companion, Many Men Had Found Her Thoroughly Satisfactory

Autobiography of a Happy Woman

THE SISTERHOOD OF PERSONAL SERVICE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

I Defy You to Sit on a Spirited Horse With a Morbid Liver or a Self-Pitying Soul!

BY THE time I had turned over books and keys, and put things to rights in the office of the financial promoter, it was twelve o'clock. The office building was situated just where four great thoroughfares converged into a main street, something like Broadway, New York, at Forty-second, or Yesler Way, Seattle. Workers were pouring out for the noon hour from the leather and cigar factories across the bridge, from the big department stores and from the insurance buildings.

There were literally myriads of young girls—I had never noticed them so closely before that day, when, for the first time, I felt myself a part of the great army of the new economic era; when, for the first time, I felt the solidarity and cohesiveness in this great world of work. I watched the throngs pouring out for the noon hour.

I do not need to tell you—do I?—that the women and girls in the offices wore the airs of grand duchesses of the Vere de Vere type to the women and girls of the department stores, and that the women and girls of the department stores wore grand-duchess airs to the women and girls from the factories; and I suppose the women and girls of the factories would try the same airs on the scrubbies of the basement—snobs all the way down the scale, trampling one another's chances.

Yet all were fellow workers in the great, new economic army of the world of work. What menaced one menaced all. Laws defective for one were defective for all. Lack of protection that might injure one might likewise injure each or any or all of that army of workers. Men had their lodges, their fraternities, their labor unions, to help in time of stress; but this army of women workers, more easily menaced because they were women—what had they? They had not even a standard of physical fitness—of personal defense—of value in the eyes of the law as an economic asset to the nation.

How Women Can Help Women

THESE were the mothers of the coming race; yet the law would punish the maiming of a cow with fourteen years' imprisonment; the maiming of a woman or girl with two years' imprisonment; the theft of a colt with five years' imprisonment; the theft of a little girl worker—abduction, I believe, is the ugly word describing it—with two years' imprisonment.

Of the four hundred fifty thousand people who will have to pay an income tax in the United States it is estimated that less than forty thousand are women. Of the wage-earners in the United States seven millions are women. Standing on the street corner, watching the army of women workers, it did not require prophetic foresight to gauge the revolution in values bound to come when this army of women workers wakens to a consciousness of its own solidarity and cohesiveness—wakens to that freemasonry of comradeship that exists among all classes of men, without any confusion of coal scuttles with silver spoons.

There and then I made my resolution: As between this little coterie of women whom the world called favored, protected, and this great army whom the world called workers—unprotected themselves but protecting others—I took my stand with the workers. Why?

They stood for plus.

They represented a marching army—progressing forward; not that stationary excellence for which reactionaries fight and which to me means the atrophy of the powers of the soul.

They needed help; and, more than help, they needed the comprehension not of charity but of independent, self-respecting comradeship.

Then, if the Christ creed was to be anything more than an anodyne for an uneasy conscience, what ranks offered better scope for the helpfulness and service of that creed than this army of women workers?

Also, there was another reason. It came falteringly then—it comes falteringly today. The modern world has literally been robbing the home of women's vocations for fifty years. Instead of women robbing men's vocations, the man-made and man-operated machines have usurped women's vocations. Nursing, teaching, mending, weaving, buttermaking and even plain housekeeping have been supplanted by the hospital with the professional nurse, by the school with the professional teacher, by factory clothing and factory food, the department store and the apartment house.

If the process of robbing the home of women's vocations continues with the accelerated progress of the last fifty years, will the day not come when the unoccupied woman, the rich woman, the woman who has not married, or the married woman whose children have grown up and gone out of the home—when the girl who wants an occupation and is past her teens, when fripperies fill an occupation—will the day not come when this smaller coterie of women will ask permission to come down and out of their idleness into this army of service? Is not this practically the meaning of the get-together clubs in every city in the United States where the women who work and the women who do not meet for mutual helpfulness? Is it not the meaning of the terrible divorce-court tragedies of the idle hands?

Lady Bountiful, passing out largess with kid gloves and a forty-rod pole, is not needed as ensign-carrier in this army. Charity is always cheaper than justice. What is needed is not charity. What is needed is a new *noblesse oblige:* those to teach the toilers to sing songs of joy again over their looms; a sisterhood not of discontent but of service, in which the weakest and the poorest and the meanest will be girt with the defense of the strongest in time of stress and danger. Will women work this problem out as men have worked it out in their fraternities?

Sounds easy—this resolution; but it was not. Of a very large connection on both sides of the house we were the only family where a woman ever became a wage-earner. It was bad enough to be obliged to do it; but—to glory in it! I can hear some of the spurious wails yet. One good relative, I recall, warned me that it would totally ruin manners for society.

Another good dame, who was not related and had just come West in time to receive a tail-end blow from the panic, used to sit bewailing by the hour that her dear girls should ever need to work. She had set her face like flint against that need, telling her daughters it was the duty of father and brothers to take the blasts of the world—until the father took so many blasts that he ran away to New York with an adventuress; and one son carried the load until he used Government funds, of which he was custodian, so that his mother had to mortgage her home to keep him out of the penitentiary; and a second son ran away from home to escape an impossible burden. When the third son married and left the sisters in the lurch they turned out and wished they had met the challenge of fate halfway before.

Another woman I recall who had been a somewhat famous opera singer in her day and had married a financial broker in our city—perhaps more decent than Mr. Blank, but also more flamboyant—was so determined that the world should not know they had been hit by the panic that she moved her entire establishment over to the new palatial hotel the railroad had built and there entertained elaborately, dressed, as of old, in Paris gowns, and set her face like flint against the new order.

Girls Who Have No Choice

PERHAPS it was her way of helping her broker husband not to lose his customers. Perhaps it was her way of working, though she declaimed that under no circumstances should a woman ever become a wage-earner. But no one was bluffed but the bluffer. We all knew that the hotel carried their account for ten thousand dollars that year in return for her husband's influence as a lobbyist in railroad matters; but the strain of pretending she had what she had not sent her to a Paris nerve specialist at the end of a year, where only the agility of a nurse prevented her suicide during nervous depression. Personally I think that woman worked a great deal harder for her living than those of us who openly joined the army of wage-earners.

I remember telling a very dear woman relative my resolution to fight for the army of wage-earners as well as with them, and of the dangers that must menace many a lonely girl worker who had no strong circle of loyal friends to gird her round with companionship and safety.

"Why do girls go into employments where there are such dangerous associates?" she demanded indignantly. "No girl ought to be exposed to such dangers. No girl ought to leave her home if there are such dangers."

My answer I wrote in one of those little autograph albums which were the rage at that time. At the top of the page I penned her thought—Girls ought not to go into employments where there are dangers! Below I wrote one of the rimes that now hummed through my head of nights in place of old Solomon's epigrams:

Good maxims these for those who need them not!
If hounds be hard on heel of deer, then what?
When spurs dig deep in bleeding sides the horse grown hot.

The deer pursued ne'er halts at brink of bank;
The horse hard-pressed can't choose to stay in rank,
Tho' wall too high or ditch too broad may break a shank.

Having been intrenched with the triple protection of father, husband and brother, I know she had not the faintest idea of what I meant.

I did not get off the car opposite my home. I rode to the end of the cartrack and walked out on the prairie, where the purple windflowers or anemones were just breaking through the snow. I wanted to walk in the tossing, rough April wind and to think in the clean, open spaces.

What reason had I to give for resigning a twelve-hundred-dollar-a-year job in time of such financial stress? You cannot explain that Astarte and Moloch may have reincarnations in our modern system as dangerous to youth as the old circle of fire and drugged wines. Some future historian will narrate that of our day.

We ourselves refuse to take cognizance of it. No man or woman has battled out the contest of life without meeting the same challenge. It is the eternal challenge. Our temptation to barter what we know is right for the crust of bread called a living always comes when we are in the wilderness, spent of body and soul.

"Do the fool-thing and expect God to perform a miracle to save you! Jump over the precipice of right and wrong; then expect Heaven to save a smash!" Do not think you will meet the challenge only once—you will meet it every day when you are in the game of life, but not find it as downright and honest-spoken as Satan in the wilderness!

When I reached home two or three friends had come in for afternoon tea. An animated discussion was going on about somebody who had lost a position in the civil service through the hard times.

"You don't think there would be any chance in your office?" some one asked.

"There might," I answered. "I have just resigned."

If I had thrown a bomb in that little group I could not have caused greater consternation.

"Well!" gusped one auditor, who belonged to that type of women George Adam Smith has described as "the cow that tramples more corn than it can ever eat"—"Well! 'Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.'"

Only two people did not agree with her—my mother, who did not speak at all, and that daughter of a friend to whom I have already referred—the girl with "I won't!" born on her very lips.

A Hike to Higher Altitudes

IT IS sometimes a good thing to have the spirit to challenge life before it challenges you. This youngster had jumped into the discussion with her sleeves rolled up before I had a chance to offer any explanation.

"You did perfectly right!" she burst out. "I wouldn't stick in an old office in your state of health! What's a salary if you give your life for it? I guess there is something more in life than plugging for a living. I want to live—not just exist! Any girl is a fool who drudges along without a try at bettering her position—I don't care what it is. If I were in that kind of a trap I'd jump out if I had to break my neck!"

"You might break your neck," warned the woman who had thought it criminal of me to resign in such hard times.

"Then I'd sooner break my neck and have one breath of real life than live a life of perpetual imprisonment!" vowed this perennial rebel.

As we all knew she lived up to her creed, a laugh greeted this sally. She waited until the others had left.

"Bet a hill of beans you couldn't stand that old plaster another minute!" she at once exploded; her whole life was an explosion of temper and laughter and tears and storms and action. I used to wonder whether she was still when she slept.

"Mr. Blank is one of the kindest——"

"Waugh!" she interrupted in Sioux lingo. "But he yappies too much. He's kind first, last and altogether for what he gets in return for himself—and you know it. Now don't you lie about it! What are you going to do?"

"Hike for the higher altitudes, I guess."

She bounced almost out of her boots

"You are to come back to the ranch with me." She was living on a ranch at the foothills of the Rockies. "I declare—if I have to go back there alone I'm going to cultivate conversation with jackrabbits and coyotes."

I tried to stem her torrent and explain that when medical debts and lame ducks and home had been cared for, there would be less than fifty dollars left, and that a semi-invalid would be a nuisance and a burden in a home where the only help obtainable consisted of disreputable old squaws; but she swept my objections aside in a torrent.

Fifty dollars was loads and bushels and stacks of money! We could use the ranch horses and rent an extra saddle for the summer at five dollars—she thought it likely she could borrow an extra saddle. Her brother was in the railroad offices. It seemed the business of the ranch was to sell beef cattle to the dining-car department; and she would go and see the divisional superintendent and obtain a pass for me that very week. She was as good as her word. She left for the mountains the next day and posted a pass back to me inside a week.

Now the question I ask myself is this: Suppose I had not had a rebel for a friend, should I not also have passed to the human scrap-heap? Suppose, when I closed the other door, to wrong opportunity—"Winnow not with every wind," said the prophet—that her indomitable spirit had not unlatched another door, as you and I and all of us of the sisterhood of service can unlatch, without cost or effort to ourselves, doors of opportunity from the culs-de-sac of other lives, should I not have perished in the trap or died bound to the wheel, as thousands and tens of thousands of lives perish every year for want of a little dauntless thoughtfulness?

I had set out in life wanting passionately to know whether suffering were necessary, challenging the pious blasphemy that it was God's will women should suffer ill; and I had come far enough along the road to know that most of misery is unnecessary, entirely human and hand-made—quite as much of it resulting from fumble-fingers and thick brains as from deviltries.

I had learned that you cannot break law—it breaks you; but I had to go a pace farther along the road before I learned the way out—that "Nature ever faithful is to such as trust her faithfulness"; that if you kick against law you will only hurt your shins; but that if you harness law and steer with it—not against it—there is no harbor of human happiness whither you may not sail.

It all costs some horribly acute growing pains of the soul. Do not grin superior-fashion! Those who have not had growing pains may still have their growing to do; and wisdom teeth come hardest when they come latest! It was the change from a fetish faith to a faith in a larger God that gave me my worst growing pains of this period. Sometimes out in the mountains, flat on my back in the sun, while the horse grazed at the end of a tethering rope, this sort of thing would come to me faster than I could write it in a book I usually carried in the saddlebag and read at noon:

What profit late to learn
To port we might have sailed,
When wisdom to discern
Was lacking till we failed?

Are we frail jetsam cast
Mere toys upon the wave?
Are souls which Thou hast made
Too poor for Thee to save?

Or this:

And if I have faith but as one grain of seed,
I shall say to this mountainous thing in my way:
"Be removed to the depths of the sea"; and, with speed
To obey, it uprises and sinks 'neath the spray.

If all faith works through law and without works be dead—
Then the plan of two worlds is consistent, and man
Must couple his schemes on the track of law's tread;
For, since time began, not a jot nor a tittle hath failed of
God's plan.

The Grizzled Fellow Who Handed It to Me Wished Me a Pleasant Trip

That night when I sat down to read to my mother—we had neither of us mentioned the fact of my resignation—I opened George Adam Smith's poetic interpretation of Isaiah as the epic poem of a race adjured by the passionate and inspired singer to come back from the pursuit after false ideals and grow to the stature of its national destiny.

Of course we do not need such passionate, inspired singers today for a money-mad age whirling dervish dances round its own ego.

The first words I read were: "In returning and rest shall be your confidence." I turned a few pages, where Smith has rendered the original into English blank verse: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on; the covering narrower than he can wrap himself in."

My mother had the most calming presence I have ever known in a human being. She was sitting with her long, slim white hands folded in her lap. The red of the lamp-shade seemed to accentuate the chiseled white profile in the half-dark of the room.

"I am glad you resigned," she said. "I felt all along that the time would come when you would. It has served its purpose."

"And when one door closes behind us?" I asked.

"When the half-gods go, the true gods come," she answered. "Read those lines of George Adam Smith again."

"They are not Professor Smith's; they are the prophet's: 'In returning and rest shall be your confidence. For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on; the covering narrower than he can wrap himself in.'"

"I wonder whether that is why we go askew," she said. "I wonder whether God's plans are so much bigger than our creeds that, like new wine, they burst the old bottles."

"What do you think the first means?" I asked her.

"In Rest Shall be Your Confidence"

SHE sat perfectly still for a moment without answering; then smiled as quietly as if my little world of faith had not smashed down—as if, indeed, the panic had not torn the little world of the whole half-million population of the state at that time up by the roots, like a plowshare driven through an ant hill.

"Read it again," she said.

"'In returning and rest shall be your confidence.'"

"It means," she said, "what you are going to do when you go to the mountains and cast yourself on the eternal laws of God."

And that is exactly what happened. I can no more describe the process of healing in body and soul than you can describe the process of rebirth when a night rain falls on parched ground and all the slumbering seedlings come through with green hands that clap in gladness to wind and sun.

A wise old canoeman once said to me: "Never fight rapids—paddle like hell till you catch the current that will swerve you away from the rocks; then lie back and let her go and take your ease!"

It is the same of life. Work like the furies incarnate if you like until you learn what the law is—what the trend of it is. Catch that and it will carry you past all rocks—perhaps not to the haven of your desire, but to the destiny to which the current of the law carries, whither you have to go willy-nilly; and whether you arrive whole or smashed depends on whether you go with the current of God's law or against it.

My friend was a tonic. She fought and jounced my convictions at every turn as I fought hers—which is infinitely better than the sympathy that turns pity in on self. If you died with her you would have to die in your boots and on the run; for she kept you out morning, noon and night. So much of our unhappiness comes from the corrosion of acid discontent on the repose of our better natures that this activity—giving no time for morbid thought—went far toward healing. I defy you to sit on a spirited horse with a morbid liver or a self-pitying soul! You have to take hold of yourself—or you will break your neck.

Also, it was a stage in the West's development that can never again be repeated in American history. Frontier was giving way to pioneer. Ranch-lands, where one cow had roaming ground over a thousand acres, were being carved up in the settler's quarter sections. The newspapers were still disputing whether farmers could grow wheat in the dry intermountain empire. The first transcontinental

railroad to cross the Divide in this part of the Rockies had just been completed; and the hordes of Chinese and Italian navvies had scattered to the lumber mills and mines of the mountains.

I remember, after turbid spring floods and summer thaw bringing down the snow of the upper peaks, at the period when the tinhorn gambling hells and saloon dance-halls were running full blast, on a Monday morning after a Sunday celebration, that as many as ten dead Chinks would be washed up on the sandbars in the river. Sometimes the dead man washed up would be white. Even then few inquiries were made. If you did not want to go over the precipice you must keep away from the edge; for there was no mistaking the red light of danger on that edge. Yet, with it all, womanhood was safer than in the padded parlors of civilization. Why? I asked my friend's brother that question once.

"Because every man jack in this camp knows if he so much as looked disrespect at a decent woman he would be cut into scraps in about two seconds! And there would be no coroner's inquest!" he answered savagely.

I had a forcible illustration of this not long after I went out. My friend and her brother were going for a Sunday to one of the silver camps up from the foothills—halfway to heaven, as he expressed it. We had set out at daybreak on Saturday, with the peak where we were going plainly ahead of us; but we lost sight of it when we left the foothills and plunged into the heavy hemlock forests to corkscrew up a zigzag trail barely wide enough for a horse.

Fool-hens or mountain grouse flumped heavily and bobbled and noddled at us from logs by the side of the trail. Marmots would come scrambling up from the rocks and whistle as shrilly as a schoolboy. Sometimes you heard a raucous cry overhead, and, looking up, you could see through the gray-green Spanish moss a baldhead eagle perched lonely on the topmost tip of a dead branch.

Here, a turn in the corkscrew trail opened vistas to the upper peaks shining opalescent in a cloudless sky. There, you had skirted the sharp elbow of a precipice and were neck-deep in fog as thick as wool at the cloudline. Another pace and turn, and you were above cloudline in the flawless sunshine again.

Wherever a coulee cut and trenched down the mountain-slope, there you would see the rough prospectors, with their sacks of tools, following the float or signs of metal up the stream-bed to the head veins. In this way the most wonderful galena veins of that country had been found. Washed or unwashed, shaved or rough with weeks in the wilds, at sight of a woman the roughest man's hat would come off. Even the Chinks would stand off the trail and simper a How-do?

The Joy of Living

IT WAS not air we were breathing—it was some compound of distilled sunbeams brewed up with about a thousand years of oil of healing from the pines. At every switchback in the trail we would pause and give our horses breath. I drank and drank great breaths of the dew-washed, resinous air. My friend looked over her shoulder and kicked her feet free from her stirrups to ease her horse.

"Isn't it a scrumptious joy to be alive and kicking?" she said.

It was such a scrumptious joy that I was beginning to wonder what nightmare prison of my own personality I had been chained to back there in that other life! Was not that the trouble in this restless life of pressure in the cities—humans were chained up to serve things, instead of the things being chained up to serve the humans? Freedom beckoned to us from the glad world of the outdoors; and we sat glooming in our own self-created despairs until eyes could not see God for our maudlin tears.

Just when the trail ran into the long single street of a raw, new, unpainted mining town, built with the back doors overhanging the brink of a brawling mountain brook, a fog came drifting out of the pass, followed by a drenching rain. My friends were not sure that a drenching rain would be good for me at that stage of the game on a two days' trip and asked whether I objected to staying in the hotel of the little mining town for the night, while they went on up to the silver camp fifteen miles farther. The brother was to collect on some beeves shipped in and the sister did not like him to come down that trail alone with so much ready money on his person. I told them to go ahead by all means. It would be fun to see the new camp.

"I would not go out after dark if I were you," called the brother as I took refuge on the hotel veranda. "Saturday is payday, you know—all the miners and lumberjacks will be down from the hills."

The hotel had board partitions of one-ply, unpainted, and there was not a door in the house with a lock. After dinner I propped a chairback under the doorknob of my room, so the chair could not move without waking me; and I fell into a sleep to defy the crack of doom. The grand duchess who kept the hotel and myself were the only women in a harum-scarum population of about two thousand—that is, the only women except some little painted almond-eyed girls across the way in a Japanese dance-hall.

I seemed to hear the pour of the rain in my sleep, the roar of the brook, the taptap of little feet across the way to the strumming of some strange oriental string music when I suddenly came awake to an explosion like a powder blast. The rain had ceased. Moonlight silvered the room; and the brook tore behind the house less boisterously, as of deeper waters; but the roar filled the cañon and shook the house. The lumberjacks and miners had come down from the hills; and I do not think there was a faucet or bottle or barrel or saloon or gambling joint that was not doing a wide-open business all that night.

The houses could not roof a tenth of the population. Men were auctioning whisky in tin cups from the top of kegs in midroad. They were gambling and dancing and sitting and sleeping in every variety of posture in the open street. They reminded me of a disturbed ant hill or caterpillar nest. It was a bit boisterous—so I did not go down for supper; but sleep was out of the question. The barroom was directly under me and I could see what was going on through cracks in the floor.

There Was Not a Door in the House With a Lock

Toward midnight the drunks were fighting drunk. I thought they had exhausted the swears of every language under the sun earlier in the evening; but when a stiletto-drunk Italian and a shillalah-drunk Irishman began shouting in unexpurgated vernacular on exactly which part of each other's anatomy they intended to vent international love, anything I had heard before seemed like a school's first reader compared with an unabridged dictionary.

Just when a yell seemed to forewarn instant murder there was a scuffle-scuffle of feet. Two bodies seemed dragged toward the railing of the back piazza above the brawling brook. There was a thud—then a splash—then tremendous roars of laughter; another thud—another splash—more shouts; and the crowds rushed back to the barroom for drinks all round.

Good-fellowship would last until a Polack and a Russian, or a Jap and a Chinaman, began discussing each other's ancestry in colloquial Westernisms. Then the thud and the splash would repeat themselves. This lasted without cessation until five o'clock Sunday morning, when the chill of the mountain air drove the rioters back up the hill—that is, those of the rioters who could still use their legs. Hundreds lay sprawled in the roadway or curled up on saloon steps sound asleep.

A knock came on my door at six. The barroom below was still brawling louder than the brook, and the Chinese waiter from the dining room asked me whether I would please come down and have "bleakfast" at once—my "palty from the mines would be 'long in a few time," and I was to meet them at the end of the camp "tlail," a mile out.

The Gallantry of the Lumberjacks

I HAD no time to tell him to send my breakfast up before he trotted downstairs; and I did not relish passing the open barroom door, whence the smell of rum came reeking up stronger than a ginmill.

Some one must have heard me going down the stair, for the bartender rapped on the bar with a glass. "Lady's coming! Shut up, gents!" I heard him order as I dived past the door into the dining room; and the gents shut up so hard and quick you could have heard a pin drop while I was at breakfast.

A cowboy stood at the door with my horse. He helped me to the saddle and told me where to find my party waiting a mile up the trail. The road was literally littered with unconscious forms. "Set tight to the leather and keep a sure stirrup," he advised. "Some of them boozebusters might scare your bronc!"

I gave the horse a little kick to put him past the saloon fronts quickly, and he shot out so suddenly that away flew my watch. Before I could turn the horse round a dozen men were on their feet to get it. The grizzled fellow who handed it to me wished me a pleasant trip.

The incident was typical of the West in its wildest era. A woman was safer than in a young ladies' seminary—that is, a woman who was not a fool. A woman who was a fool, or careless of the respect due her womanhood, could have all the folly on tap in the shortest possible time.

At the very period when the mountains were infested with discarded gangs of navvies and roving prospectors women had begun taking up homesteads. You came on their tiny log cabins in the big-timber country; or, as you rode down from the foothills, their ten-by-ten shacks anchored to the prairie by posts at each end.

One trail my friend and I used to follow passed half a dozen shanties of girl homesteaders in a ride of forty miles. The thought that struck me was how many of these girls were foreign-born—naturalized citizens.

"Why do you think that is?" I asked. "Why don't American girls do that sort of thing more? To be bound to a factory isn't much more independent than the old game."

She reined up her horse and thought a moment.

"Oh, convention has such a stranglehold and we're so democratic," she explained, "that we spend most of our time hanging on by our eyebrows for fear we lose caste."

(Concluded on Page 44)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 31, 1914

Some Wisdom in Mexico

IN SPITE of their ignorance the Mexicans probably comprehend their own needs better than we do. All reports agree that the people quite generally would resent intervention by the United States, and in this they would probably be right.

Self-government by consent of the governed, as that is understood in this country, is out of the question there. The people are incapable of working a constitution like ours. They hardly even know what it means. If we intervened it would be to set up a foreign military dictatorship—a government, that is, supported by arms and deriving none of its powers from the active consent of the governed. Our intentions would be purely benevolent; but it by no means necessarily follows that our dictatorship would be superior to some native one.

A benevolent Diaz could do much better by the country than we could, because he could comprehend it much better and he could much better make himself understood. Out of the chaotic welter down there a strong and wise man may emerge who will rule as firmly as Diaz did, but with a wider view to the ultimate good of the people. The ruin of the landholding caste may open the way to a tolerable economic constitution, with ownership of the soil allotted to its cultivators.

That Mexico may work out her own salvation, in short, is entirely possible. That we or any other nation, however well disposed, can work out her salvation for her is very doubtful. It is entirely probable that our intervention in the long run would hinder rather than help. In preferring to be let alone the Mexicans are wise.

The Retail Cost

A MILLER writes us: "The farmer sells his wheat to a country dealer, who gets about two cents a bushel for handling it. Freight from the country dealer to a primary market will be about five cents a bushel. The dealer in the primary market gets a cent a bushel. To mill the flour, including the miller's profit, costs from six to seven cents a bushel. The flour then goes to the retailer, who gets in the neighborhood of a dollar a barrel—or, say, twenty cents a bushel."

We suppose the figures are approximately correct; but the cost for a unit of wholesale and retail handling must always be wide apart. To send your ten-pound sack of flour from the store to the kitchen door probably costs the retailer more than to move a hundred times that quantity five times that distance by rail. There is probably more labor involved in handling that ten-pound sack than in handling a thousand bushels of wheat at the elevator.

Pins are made by almost automatic machinery. When the retail clerk picks out your particular paper, wraps it up, makes change, and allows that it will rain before night, more labor and expense for a pin accrues than in all the preceding processes.

It is true of a large number of articles that the final cost—that of retail distribution—is greater for a unit than all that has gone before; but the service for a unit is greater also. In many cases there is larger opportunity for economy in the retail cost than in any other state of production or distribution; yet that cost will always be relatively high. When our correspondent adds that without sales for future delivery the cost of handling wheat from farmer to retailer would be increased, we agree with him. It is not the use of future sales but their abuse to which exception should be taken.

Making Credit Easy

THE many people who think the new banking system will make credit always easy have a disappointment in store for them. It will do no such thing.

This Western farmer was worth forty thousand dollars and in good credit. His corn crop being nearly a failure, he wished to borrow two thousand dollars with which to buy corn to feed his cattle through the winter. Neither his own bank nor any other to which he applied would accommodate him. He felt aggrieved, but he should not have blamed the banks—and no banking system ever yet devised will prevent recurrences of that condition; in fact, the condition of which he complained existed at the same time in England, in France and in Germany, which have admirable banking systems.

The condition was due to a misuse of credit that banks cannot control. Before this farmer was refused money to buy corn with, other farmers had borrowed money to buy Canadian land, or town lots, or adjoining forties. That money was tied up and the supply of available money fell decidedly short of the demand. In the present state of human wisdom—or folly—that condition will recur now and then. When it does recur the only safe remedy is to refuse credit to whomever can get along without it.

To go on expanding is to invite certain disaster. The solvent man who cannot get along without credit—to whom its refusal means bankruptcy—ought to have it, and doubtless will; but the man who wants credit to extend his operations should be refused.

The new banking system, if intelligently administered, will always prevent a smash. It should always take care of the really solvent man who must have credit or fail, but undoubtedly it will many times refuse credit to the solvent man who can, on a pinch, get along without it, yet who could make a good profit by borrowing.

No doubt if credit were always wisely used there would always be enough of it to go round; but it is not and the banks cannot prevent its misuse. For that they have neither the power nor the wisdom.

Of course those fanciful persons who think the new system will make credit easier at any season of any year for people whom the old system refused at all seasons of all years will be very quickly disillusioned.

A New Act Billed

IF YOUR memory runs back thirteen short years you will recall how happy everybody was at that time. We were then living under a new and benevolent dispensation, which was to yield prosperity with a bounteousness never before known. Fortune flowed visibly before men's eyes in a broad and shining stream. Any one at all might run over and dip his cup, milkpail or the family washboiler into the golden flood. And how they did run!

The name of this new earthly state was Community of Interest. All the big fellows had gotten together—Morgan, Rockefeller, Harriman, Rogers, Hill. A shining host of Agamemnons sat brotherly round the same campfire, drinking from the same canteen and singing the same hymns. There was to be no more fighting—no more contention. Mr. Morgan was going to be a director in Mr. Rockefeller's bank, Mr. Rogers a director in Mr. Morgan's railroad—and so on. All were going to pull together. Turn back to the newspaper files of that period and see how gravely this Community of Interest was discussed as a blessing to mankind.

A few years have passed and we have another new dispensation. There is to be no community of interest at all. Interlocking directors are banned. Every big fellow is to be surrounded by a high, tight board fence and scrupulously isolated from every other big fellow. And the same newspapers, with the same solemnity, assure us that it is a blessing to mankind.

Like that of thirteen years ago, this one is billed as an entirely new and original act. The scenery is a bit changed, but if you look closely you will see that the actors are the same, playing the same rôles.

Slandering Human Nature

THE grossest libel on humanity is the saying that human nature does not change. You hear it at every attempt to improve the human lot, but we hope you do not believe it. There cannot be even an income tax or a banking bill or a workmen's compensation law but a lugubrious chorus rises to assert that it will not work because you cannot change human nature.

We wonder whether anybody believes there is no essential difference between Tamerlane and Abraham Lincoln, or Cesare Borgia and Woodrow Wilson! That is what the saying would imply in view of the typical character of those persons. Under the same environment the human constitution, no doubt, tends to work in the same way.

Among savage tribes far removed from any intercourse with one another, but in about the same stages of intelligence, very similar laws, religious and marital relationships have been found. Inhabitants of Mexico and Peru at the time of the Spanish conquests were evidently working up through barbarism along substantially the same lines that Asiatics in the same stages of development had followed many centuries before.

Set us back some four thousand years and we should no doubt consider it a fine thing to scalp anybody who lived on the other side of the river from us. The fact that we have great qualms about it now shows that human nature does change. If humanity were incapable of growing kinder and juster, any reform movement, moral or material, would be silly.

Some Real Trust Busting

COMPETITION in the carriage of freights by sea is popularly supposed to be restrained to a greater extent than in almost any other field of like importance. That there are powerful syndicates and combinations in that field is admitted.

The manager of a big British line of steamers, however, recently observed: "In the whole course of my experience I have never known such a sudden collapse in freights." An authority on the subject adds that within three months ocean freight rates have had such a slump as has not been seen in a generation.

A year or two ago ocean-carrying trade was booming. Steamers were paying back the cost of construction within twenty-four months of their first voyages. Too many were built. With some slackening of business the world over, fewer cargoes were offered. Brisk competition sprang up; brokers bid ruthlessly against one another; rates fell.

The power of any modern combination is strictly limited. It may modify the natural trends of trade to some degree, but it cannot counteract them.

Suing the Directors

MORE significant, in our opinion, than any statutory prohibition of interlocking directors is the action of Judge Sanborn in ordering receivers of the waterlogged St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad to bring suits for restitution against directors of the road, provided it appears that such suits can be successfully prosecuted.

Persons in control of the railroad joined syndicates for the purpose of buying and building feeder lines, to be sold to the railroad at a handsome profit for the syndicates.

The plain question is: Can a trustee for a railroad's stockholders do that without being answerable at law? Can he sit on one side of the table as a trustee and on the other side as a syndicate member, and make deals with himself to his own notable profit?

If he can, then there is obviously a grave fault in the law, which should promptly be cured by legislation. We must get away from the odd American notion that a stout little knot of insiders may do virtually as they please with a great property of which they are the trustees.

"Can't I do what I want to with my own road?" a magnate once testily exclaimed regarding a company of which he owned perhaps ten per cent. We must make it clear to him that he cannot. Some of the lowest spots in American business morality lie within the four walls of big corporation boardrooms.

That the director is a trustee and that he must not use his trust for his personal profit needs to be emphasized. If the law now permits him individually to make profitable deals with himself as a trustee it requires amending.

Seats for Women

MUCH of this so-called courtesy to women is merely a survival of the old chivalrous attitude which an acute scholar has described as an instant readiness to fight every able-bodied man and make love to every attractive woman.

When a tired male feels constrained to offer his seat to a husky young female on her way home from a matinée, and she takes it as a matter of course, we do not see that there has been any advance toward a better relationship between the sexes. A better relationship must involve reciprocal kindliness, forbearance and understanding.

Above all, in our opinion, it must involve abandonment of the old chivalrous-romantic standpoint. Chivalry made women elaborate bows; it also made her do the washing without pay. Woman cannot have perfect equality and condescension—exact justice and a special privilege.

We think rather poorly of that courtesy which consists merely in performing certain conventional acts. Whether a man lifts his hat to a woman is of no consequence to anybody in comparison with whether he is willing she should vote if she wants to.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

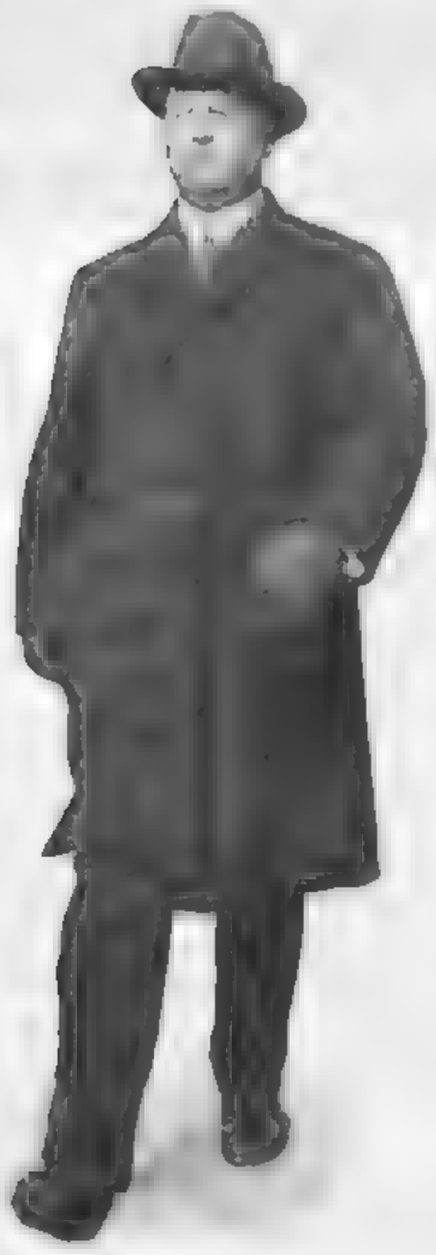


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Only Genuine Professional Genial in the House

J. W. RAGSDALE, Democrat, of Florence, was elected to the Sixty-third Congress."

That little group of correlated facts comprises the sum of the information concerning the powers, personality and past performances of the person named therein to be gleaned from the usually prolix autobiographical section of the esteemed Congressional Directory.

The brevity of the sketch proves one of two things: either J. Willard Ragsdale has no past, or, having a past, put that past behind him and has exultantly turned his face toward the morning; or J. Willard Ragsdale is a most modest man. Anyhow, what is herewith reprinted is all there is to J. Willard Ragsdale's autobiography, so far as official details and data are concerned; but not all there is to him—nor a modicum thereof—as he appears in his unofficial but none the less highly representative character round Washington.

We have in Congress many professors of many professions—professional Southerners, professional Prohibitionists, professional working men, professional Californians, professional uplifters, professional Irishmen, professional irenophiles, professional heroes, professional optimists, professional watchdogs, professional grouches, professional friends-of-the-people—very many of those—and so on. But J. Willard Ragsdale, Democrat, of Florence, which is in South Carolina, is unique in his profession.

J. Willard Ragsdale is a professional genial, the sole exemplar of this type in this Congress, and the highest development this profession has ever shown in any Congress. That is his vocation and his avocation—his business and his boast. If you will note the picture herewith appended you will observe—rather prominently displayed—a hale and hearty hand; a glad and—though gloved—generous hand; a large and liberal hand. That and the other and hidden hand, but equally joyous, are the twin badges of J. Willard's profession.

J. Willard Ragsdale is the original and only unstinted and stintless statesman of Year One of the New Freedom, wherein no Filipino may be damn-damn-damned by any Carabao, metrically or otherwise.

Coming, as he does, at a time when the Democrats, newly seized of power and the perquisites thereof, have not yet shaken off the thrift and prudence of the long, lean years when frugality and Democracy were synonyms perforce—coming when these Democrats are hiving up their honey instead of spreading it on the indiscriminate bread held out to them by the honey-hankerers of Washington—J. Willard Ragsdale, I need not say, fills a heartfelt want, supplies sustenance and stuffing to an unvictualed and voracious void, as well as being genial in other ways.

His main thought is to be genial. He works at it by night and by day. As J. Willard Ragsdale passes slowly down or up the Avenue in his large and luxurious automobile, he is constantly on the lookout for a chance to be genial.

Suppose, for example, J. Willard Ragsdale, on his way to the Capitol or vice versa, observes the thoughtful figure of Champ Clark on the sidewalk.

What happens? This: J. Willard Ragsdale causes his automobile to be shot in to the curb; and out he jumps, extending the glad-gloved hand that appears in the picture, smiling radiantly, eyes aglow with joy.

"Why, Mr. Speaker," he gurgles—a vocal effort exclusively Ragsdalean—a combination of a gurgle and a burble, and very genial—"why, Mr. Speaker, how do you do, and how are you, and how comes it you are walking when I am riding in a big car practically empty, as you might say? Get right in! Oh, I won't take no for an answer! Get right in and I'll carry you wherever you want to go. I'm so happy to be able to serve you!"

Exchanging Rubber Tires for Rubber Heels

AND all the time he has the speaker by the arm and is edging him into the car, no matter how violent the protest may be—for J. Willard is a husky person; and he genially throws Champ in, and genially gets in himself, and genially talks and otherwise converses while he conveys the speaker to such places as he wants to go.

It is the same with Cabinet members and others of high place who may be wanting a walk or seeking fresh air. J. Willard Ragsdale cruises down on them, hauls them into his car—genially genial all the time—and forces them to go on rubber tires where they started to go on rubber heels.

For weeks and weeks J. Willard, it is reported, circled about the White House, waiting and watching for a chance to be genial and generous to the president. If so be he had ever encountered the Chief Magistrate of this nation out on foot, Jimmie Sloan and Jack Wheeler would have had the fight of their secret-service lives to prevent J. Willard being genial to the Boss by taking him into his car and driving Mr. Wilson to the place the professional genial imagines Mr. Wilson genially desires to go.

However, it must be said, J. Willard Ragsdale is not a tufthunting professional genial in the strict sense of the term. If he cannot genially snag a high official he will just as genially take a lesser one, or a newspaper correspondent, or a visiting fireman, or a fellow member of the House, or a stray senator—or anybody who happens along.

He has to be genial, and it is one of his axioms that genial is as genial does; so he makes no class distinctions—not, of course, that he is not well aware that the higher up geniality is exerted the higher up the gemality is, but that all and sundry are fish to his genial net. And he is bound to operate continuously, even if at times he operates more or less unobtrusively.

It may be that J. Willard had an idea, when he brought up his machine from Florence, that automobiles are more of a novelty at the Capital than they really are; but his intentions are always genial, even if it does not create such consternation in a Cabinet member's breast when the owner of said breast is given a ride in a large and luxurious car as—it may well be—J. Willard Ragsdale had supposed. In fact there were several automobiles in Washington before J. Willard Ragsdale flashed his.

Important as the automobile asset is to professional geniality, an automobile certainly is not the only asset; for J. Willard Ragsdale, in his well-known genial manner, is the greatest little single-handed entertainer this Capital has known since William Christmas-Tree McKinley, of Champaign, Illinois, used to provide for his friends the stuff his town may have been named after.

No acuter joy can come to Ragsdale than the giving of a dinner. "Glad to meet you!" says J. Willard, extending that jocund hand—or both of them, as the case may be. "You must join a little dinner to twenty-six I am giving tonight. Positively I won't take no for an answer.

"Pish! Tush!" pishes J. Willard Ragsdale genially. "Nothing to that, my boy—nothing at all! Bring your friends along. How many did you say? Nine? Great! And if there is anybody else you want to invite—glad to have them!"

So he roams about Washington seeking persons whom he can glad-hand and gladder feed. He dotes on giving box parties at the theaters. As he so genially says: "My dear boy, I pos-i-tive-ly won't take no for an answer!"

The Spirit of '76

A NEW YORK East Sider met a friend on the street and told him he had quit the buttonhole-making trade.

"I'm in the art business now," he said proudly—"such a fine business too! Lots of money in it!"

"What do you mean—art business?" demanded his friend.

"Well," explained the East Sider, "I go by auction sales and I buy pictures cheap; then I sell 'em high. Yesterday I bought a picture for twenty-five dollars and today I sold it for fifty."

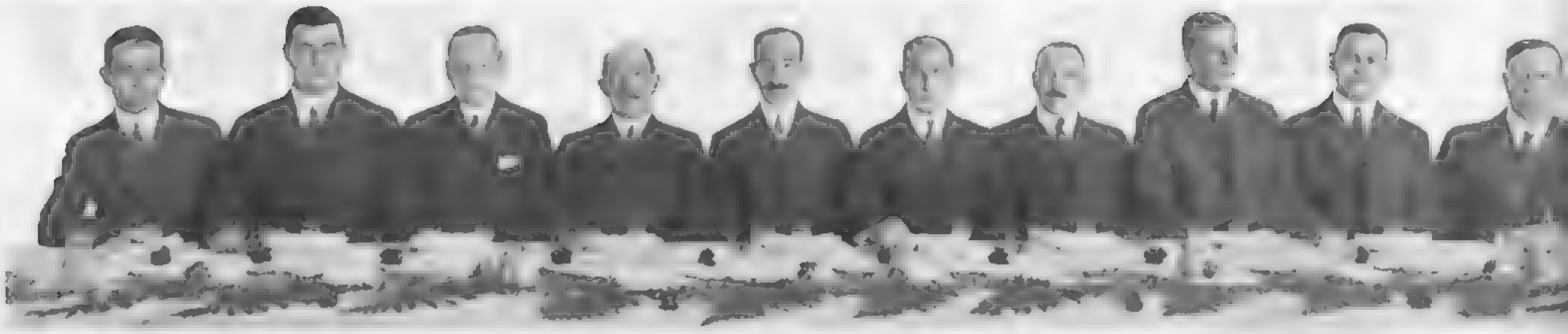
"What was the subject?"

"It wasn't no subject at all," said the art collector—"it was a picture."

"Sure, I know," said the other; "but every picture has got to be a subject or it ain't a regular picture, you understand. Was this here picture a marine, or a landscape, or a still life, or a portrait—or what? What did it represent?"

"How should I know?" said the puzzled ex-buttonholer. "To me a picture is a picture! This here picture now didn't have no name. It was a picture of three fellers and one flag. One feller had a fife, one feller had a drum, and one feller had a headache!"

Can She Make It?



To Celebrate the Tri

In Some Ways, the Finest Banquet Ever Served

On December 29th, in the Van Camp kitchens, in Indianapolis, we served a royal banquet. Such a banquet, in some respects, as no hotel could serve.

We served it to celebrate the greatest year in our business, and the triumphs of our chefs.

To that banquet from everywhere came 38 of our sales managers—the men in charge of our hundreds of salesmen.

The dinner had 12 courses. There were 78 different materials employed in its preparation.

Every dish, from the clams to the ices, was composed entirely of materials used in the Van Camp specialties.

Not special selections. Each was taken from current materials going through our kitchens that day. And each dish was cooked by the very chefs who daily cook our products for you.

Our Master Chef came from the Hotel Ritz in Paris. It is he who conceives the inimitable recipes used in Van Camp foods.

This Was the Menu

These were the dishes served. Not all of them products we put up in cans. But every material came from our kitchens, and each is daily used in some way in a Van Camp delicacy.

Olives Celery Catsup
Clams sur Ecailles Potage Mock Turtle
Pilaff Turquoise
Chicken à la Casserole Petits Pois à l'Anglaise
Spaghetti à l'Italienne
Sorbets Dâme blanche
Filet de Boeuf à la Broche
Van Camp's Pork and Beans à la Sauce de Tomates
Pommes rissolees Parisiènne
Ham Glacé Grand Duc
Balottines St. Hubert
Salade Moscovitte
Gateau Delice des Dames Bavarois Thermidor
Café Moka en tasse
Petits Fours Variés

Not one material used there could be anywhere excelled. The butter was Extra Creamery, the only grade we cook with. The beef was the finest sirloin, the hams of the costliest kind. The poultry had been specially fattened to make our rich chicken soup.

Yet each was an every-day Van Camp material, exactly the same as we use in the dishes we cook for millions of homes.

No Hotel Could Do It

There have been banquets cooked from equal materials, and cooked by as capable chefs. But some of our dishes have never been matched in the finest hotels in the world.

The Me

And these are the reasons: Each Van Camp recipe is the final result of many years' experience. Each was perfected through tireless effort to get just the right flavor and tang. For 53 years, countless able chefs have devoted their skill to these products.

Each recipe has some peculiar zest. Perhaps a flavor which we discovered in some far-distant city. Some chef, from whom we bought the secret, may have won local fame by this touch.

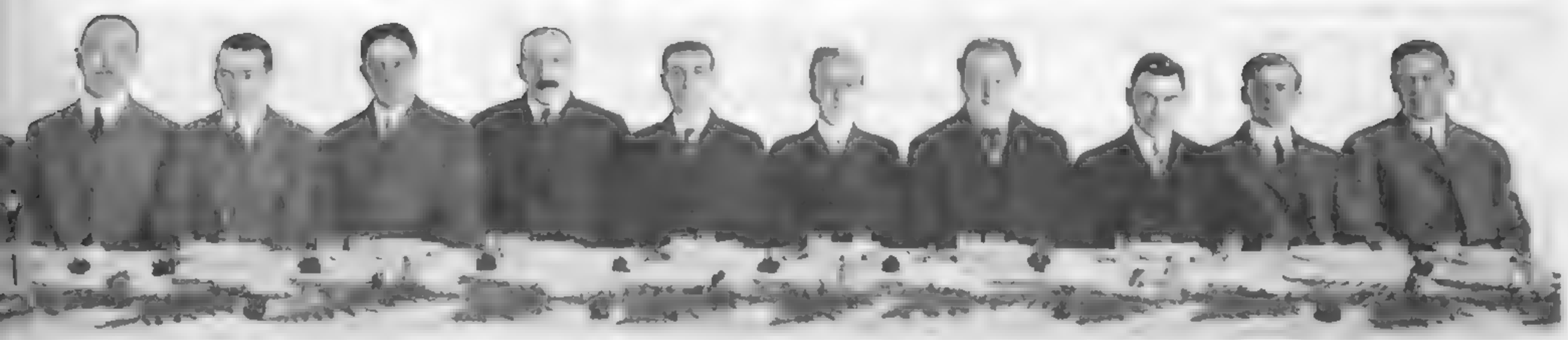
We brought one man all the way from Holland to supply such a missing link. At this moment we are bringing an expert from San Antonio, Texas, just to tell us how he gets in his Chili Con Carne a certain fascinating tang.

Regardless of expense, we seek to make every Van Camp recipe the finest dish of its kind in the world. We can do this because we are cooking for millions, but no hotel could afford it.

VAN C

PORK & BEA

Also Baked Wi



umphs of Van Camp

Experts and Chemists

Then we have here, to select our materials, a famous food expert of 25 years' experience. To test our materials we have numerous laboratories, where 13 chemists are employed in analyses.

We have standards of nutriment, standards of quality, and the materials we buy must fulfill them. Then the cooked products are tested again to prove their accord with our standards. In addition to that, all our foods are prepared under Government regulations.

The utmost in cookery is never attained without all these facilities. But in homes and hotels these things are impossible. So the only way to serve viands like these is to have our kitchens cook them.

Hotels Know This

The best hotels and restaurants know that most of our dishes can't be matched in their kitchens. And thousands of them buy these foods from us.

In New York City alone there are more than 500 restaurants which serve Van Camp's Pork and Beans. These include bakery lunch counters famous for this dish, also great Broadway hotels.

Countless restaurants and hotels buy from us the finest soups they serve. And the vegetables we cook here are among the best that hotels can get.

So the daintiest dishes people find in hotels are often cooked by our chefs in our kitchens.

Facts About Van Camp

Since 1861, the Van Camp foods have been served on American tables. For 53 years chefs have worked to perfect them. Experts have come from all over the world to contribute their share to our recipes and processes.

We have 15 kitchens, each in a locality where something we use is grown especially well.

Over 20,000 acres are planted each year to grow vegetables for Van Camp. Over 7,500 acres are planted to tomatoes alone—to Livingston Stone tomatoes. And last year's crop of Indiana tomatoes was the prime tomato crop of America.

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We use 130,000,000 tin cans yearly to put up the Van Camp products. They are made by the American Can Co., the largest makers of tin cans in the world. And we are their largest customers.

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Some of the Van Camp Delicacies

Van Camp's Pork and Beans first made these kitchens famous. This dish, flavored and baked in a matchless way, gave to the world a new idea of baked beans. No other kitchen, in all these years, has ever baked anything like it.

Van Camp's Soups—18 kinds of them—represent the acme in soup making.

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk controls a demand larger than we can supply.

Van Camp's Tomato Catsup.
Van Camp's Chili Con Carne.
Van Camp's Spaghetti à l'Italiènne.

Each is a matchless recipe. Each is made of the costliest materials. Each is cooked by a master chef. Yet most of these products are sold in ten-cent cans. Tomorrow, at that price, you can serve on your table almost any Van Camp delicacy. And you will nowhere ever taste a finer dish of its kind.

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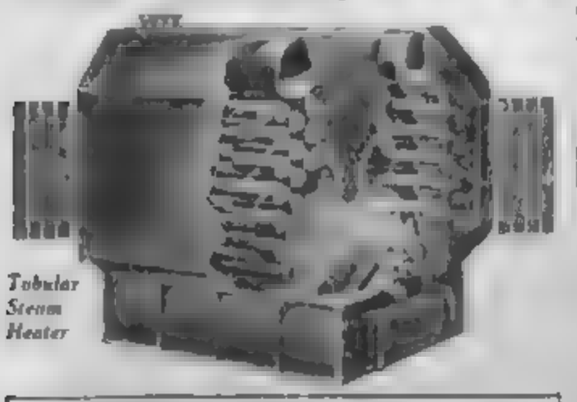

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Thrift Among the Rich

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

MOST persons will be surprised to learn that the very rich are apt to watch their daily expenses much more sharply than does the man in more moderate circumstances.

To show you the extent to which this is carried, let me cite a system created by one of the great captains of capital, and later developed and adapted to individual needs by more than one important personage in Wall Street. It gives you a new and intimate glimpse into the economics of large personal expense, and shows that thrift does not vanish with the coming of the millions.

As a most significant performance the beginning of this system was interesting. A certain rich man found leakage in his expenses. It was difficult to find specific causes for seeming extravagance. He lost much valuable time fussing over invoices and bills. He was an organizer; so he decided to apply to personal expenditure the genius of detail he had injected into great industrial enterprises.

He laid out a system of accounting that would tell him at a glance just what he was spending for everything he paid for, ranging from the cream on his breakfast table to the tips he gave when traveling. The original plan was put on a huge sheet that looked like the financial statement of a railroad. Later its salient features were reduced to more compact form by one of his friends, who changed the sheet to a folder about the size of a railroad timetable. For the purpose of illustration this folder will be described here.

The pages of the folder are divided into narrow ruled columns. These columns are grouped into sections and each section is devoted to some branch of expense. The man has a town house, a farm and a garage. Therefore the main headings under which expenses are itemized are: House Expense; Table Expense; Stable; Automobile; Farm; Hotel—for he travels a great deal; and Sundries.

As soon as a bill comes in the man stamps it with a rubber stamp; his clerk makes out a voucher for it, and the check, pinned to this voucher, comes back for signature. Checks are signed only twice a month, save for some pressing emergency.

Any one of the sections in this system will show the minute detail with which rich men watch their affairs. Take the part devoted to house expense. Here you find columns for housemaids and housemen; laundry; renewals and supplies; light and heat; telephone. In the section devoted to table expense you find columns for wages—cook and waitress; groceries and fruit; milk and cream; meat and fish; wine and cigars; linen; china and kitchen renewals.

What the Sundry Section Shows

The sundry section is perhaps the most striking of all, for it is a marvel of detail. Absolutely nothing that can call for the expenditure of money escapes record. Things to which the average man, with no system of personal accounting, pays no attention find minute reckoning here. Yet the average man's indifference to this very thing is one reason why he never escapes from the bondage of the pay envelope.

Under sundry you find such items as presents and philanthropy; drugs and medicines; periodicals and newspapers; commutation; physicians and medicine; gratuities; cash appropriations and allowances to the various members of his family; legal expenses; insurance; cash paid out; carfare; clothes and clothes renewal.

The net result of the system is that at the end of every month the man gets a filled-out folder which is a complete map of his expenditures. In addition to the specific items there is a compact recapitulation that shows all the totals. House and personal expenses are kept separate from moneys spent for real-estate improvements and personal-property additions.

Now this seems an elaborate system, and a man whose time is valuable cannot afford to operate it himself; but the men who use it are rich men and they employ a clerk to do it. They have found that the process saves this clerk's hire and much more during the course of the year

The benefits of the system are many. It prevents leakage and all that petty domestic graft which amounts to a big sum in pretentious households. When chauffeurs and grooms know that garage and stable expenses are strictly audited they are less apt to get into collusion with dealers for commissions on needless supplies.

Best of all, it enables the employer to keep his finger on the pulse of his expenses. He cannot unconsciously exceed the appropriation he makes for himself. He knows at all times just what he is spending and he can economize without delay.

There have been many examples of the economic virtue of this system. One Wall Street banker who has employed it with profit for years met a colleague who seemed depressed.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Well, to tell the truth," was the reply, "business is bad and I have been spending too much money. I must retrench and I don't know how."

His friend immediately told him of the system by which he could easily cut out the non-essential things. The man adopted it. When they met again at the end of six months he said with enthusiasm:

"Your system is great! I have cut down my expenses by over three thousand dollars; and the interesting thing is that I don't seem to be living any differently either."

The whole big lesson of this process has its meaning for every man and woman. It conveys the larger significance of system in money matters. When you keep track of what you earn and what you spend there is seldom any danger of debt. Whether it is the myriad-detailed machinery of the rich or the humble, thumbed account book of the toiler, the big end attained is just the same. "By paying as you go and keeping books," to quote Mr. Carnegie's maxim, "you avoid the pitfalls of excess."

The Rockefeller Standard Tip

You will recall that in the elaborate system of personal accounting just described there was a record of gratuities. This opens up a phase of expenditure among the rich that is greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. For one Charley Gates, lavishing hundred-dollar bills on waiters, there are a hundred Andrew Carnegies who follow the ten per cent rule in tips and who often pay less than people far less wealthy.

The Rockefeller theory of tipping is illustrated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on his daily trip from New York to Tarrytown, where he lives near his father. He takes the same train every afternoon, tries to get the same chair in the chair car, and is attended by the same porter. No matter how few or how many bags he has, his tip to the negro is always ten cents, which he carefully takes out of a yellow pigskin purse.

The position of the thrifty rich toward tips may be summed up in a concrete way as follows:

"When you are in doubt about a tip give too little—not too much. Then you will be on the safe side."

Nor do the rich confine the practice of thrift to themselves. They pass the precepts and the lesson of it on to their children. The traditional silver spoon, believed to be part of their birthright, very often becomes a wooden one.

The attitude of young J. P. Morgan toward his children is characteristic. They are being raised in the simplest fashion. To teach the boys economy they are given toolchests and told that they must make most of their toys.

Many rich men seek by ingenious devices to impress the habit of saving on their children at a very early age. A certain New Yorker of large fortune gives one of his tots a cent every morning if he dresses himself without help, and another if he behaves himself at the table and drinks a glass of water between meals. When the youngster had saved five dollars the father took him to a savings bank, where he opened an account himself. He felt that the atmosphere of the institution was good for the little chap.

An elder brother of this boy is away at school. His father gives him a special allowance of twenty-five cents a week for paper and pencils. As an inducement to thrift he doubles all the money the boy saves out of his appropriation.

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A Trial Can Free

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Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

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WHY should shoes be made narrow and pointed, thereby bending and crumpling the foot bones into an unnatural shape—and then be called "good looking?" Why—since that bending of bones causes corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, falling arch, etc.?

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Instead, they let bent bones *straighten out*, and make corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, etc., melt into nothingness. They teach you the real meaning of *foot comfort*.

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Though he loved his sons dearly, E. H. Harriman treated them in almost the Spartan way. "They must not be raised as rich men's sons are usually raised," he said—and they were not.

The career of the eldest son—William A. Harriman—shows the parent's idea of the way a rich son ought to be raised. Every summer during his vacation he was put to work at some definite task on the Harriman System. Once he fired an engine. He spent another summer as a member of a surveying party. Now that he has taken his father's place on various boards which control the world of whirring wheels, he knows at least something about the technical side. And he knows something of the value of money too.

Thomas F. Ryan, who has been the kindliest of fathers, has maintained the same position with regard to his sons. As they grew up he laid down this maxim for them:

"Earn what you spend and never go into debt."

The late Meyer Guggenheim, founder of a whole financial dynasty, gave his seven sons one of the historic lessons in thrift. It is well worth repeating here.

Gathering his progeny about him after the manner of the patriarchs of old, he showed them seven sticks. Breaking one of them he explained how easy it was to destroy a thing that stood alone. When he bound them together he could not break them. Then he said:

"My sons, you see how these sticks hold when they are bound together. Let this be an example to you. Stand alone and you will fail. Unite and you will prosper. In union combined with thrift lies the secret of success."

By a curious coincidence the four richest women in America—Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. Russell Sage and Mrs. Frederic Courtland Penfield—all have keen business instinct and an amazing sense of saving.

Mrs. Green, of course, heads the list. She yields to no man in acumen, resource and thrift. There are countless examples of her genius in economy. Being a large stockholder in the Chemical National Bank she maintained her office there for years, thus saving rent. Like many rich women she does her own shopping. When she was asked to give the reason for this she said with characteristic good sense:

"I do my own shopping because I get one hundred cents' worth for every dollar. If more people did that there would be less talk of hard times and the high cost of living."

Take the example presented by the one-time industrial princess who is now Mrs. Penfield. She came by her thrift naturally for she is the daughter of the late William Weightman, the hard-headed Quaker who became the quinine king of America. During her father's lifetime she was a member of his firm; when he died the control of the business and the conserving of his vast estate fell on her. With conspicuous ability she piled millions on millions; and all because of the fact that behind her incessant activity lay the simple rule: Practice thrift and keep accounts.

Jacob H. Schiff, for instance, maintains a little-known private bureau of charity. He has organized it just like his great banking establishment. Every day he receives scores of appeals for help in letters and in person. These are referred to trained investigators. When the need is actual he sends help, but he never helps until he knows all the facts.

What, then, is the real lesson of all this thrift among the rich? In the last analysis you find there is no mystery or secret about large moneymaking. The fundamental rules are always the same. Thrift, combined with vision, and the genius of capitalizing the great moment of opportunity lie at the basis of most fortunes.

Thrift, like human nature, has a universal application. Out of the long panorama of saving which has been unfolded here the average man with a wage may gather the helpful moral that will make him independent; for thrift is the one investment that always yields return.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Marcosson.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: As nearly as I can figure it out from the remarks made at the wake recently held here over the Republican party, the Republicans will win in 1916 if meantime all the Democrats go broke and die.

You never saw or heard so many prophets of gloom and disaster as gathered here at that meeting of the Republican National Committee; nor does history record an assemblage where the prophets of gloom were so universally gleeful in their prophecies. Ordinarily when a man predicts disaster he does his predicting with a solemn face and a quavering voice; but those calamity howlers did their howling accompanied by pleasant smiles and earnest wishes that what they were predicting would come to pass.

There was that cheerful party, Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, who said no convention was necessary, because, in addition to whatever platform the Republicans shall adopt in 1916, there will be an added incentive to vote the ticket as the people will be starving, the mills will be shut down, everybody will be out of work and famished; and the campaign cry will be: Vote for the Republican candidate and eat!

Wasn't that a pretty spirit for a bunch of men who came together to devise means to get the corpse of their party out of the tomb and revive it? It was plainly enough stated and loudly cheered that there isn't much chance of their winning anything on their merits; but if hard times come—and they are all rooting for hard times—they will win because of the hard times solely, and not because they deserve any support by the people. That is what they base their hopes on—universal disaster and distress!

It was a curious gathering. After the Republican party was wiped out in 1912 a few of the patriots who had nowhere else to go determined that the thing to do was to reorganize and try to entice to themselves a little public confidence. They thought over the matter for a time and held it necessary to show a proper spirit of humility, and an eagerness to do something—anything—to get a hearing.

Now there have been difficulties from time immemorial in the way of raising both parties and persons from the dead; and there were difficulties in this instance. However, as is often the case, the dead didn't know exactly how dead they were; and they decided the crying evil was the system of Southern representation whereby such a neat little job as the nomination of Mr. Taft at Chicago in 1912 was possible by the presence and cash-registering of delegates from states where the Republican vote is negligible.

They picked out a mild restorative—unmindful of the fact that all but these little bosses know, which is that the dead-and-gone Republican party cannot be brought back by the mere dispensing with a handful of delegates from the South. That is like trying to stop a ship from sinking by throwing overboard a few members of the crew instead of going down below and plugging up the holes in the hulk. Even then they were balked, for it was decided the national committee could not change the system of representation, but that a convention would be necessary.

Now, if there is any salvation for the Republican party at all, which I doubt, that salvation rests in the entire reformation of the party and the bringing to the front of a new brand of leaders. If there is to be any Republican party in the future that Republican party must be progressive; and it doesn't make a party progressive to reform its system of delegate representation. What the Republican party needed, and what it didn't get, was a complete abandonment of old leaders and old principles, and a proper readjustment in accordance with the temper of the people.

A convention would have helped. At that convention it might have been possible to state, with some definiteness, just what the Republican party—revived and purged—might be expected to stand for; just how

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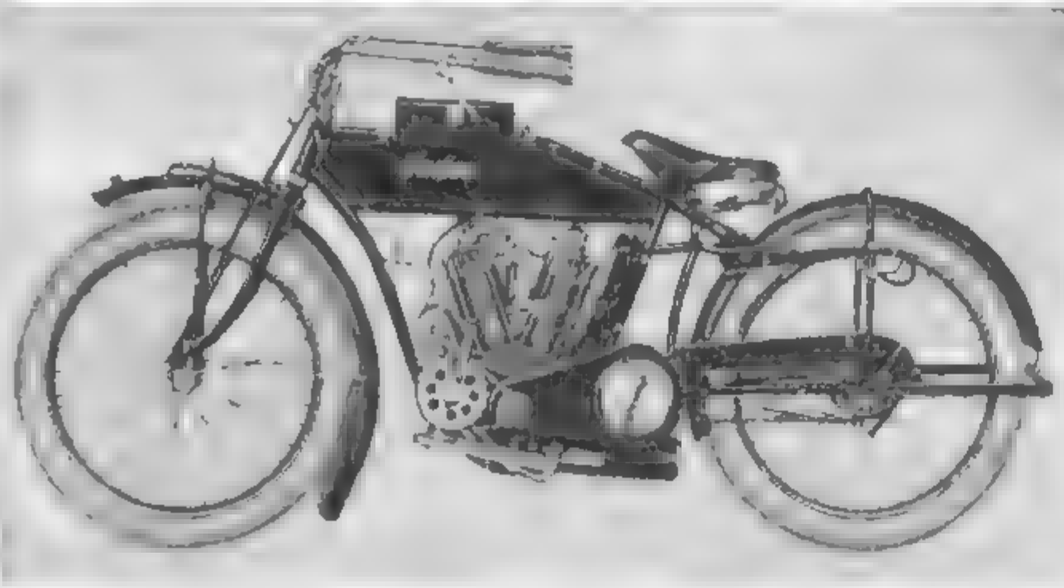

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THE SILENT INDIAN

sincere it is in its professions of repentance prior to its resurrection. A platform or a declaration might have been adopted, a lot of dead wood thrown away, a new policy formulated, and a disposition shown to get abreast of the present procession. There was an opportunity; but, also, there were reasons that prevented a convention.

One set of reasons consisted of the warring ambitions of some of the men who want to be leaders, who have presidential ambitions, who know there must be a progressive trend; but who are so placed they cannot get a chance for themselves in the new Progressive party and see no other place for the gratification of their desires except the reconstructed Republican party.

These men are jealous of one another. They split—and split widely—on the question. Cummins wanted a convention; Borah opposed one—and so on. And fighting side by side with the men who wanted a convention were Barnes, of New York, and Crane, of Massachusetts—who wanted nothing of the kind, but who were instructed by their home folks to get one.

The real reason wasn't that, however. That was a contributory reason. The real reason there will not be a convention next spring, whereby an earnest and sincere attempt will be made to breathe the breath of life into the Republican party, is because the men who met in Washington and voted on the proposition—the Republican National Committee—knew if a new national convention should be called a new national committee would be named by the convention and a good many of those present at this meeting would not be on that new committee. They are all loyal party men, but loyalty must not be construed as willingness to commit political suicide, as they construe it.

That solid gold badge which each committeeman gets at national convention time and the opportunity to do a little thimble-rigging and to have a hand in the arrangements were too dear. They couldn't let go. It was a case of sublimated selfishness. The old gang would not die. They had the votes and they put it over once again; and now they are waiting for an era of hard times as their salvation.

There were plenty of clear-sighted men at that meeting: men who know the first requisite for the restoration of the confidence of the people in the Republican party—or what is left of it—is in the elimination of the national committee as at present constituted.

There is no particular question of policies out in the land. No one cares much whether the recall of judges, for example, is made a Republican issue or not—by no one I mean the rank and file: but there is a wide and almost universal demand that the men who rigged the convention in Chicago in 1912 shall drop out or shall be thrown out, or get out in some way, and a new lot of men put in charge.

The Sack-Suit Dinner

The former voter of the Republican ticket has a firm idea that the troubles that destroyed his party are due to just the same kind of men as—in a large part—comprise the national committee that refused to order an experience meeting in the guise of a convention and to furnish an opportunity whereby things of moment could be settled and a fighting force constructed from the depleted and defeated ranks.

They couldn't see it, however. They wanted to hang on. They hoped for hard times. They croaked over business depression. They cheered when Smoot and others told of disaster to the business of this country, which they claim is coming; and they were positively hilarious when it was intimated that soup houses are not far away, and that for every soup house there will be a vast return to the Republican party.

They were not patriotic or Republican enough to eliminate themselves and start a new deal. They preferred to trust to future hard times for which they all are hoping; and thought to retain themselves in power until dark days and misery should come to maintain them and to elect their candidate for the presidency.

They do not intend to reform. No, indeed! What they intend to do is to hang on and pray that events will help them, when they figure they can go along in the old ways; because, as they put it, the people will be glad enough to turn from the Democrats, who will be charged with hard times, to the Republicans, who will promise them good times.

That is the inside of it all. There will be no convention to reorganize and revive the Republican party, because such a convention would separate most of these national committeemen from their petty places as such.

However, it was observed they were very conciliatory toward the Progressives. Not a person present had any unkind words for those who left the G. O. P. in 1912 and followed Theodore Roosevelt into the Bull Moose contingent. The harshest thing said about them was that they are erring brethren and must be urged to come back home.

Also, there was great apparent consideration for the good opinion of the plain people. The Republican party, as represented by these national committeemen, must not be called the party of the classes. It is severely proletarian.

For example, Chairman Hilles gave the committee a dinner on the night before the meeting. The dinner was given at the most exclusive club in Washington, and cost a good sum a plate; but the committeemen were asked to come in ordinary business dress and not in evening clothes.

Could there have been a neater or more tactful appreciation of the present situation where the people are paramount? A genius thought that out. No more can the Republican party be called the party of the classes. Why, its national committeemen, highest of dignitaries, go to a formal dinner at a fashionable club in sack suits!

A Little Boom for Mr. Root

It was decided at this dinner that there should be no convention. That was settled. However, in order that there might be a semblance of discussion over the matter and in order that the old line of bunk might be continued, there were several hours of speeches, wherein various orators pleaded for a convention or protested that a convention is not necessary. All those speeches were hot air, for every man in the room knew there was no doubt as to what would be done.

The committeeman from Indiana told the truth about the whole affair when, in a speech just before the vote was taken, he said that not a Republican in his state or a Republican newspaper, from the Ohio River to the Lake, had spoken against holding a convention; and most of them were in favor of it. The only persons from Indiana who protested against a convention to him, he said, were two men who were in that room—he meant former Senator Hemenway and former Representative James Watson, both members of the old crowd.

It was the old crowd that put it over, barring William Barnes and Senator Crane, who had no alternatives in their votes for a convention, having been instructed. It was merely another feeble and futile exemplification of the Old Guard spirit that jammed through the nomination of Mr. Taft at Chicago in 1912 and brought about the defeat wherein not only was Mr. Taft beaten but the Republican party destroyed.

They are still Bourbons. They haven't learned anything. They think they can sneak back into power under cover of a period of business depression, for which they ardently hope; and they cheered every mention of hard times—cheered for disaster and distress—because they think they can win with that excuse and know they can win in no other way, unless they reorganize and reform.

Of course there was some mention of candidates. Most of the committeemen, talking privately, conceded their willingness to take Roosevelt, regardless of the fact that it won't be the committee that will do the taking, should taking come about—but Roosevelt. And there sprung up a little boom for Senator Elihu Root.

That Root boom, Jim, it seems to me, must inevitably sweep the country. How can a man fail of popular selection who is nominated for the presidency by Andrew Carnegie, seconded by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, and indorsed by Mr. Taft? How can the progressiveness of such a man be doubted?- Look at his sponsors, Jim! A child of the people surely!

So there it stands. The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the reorganization meeting; the wake was decorous and in order; the hope of resurrection was declared to be in the imminence of disaster—but the party is still entombed and rapidly coming to a mummified state.

Yours funereally,

BILL.

The Little Beaver that GREW

In 1906 one little factory.

In 1914 four great manufacturing plants, and a fifth nearly completed.

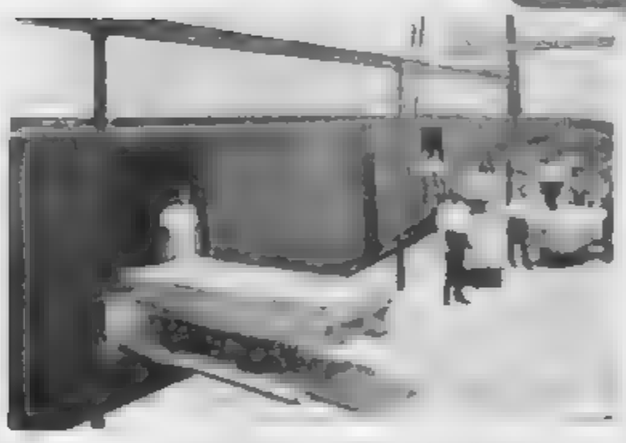
The original two distributors and seven dealers have multiplied to two hundred and fifty distributors and eight thousand dealers.

The annual use of BEAVER BOARD has increased eighteen hundred per cent in the last four years alone.

We know you are not interested in our growth merely as growth—but you *are* interested in it as evidence of the stability of BEAVER BOARD.

8 Years Ago

TODAY



In 1906 shipment was made by bundles only; four years later carloads were shipped to all sections of the country

What "Working Like Beavers" Has Done for You

BEAVER BOARD Walls and Ceilings have won success on merit alone. Quality of product and service to users have always had first consideration—growth in sales was the natural result. BEAVER BOARD to-day is a standard building material because it makes better walls and ceilings, and because it is backed by close co-operative service with dealer and consumer, with architect, contractor and builder, helping all to get the best in design and workmanship.

What is BEAVER BOARD?

This pure-wood-fibre wall and ceiling material is to-day even more durable than ever, more beautiful in its pebbled surface, more resistant to heat and cold, more proof against every influence of climate.

It is crack-proof, quickly and easily put up, at any time of year, without lath and plaster litter. It is clean and sanitary, and needs no repairs or wall-paper. It suits any or every room in any type of building, new or remodeled.

Here is the way to get better walls and ceilings coupled with service that means lasting satisfaction:

Write to-day for "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses" and free painted sample.

Next, tell us what work you have in mind and the Department of Design and Decoration will show you how easily BEAVER BOARD can be used and just how to get the best effects.

These read the few simple instructions on the back of each panel sent by us and they are followed

Look for trade-mark on back and cream color all through which identifies GENUINE PATENTED BEAVER BOARD Sold by 8000 builders' supply, lumber and hardware dealers in sizes to meet your needs

The home of Mrs. C. A. Adams at Belmont, Mass., [illegible] with BEAVER BOARD [illegible] and good taste are [illegible]

In one month last year four solid train loads, in addition to regular shipments, were sent to the Northwest and Pacific Coast

Mr. C. H. Lester, Architect, has made good use of BEAVER BOARD possibilities in this Statesville, N. C., residence

The new mill at Thorold, Ontario, which the rapid growth made necessary; it will produce material for one hundred miles of BEAVER BOARD per day.

Commercial buildings of every kind offer a great field for BEAVER BOARD. The above example is the office of Dalzell Bros., Youngstown, Ohio.

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BEAVER BOARD is a bigger factor than ever with contractor, carpenter and decorator. Carpenters and decorators are invited to write the Service Department for practical information and helpful suggestions.

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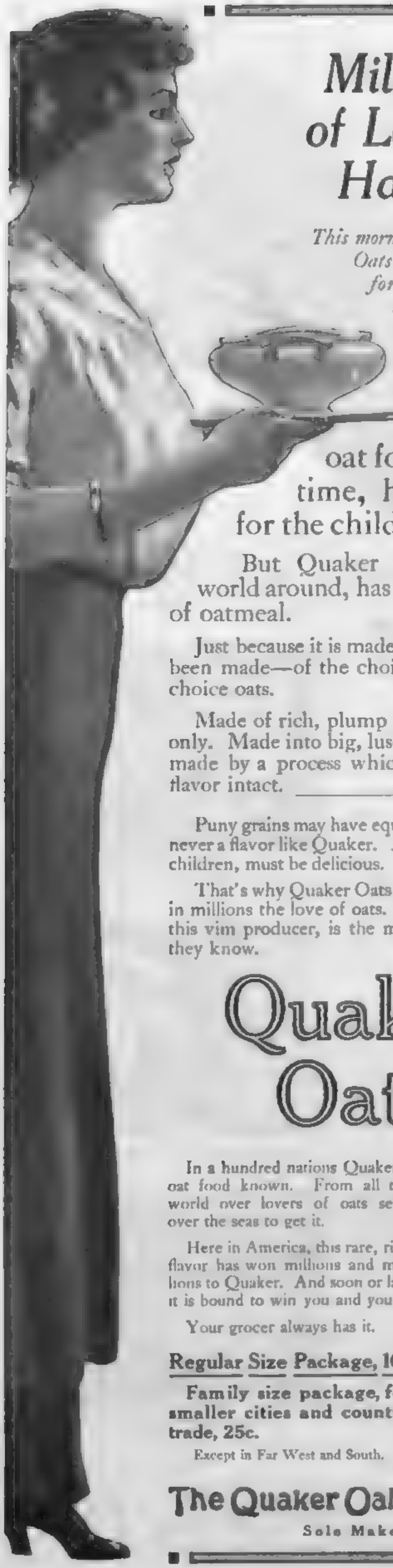

Millions of Loving Hands

This morning served Quaker Oats to children. And for 25 years other mothers have done it because of this matchless flavor.

Countless oat foods, in that time, have sought for the children's favor.

But Quaker Oats, all the world around, has won the lovers of oatmeal.

Just because it is made—and has always been made—of the choicest one-third of choice oats.

Made of rich, plump grains, and those only. Made into big, luscious flakes. And made by a process which keeps the full flavor intact.

Puny grains may have equal food value. But never a flavor like Quaker. And oatmeal, to win children, must be delicious.

That's why Quaker Oats won. It has created in millions the love of oats. This energy food, this vim producer, is the most delightful food they know.

Quaker Oats

In a hundred nations Quaker Oats is the choicest oat food known. From all the world over lovers of oats send over the seas to get it.

Here in America, this rare, rich flavor has won millions and millions to Quaker. And soon or late it is bound to win you and yours.

Your grocer always has it.

Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

Regular Size Package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in Far West and South.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(4516)

TWO GRAND DUCHESSES

(Continued from Page 5)

we parted horridly. I said a dreadful thing and you went away with it in your ears. We must not part—perhaps forever—like that."

Manners was embarrassed as to whom he should ask for at the door of the house; but he found no question necessary. He was admitted without a word, shown into that same room whose windows gave on a garden of trees—gold and green now under the afternoon sun; and in a moment she appeared.

She was a variable lady. She had as many moods as the turbulent Russian sky. She came to him today hurrying from another room, full of a suppressed excitement, her face flushed and, in some fashion not to be expressed, reckless—the face of a woman desperate and glad together—the face of a great gambler in life. She said:

"Ah! You came! I was afraid you might not—after that night a week ago; but I had to try for you. It is good-by, my friend. This time it is good-by in earnest." She came close to him, holding his arm, leaning nearer to whisper in his ear. "Tonight Viktor goes on a special mission from the emperor to Berlin—a special train at midnight from the Varshavsky Station. . . . And I go with him. We shall never return. I wanted you alone of all people to know."

He stared at her.

"But how? Good heaven! How! It's impossible!"

And the grand duchess laughed, but not with mirth.

"Nevertheless I mean to try. And how—I cannot tell even you. If it fails—we know what we shall do, Viktor and I. . . . And now you must go. I have only this moment for you. There is so much to be done. Perhaps we shall meet again somewhere—abroad; perhaps not again in this world. In any case you have come, *mon ami*, very close to us—to him and to me—and we're grateful. I wish I could tell you how grateful."

She looked into his eyes, and her eyes were soft and very tender. She leaned suddenly closer still to him, pressing against his arm—and, before he knew what she meant to do, she kissed him on the cheek. At the door she said:

"Later on it is possible that you may learn something that will make you think ill of me. Try not to think too ill. Whatever I have done that you may not like I have done—remember—more for his sake than for mine—because I loved him so."

Once on the stairs he looked back and she was still standing in the doorway of the little drawing room—a tall and lovely figure, with tender eyes.

Young Manners went that night, with two or three friends from his own and the British embassy, to a dinner and dance out at Krasnoye Selo. After dinner more people came in from the country houses roundabout, and toward eleven o'clock there was a mild excitement among the party when it was rumored that certain royalties had promised to appear.

He had but a poor time of it and passed through the evening like a man with a pain or a secret sorrow. His hostess encountered him late in the evening standing alone in a doorway and staring distractedly at the opposite wall. She asked whether he had been presented to the royalties and he said he rather thought not—he did not remember. She looked at him and laughed.

"My friend, I believe you are in love. Well, rouse yourself long enough at least to meet the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna, for she's rather a character."

Young Manners roused himself unmistakably. He all but cried out.

"Here'" said he. "The Grand Duchess Natalia here—tonight?"

"Why not?" his hostess asked him in some surprise, and he said hastily:

"Why, indeed?" But he began to be a little afraid of some unknown, terrible thing.

They went into the ballroom and he was led to a corner where a tall, fair young woman stood with two others and a little group of officers. At first he thought it was she. Certainly there were undeniable surface resemblances—the height, the color of hair, the general contour of the face; but certainly, also, the resemblance ended there. This young woman looked tired and a little bitter, and her face wore that odd mask of perfect impersonality which all royalties seem early in their lives to acquire and behind which they conceal themselves.

He felt a little dizzy and became aware that his hands were trembling. He saw the grand duchess' lips move and knew that she was speaking to him; but he seemed to be quite deaf and could hear nothing. Together with the bewilderment and the horror that struggled in his brain, there began to grow a great and furious rage—a rage so tremendous that it was almost unbearable. He seethed and burned with rage. It seemed to him that he must presently burst with it.

He took a step nearer the tall young woman in the corner and raised his shaking hands. It seemed as if he had not much voice; but with what he had he said:

"Let me speak to you alone for one moment, ma'am—just one moment! I beg you! It's important—I mean important to you—and there's very little time." He wrung his hands. "Please! I tell you it's important. You must hear it!"

She stared at the excited young man—this tall and somewhat disdainful lady. She looked from him to the others about her with an embarrassed laugh, and back again, and she must have seen that for some strange reason the young man was in deadly earnest—for she made at last a little gesture and the others drew away and left the two alone.

"This is, I am afraid, not quite the usual thing," said the Grand Duchess Natalia; "but if you have something of great importance to tell me I wish, of course, to hear it. Only, please, be quick!"

"I'll be quick, right enough!" said he. "Just tell me, first, that I haven't by some chance heard your name wrong. You are the Grand Duchess Natalia Feodorovna?"

"I have always believed so," she answered him, and young Mr. Manners sighed.

"Tonight at twelve o'clock," said he, "the Grand Duke Viktor leaves Petersburg on a special train from the Varshavsky Station for Berlin, and with him goes, or tries to go, a lady who was some time ago pointed out to me in a restaurant as the Grand Duchess Natalia, and who afterward permitted me to believe that that was her rightful name. They mean, I believe, to get married abroad and never to return to Russia."

The grand duchess' pale and rather wintry face may have turned the slightest shade paler—the very least bit bleaker than it had been before; but it certainly betrayed neither astonishment nor emotion. Once she looked down at her hands; and, as if for some obscure reason they displeased her, she put them behind her back.

"Tell me all you know, please," she said when he had finished speaking—"everything, from the first!"

And briefly and hurriedly he told her everything he could recall. At the end she looked away across the room over his shoulder for a little space in silence.

"I suppose there must be a motor outside—some one must have come out from Petersburg in one. How long would it take to motor from here to the Varshavsky Station?"

"Forty minutes in my car," said he, "running fast."

"What time is it?"

He looked and it was ten minutes to eleven. The grand duchess met his eyes.

"I must stop this thing. He has always listened to me—up to a point—when no one else could do anything with him."

"I think nothing could stop him tonight, ma'am," said young Mr. Manners—"nothing but death."

But the grand duchess answered haughtily:

"It does not matter what you think. I must try. Can you have your motor ready in five minutes?"

"In three," he said. "You will find me waiting outside. I'll drive myself."

He got his coat and cap and went out to order the motor to be brought round; but, though he went as quickly as he could, he went heavily, too, for a revulsion of mood was already begun in him. That red mist of rage and fury over the trick that had been played on him had begun to lift and vanish, and through it he saw a face against the darkness and he heard a voice.

After all, the dishonest card she had played he had put into her hand himself. She had not forced it on him. Fighting for

her love and her life, and for another life, too, she had used what desperate weapons she found at hand. He began to regret.

A tall figure wrapped warm in a fur coat slipped alone out of the house and mounted to the seat beside him.

"Drive fast!" said the Grand Duchess Natalia.

He said a lifeless "Yes," and threw in the clutch.

They swung presently into the long highroad that stretched across the plain, straight as a taut ribbon, to the capital, and the grand duchess leaning forward impatiently said:

"Now you can drive faster."

Manners turned his face.

"There's plenty of time—time to spare."

They ran for a mile or two swiftly under the starry sky; but the man who was driving saw always before him against the gloom a woman's face, with sweet and despairing eyes, saying:

"Whatever I have done that you may not like I have done—remember—more for his sake than for mine—because I loved him so."

The American uttered a sound that was like a sudden oath, leaned forward—and the big car slowed and stopped dead. It was in the open highroad between two fields.

"What is the matter?" the grand duchess cried. "Why are we stopping?"

For a moment he thought of pretending it was an accident, but gave it up. He raised his hands a little way from the steering wheel and dropped them again.

"I can't do it! I'm sorry."

"What can't you do?"

"I can't go on with this. It's like murder—perhaps it is very real, literal murder! Even though they tricked me, I can't sell them out like this."

She caught him by the arm and he saw her face—white and drawn, and fierce in the starlight.

"Do you know what this means? Do you know what he is doing tonight? He is running away. He is deserting his country and his emperor and his people. He is a deserter! Because he is infatuated with a worthless woman he is turning his back on every duty, every obligation he has in the world."

"He wants happiness, I suppose," young Manners said dully. "I suppose he thinks he has a right to a little love and freedom."

The grand duchess shook her head.

"We who are born royal have no rights. We have only duties—obligations. Viktor Gregorovitch is not a man like you—free to follow his inclinations. He is a cousin of the emperor. He might even one day have to take the crown."

"There are half a dozen lives between him and that," the American pleaded; "and half a dozen others just behind him. Give him his happiness! He wants it so! I tell you I know. I've seen them together. I tell you if you had seen what I have seen you wouldn't be running him to earth tonight. You'd say: 'Go! Be happy, and God bless you!'"

To his unspeakable amazement the Grand Duchess Natalia gave a sudden dry sob and cried out:

"Do you think I like doing this thing to him? I—Olga Vasmetzova is not the only woman who—loves him—I love him, if you care to know. He is the only thing in the world that I love; and I can't see him ruin himself forever!"

Young Mr. Manners leaned forward once more very slowly and the car began to move.

"Promise me one thing," he said; "the Countess Vasmetzova shall not be imprisoned or harmed. She shall be allowed to leave Russia and live abroad, wherever she likes."

"I will do what I can," Natalia Feodorovna said after a moment's hesitation, and the car leaped forward into the night.

At the steps of the Varshavsky Station a man in the uniform of a general officer came forward to hand the grand duchess out of her seat. He said:

"I received your highness' telephone message. I have a dozen men here and the station has been searched. His highness is on the platform inside, but as yet no lady has arrived."

The Grand Duke Viktor stood near the door of the single sleeping car which, with a luggage van and a trailer, made up the train. He was in civilian clothes, with a long overcoat and a traveling cap, and was smoking and chatting with two or three officers of his suite, while somewhat apart another little group of officers, in their smart uniforms and long capes, stood at ease and waited.

The Grand Duchess Natalia went forward to where her cousin stood beside the sleeping car, but young Manners, the high collar of his motoring coat turned up about his face, hung back and watched. He saw the grand duke freeze suddenly stiff in the middle of a word and gesture. He saw that handsome and winning face turn deathly white.

It may be that the grand duchess saw all this too; but if so she made no sign. She said to her cousin, who stood dumb before her—dumb and desperate and watchful:

"I heard you were leaving Petersburg, Viktor, and came away from a party to say to you *au revoir*. . . . Who goes with you?"

The grand duke tried to speak and could not. He tried again and said in a dry whisper:

"These—gentlemen."

The two little groups of officers drew themselves up and saluted, and Natalia Feodorovna gave them a perfunctory bow. She looked silently at her cousin, but after a while turned her eyes away and stood for some little time gazing at nothing.

How long she would have stood there silent no one knows; but presently the station master, followed by a little troop of underlings, came hurrying down the platform and bowed low before the Grand Duke Viktor.

"If your highness is ready ——" he said.

The grand duke looked toward his cousin a white, still look—and without taking his eyes from hers he said:

"I am ready"—and he added something that must greatly have puzzled the station master—"for whatever may come!"

The hand that was in his coat pocket, grasping some hidden thing, stirred a little and he seemed to wait for the grand duchess' word.

"*Bon voyage*, Viktor!" said the Grand Duchess Natalia suddenly. "*Bonne chance!*"

She went forward and laid her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on both cheeks. He made an odd sound in his throat that was neither a word nor a cry and turned away into the sleeping car, followed—after they had once more come to attention and saluted—by the two little groups of officers who formed his suite.

Viktor Gregorovitch stood by an open window, with his head bowed and bent, and the grand duchess watched him, as it seemed, a little apathetically. The station master blew his whistle and the engine answered it. The train began to move slowly.

"*Bonne chance*, Viktor!" said the grand duchess once more. "Good luck to you!"

He bent his head lower still as he stood there by the open window, and the train, moving more rapidly, carried him away out of sight toward the frontier and whatever might for him lie beyond—out in the broad world.

Then the grand duchess turned to the gentleman in the uniform of a general officer and thanked him for coming at her summons.

"Happily," she said, "I was misinformed, or else the plan I feared was at the last moment abandoned."

She got into the motor, moving a little heavily—as if she were tired.

"I think," she said to young Mr. Manners—"I think I will ask you to take me to the Anechkov Palace—on the Fontanka Canal, you know. My aunt is there and will take me in."

She didn't speak again until they had covered the short distance and were under the great porte-cochère of the palace, and the doors beyond were standing open for her. Then she got down and both of them stood for a moment together in the light from within the house.

"I suppose," the grand duchess said slowly and as if grudgingly, "I suppose she looked very well in that huzzar's uniform—I am hardly the one to judge; but it is a pity she had to cut off her hair. She had very decent hair. Well ——"

The American attaché gave a loud exclamation:

"Great Heavens! You saw her too? You knew she was there? Then what—why ——"

The grand duchess put her hands over her mouth and she was shaking like a woman with palsy.

"Have you ever loved any one?" she asked. "Have you ever loved any one?"

She turned, with an exceedingly bitter cry, and ran into the Anechkov Palace—and the great doors closed behind her.

"The Rosary"

Murmurs like "A Rose-Sweet Dream of Yesterday"
When Played by Instinct

ETHELBERT NEVIN composed "The Rosary". He was an American—a very great American though comparatively little known. He wrote "Narcissus", "Mighty Lak' a Rose", "A Day in Venice" and many other melodies that seem almost to melt the affections.

What a pity that Nevin should have died under forty, leaving to the world so few echoes of his beautiful nature. Among all his beautiful pieces, "The Rosary" stands forth as one of the loveliest.

When you close your eyes and play "The Rosary" on the Virtuolo by instinct, it makes you dream of yesterday—of the days when you were a youth—of the days when the very mention of a certain girl brought blush to your cheeks and a kind of feeling of Heavenliness within you.

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary — my rosary!

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It's there *with the punch!*

Prince Albert among pipe tobaccos is just like a man among men—*makes good with a bang!*

You can always lay a bet on P. A. and *know* you'll cash in, because Prince Albert can't bite—and it's fresh and pleasing and rattling bully for men who know the joys of a jimmy pipe.

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

is built for action—for steady day-in-day-out smoking. You don't have to hedge a bet when you play P. A. You'll put your stake on it after the first fire-up! *Surest thing ever!*

Here's a revelation, men. No other tobacco can be made like P. A., because it is produced by a patented process that *cuts out the tongue-bite and the throat-parch!* That's about enough to wise up any red-blooded man who's game to wager a dime for a try-out tin. *Follow the crowd!*

Everywhere P. A. greets you—home and abroad—ready to hand out jimmy pipe joy. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

BOB EDGREN
FAMOUS AS A CARTOONIST AND SPORTING WRITER DRAWN BY HIMSELF

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

(Continued from Page 18)

"I don't," said Cécile, to whom Edna had explained the insulting offer. "I'm not that kind of a sport."

"Nor I!" said Edna.

"Nor I!" echoed Dorothy.

"Oh, drat the money!" snapped Lady Audrey. "Give it to your wife—she'll know what to do with it. Come, Dot; let's be gettin' aboard. You girls are coming with us now, are you not?"

"Yes," said Applebo sleepily. "Good-by, dears."

When Cécile went on deck the next morning at about ten—for she was a young lady of luxurious habits and liked her coffee and roll in bed, with a book or newspaper—the berth lately occupied by the Eglantine was empty, that swift and staunch little vessel having slipped out at sunrise. Others of the fleet were leaving also, and the air was filled with the creak and whine of sheaves as the snowy sails fluttered up in the fresh southwesterly breeze, the clank of chain cables coming in, and the swash and ripple of launches darting here and there.

Sail had been made on the Foxhound, for it had been decided to start immediately on the cruise to the eastward, the objective point being Halifax—or possibly St. John's, Newfoundland—keeping close in to the coast and coming to anchor each night in the most adjacent port. Lady Audrey had been willing to remain a day or two in Newport to give her small crew a chance to get ashore after their long voyage. It proved, however, that none cared to avail himself of this privilege. They were serious-minded mariners, who preferred to save their pay for wives, children and, in most cases, grandchildren. Therefore, as soon as the stores had been taken aboard, all hands were summoned to get the vessel under way.

Edna and Dorothy had risen early and gone ashore, and had not yet returned. Lady Audrey had also been ashore to exercise her terriers, but was now aboard and in consultation with her skipper, Captain Samuel Hopper. A chart was spread on the cardtable, and the curly, grizzled head of the mariner almost touched the neatly coifed gray one of her ladyship as the two pored over it.

Up forward, the Finn, having neatly ironed two lady's shirtwaists, cleaned a bucket of fish, stitched the tack of the forestaysail, calked a deckseam and cleaned the parrot's cage, was now washing the dogs, which—to Lady Audrey's intense surprise—submitted to his ministrations with an excellent grace. They had examined his aura and found it of the right hues, and had accepted some fresh raw cod-liver at his hands. These were fishing-village dogs and understood marine delicacies.

The crew had looked askance at the Finn when he arrived aboard in the rosy dawn with his dunnage-bag and ditty-box. Discovering immediately that he was possessed of respect for age, ready, willing and able to do whatever he was told, and a member of the Salvation Army, they received him with good grace.

"'E's a rum-lookin' cove and afflicted by the Almighty," was the verdict of the bull-chested bosun; "but 'e seems to 'ave 'is parts. Willin' beggar too. 'Ope 'e doesn't bring foul weather, like they Finns often does."

The Prime Minister had bitten the Finn, but as the bird's beak had suffered no damage this was not held against the Finn by Lady Audrey. It was a point in his favor by the crew, all of whom had been bitten also. The Prime Minister was not popular. His "Hoity-toity! What are you doing here?" had given more than one of them a turn; and, though frequently ducked for it, he had several times taken the Lord's name in vain and in a voice suspiciously like that of the skipper, who cherished it against him—and not without reason, being himself a sound churchman.

Lady Audrey looked up as Cécile approached and the skipper touched his cap with a rumbling: "Morning, marm."

"Well, here you are at last!" said Lady Audrey. "Been tryin' to decide where to fetch up for the night. How about this Vineyard Haven?"

"I think the dogs would like it," Edna answered. "Besides, it's a good harbor and a lovely place to bathe."

Lady Audrey chuckled.

"Vineyard Haven it is then," said she. "None of this sort of nonsense, I suppose?" And she waved her hand at the harbor, and Newport across it.

"Not a bit! It's mostly girls and babies, and girls and old ladies—and girls and girls and girls."

"Humph—must be like England! Let's look sharp and get out of here. Had four invitations this morning from women I never heard of—one a Mrs. Bel—something."

"Bellwether?" Cécile suggested.

Lady Audrey gave her explosive laugh.

"Might have been! She wanted me to speak at some silly meeting. We'll have committees flockin' aboard if we don't mind our eyes!"

"What can you expect when you fly a Votes-for-Women pennant?" Edna asked.

"I know it. Serves me jolly right! I've doused the dratted thing and stuck up Charteris' burgee and absent signal—especially the absent signal." She turned to the skipper. "You might nail that absent signal to the mast, Hopper," said she.

The mariner shook his grizzled head.

"Carn't do that, m'lady," said he seriously. "'Twould hinterfere with the 'oops."

Lady Audrey chuckled and strode aft, followed by Edna.

"Did you ever see such an old dear?" she asked under her breath. "His grandfather was my grandfather's bosun on the old Loyal which cleaned the pirates out of the Strait of Sunda. Hopper taught me how to handle a boat and climb after eggs, and a lot of things; and I tried to teach him how to understand a joke. But you can't see pink shells on the bottom in a hundred fathoms of water! I used to try my hand at navigation comin' out; and one day, when we were drawing in on the coast, I made a silly mistake in my calculation and got our position all cock-billed. 'Look sharp, Hopper!' said I to the skipper. 'According to my reckoning we're only about fifty miles east of Chicago, and it wouldn't do to bump against a skyscraper!' 'Lor' love you, m'lady,' says he, 'that 'ud be fair himpossible! Chicago is more than fifty miles inland and us hasn't made our larndfall yet!'"

Edna and Dorothy arriving presently, the Foxhound got her anchor up and marched deliberately to sea. Promenading to the eastward with elegant ease, she arrived in due course at Vineyard Haven, where the beach was much enjoyed by the Aredales. Gloucester was the next port visited; then on down the coast of Maine by easy stages, which usually brought the yacht to anchor in some charming bight of sylvan beauty in time for a tramp along the rugged beach or over the moors. Lady Audrey seldom missed her early morning plunge over the side, which she took with her lean, athletic body snugly incased in a one-piece *maillot*, without sleeves, and a rubber cap snugly drawn over her silvered hair. Owing to the temperature of the Maine seawater, her less athletic guests seldom indulged in this exercise.

Aboard the Foxhound life moved with the sane and wholesome tenor of an old established British home. There was little work to be done, unless perhaps by the middle-aged Finn, who as the youngster of the crew was often required to bear a hand when the ancient mariner whose job it was required a period of nicotinic meditation. The Finn did not object to this. He did methodically what anybody told him to do, finding apparently a certain dreamy satisfaction in the task.

A passing Yankee fisherman in facetious mood once hailed the Finn, who happened to be wiping off the rail, and required him to pump her out, when she might sail faster. The Finn shambled vaguely to the pumps and appeared a little dazed when the bosun, who had at one period of his nautical career been the crew of a sailing barge, told him gruffly to "'Eave yer 'ook out o' that!" and indulged in repartee with the fisherman, the ladies being ashore at the time. "I wish I knew yer nyme," said the bosun to the departing fisherman, "so's I could call ye by it respectful. Bein' as I don't, I'll 'ave to give ye one as ought to fit ye—and I 'opes ye don't mind." This he proceeded to do, and the facetious fisherman did mind.

Among such pleasant incidents the Foxhound waded across to Nova Scotia and on along the coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In this general locality she found

herself one day fogbound and becalmed at the critical hour of exercise for the Airedales. Lady Audrey was bored by the circumstances and made no effort to conceal the fact. They had been thrusting for twenty hours through the dense, heavy blanket the sun had been trying vainly to burn away. Also, they were in the grip of a powerful current or eddy, as shown by the drift lead, and Captain Hopper's ideas of their location were vague in the extreme. That worthy mariner had grown perhaps a trifle slovenly of late as to the precise position of the yacht from depending on the advice of the Finn, which had proved invariably accurate. The Finn, however, seemed quite unconscious of any merit to be ascribed to this strange gift of his. Perhaps he wondered sometimes why everybody should not be able to tell exactly where he was.

As the afternoon advanced, Lady Audrey and the Airedales became impatient.

"Where are we, anyhow, Hopper?" she demanded.

"Blessed if I know, m'lady!" replied the skipper, whose chief failing was not craftiness. "Us must be som'ers though."

"Very likely," she retorted caustically; "I don't see how we could be anywhere else—do you?"

The skipper pondered this problem, scratching his head.

"Not accordin' to the chart, m'lady," he answered defensively.

Lady Audrey turned away to hide her smile.

"Where's Yan?" she snapped.

"'E's in the pantry, m'lady. 'Opkins 'as turned 'im to acleanin' of the Sheffield plate."

"Get him on deck and ask him where we are and how soon we may expect a breeze, and where we may anchor for the night," said Lady Audrey.

Yan, summoned by the skipper, bulged out of the galley hatch and awaited further orders. Lady Audrey had walked impatiently aft. The skipper planted his feet apart and eyed the Finn, with a challenging air.

"W'en are we goin' to get some bloomin' breeze?" he growled.

The Finn looked aloft with one eye.

"Ya—I t'ink so," he replied.

The skipper drew down his bushy brows.

"That ain't no hawnser," quoth he. "W'en! I arsks."

"She blow now—pretty soon already."

It was true. Air was stirring aloft, but neither the Foxhound nor anybody aboard her had observed it.

Tacitly admitting this point, the skipper turned to the next.

"This 'ere bloomin' h'Island o' Pines?" he demanded. "'Ow does it bear?"

The Finn raised his face as though to get his bearings from the obscured meridian, and looked round on all sides; then shambled aft to squint at the binnacle—then aloft.

"Ya," said he in his soft, richly modulated voice. "Ay t'ink so. Ya—No—Maybe so. Ay t'ink so. All right!" He took the huge, clumsy tiller, the end of which was carved in the form of a pineapple, and swung the vessel until the faint air came in slightly ahead of the starboard beam. "Ya—you steer like that! Pretty soon you hear da bell. Ay t'ink I hear him now." And he scuttled forward, with his curious, crablike gait. At the galley hatch he paused and looked back. "W'en you hear da bell close aboard you call me!" he said, and disappeared below, to finish polishing the plate.

An hour later the Foxhound was anchored in a snug bight, with a small, shingly beach at its head, and on each side steep cliffs, the lower fringes of which were hung with long tresses of kelp, which made soft, hissing noises as the swells gently lowered them.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TAX MUDDLE

(Continued from Page 11)

Why, then, has Wisconsin succeeded where every former attempt had been a failure? As to that Mr. Adams says: "It is the locally elected assessor who has demoralized the American property tax." And again: "The protected assessor is the most vital part of the whole tax system. With him all things—even a general property tax perhaps—are possible; without him all is chaos."

The locally elected assessor is, of course, strictly amenable to local influence. He doesn't want his neighbors, who elected him, to pay more taxes proportionately than the fellows in the next county are paying. He is under a constant temptation to lower values and is constantly yielding to it. Consciously or unconsciously all the separate taxing units of the state are in competition with one another to see which can get off easiest. Thus the tax system is always digging the ground from under its own feet.

Wisconsin, of course, has local assessors. Before the income-tax law was passed it had in each county a locally appointed supervisor of assessments who was supposed to check up the local assessors but generally didn't. The state also had a Tax Commission of three members. Under the income-tax law the county supervisors of assessments are done away with and the state Tax Commission appoints in their stead an assessor of income for each county—or, rather, for each tax district, some districts comprising more than one county. These income assessors are appointed by the commission under civil-service rules without regard to politics. In fact among them are Republicans, Democrats, Socialists and Single-Taxers. Their term of office is three years, but they are removable by the commission and they owe no allegiance to anybody except the commission. In addition to assessing incomes they have the functions of the old county supervisors in supervising assessments of real and personal property. These other assessments being under their hands they are able to form pretty accurate opinions as to incomes.

Mr. Adams says: "An income tax is as easy to administer as a tax on real estate. In a majority of cases a man's income is more easily measured and determined than is the value of his property." Now anybody who has the least acquaintance with tax affairs knows that the great point with the average taxpayer is not so much the amount of his own taxes as whether somebody else who ought to pay as much as himself is getting off for less. The objection is not so much to taxes as to unequal taxes. To make an inveterate tax-dodger of A you have only to persuade him that B and C are dodging their taxes; and any tax like the old-fashioned one on personality which is generally evaded demoralizes the whole revenue system.

On the other hand Wisconsin's experience shows that if people are persuaded a tax is fair, reasonable and equally enforced they will pay it pretty cheerfully. It is significant that the last gubernatorial campaign—happening when the law was just going into effect, so that its annoyances were evident to the taxpayer while its benefits were yet unseen—was fought pretty largely over the issue of the income tax, and Mr. McGovern was reëlected. In the face of that verdict no attempt to repeal or weaken the law was made at the ensuing session of the legislature.

Incidentally it may be said that Wisconsin employs the system of taxing at the source as far as practicable. For example, in reporting net income corporations are allowed to deduct salaries of employees "provided there be reported the name, address and amount paid such officer or employee to whom seven hundred dollars or more shall have been paid during the assessment year." An individual may deduct interest or rent paid by him during the year, "provided the debtor reports the amount so paid, the form of the indebtedness and the name and address of the creditor." In these and other ways the Tax Commission is constantly collecting valuable information regarding incomes.

In its first year the income tax yielded a trifle short of three million five hundred thousand dollars. In its second year it yielded a little over four million dollars. But steam railroads, street railroads, express and insurance companies and banks and trust companies are exempt from it, because they are directly taxed by the state. Those exceptions of course greatly reduce the yield of the tax.

The cost of collecting this tax the first year was ninety-four thousand dollars; but the supervisors of assessment whom the income assessors supplanted had cost fifty-four thousand dollars the year before, so the

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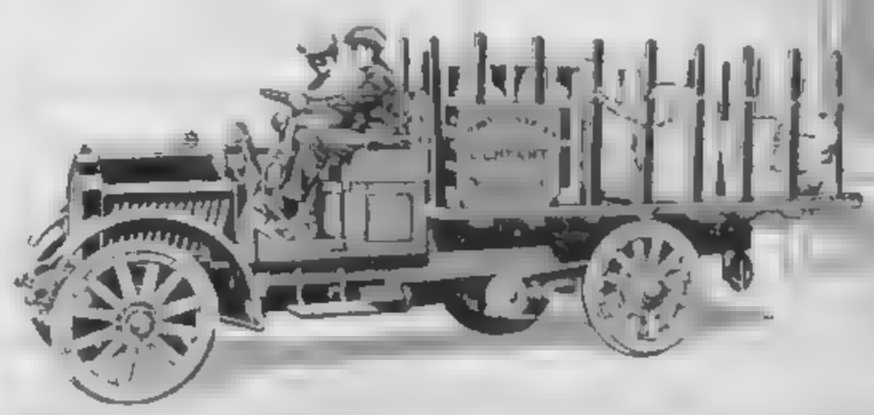

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net cost of the income tax was only forty thousand dollars. As to division of proceeds of the tax, the law provides that ten per cent shall go to the state, twenty per cent to the county and seventy per cent to the town, city or village in which the tax is assessed. Thus each community gets for local use nearly the whole proceeds of the income tax assessed within its borders.

As to who pays the tax, over two-fifths of the entire amount collected within the state comes from Milwaukee County, which contains the only large city in the state. Indeed almost half of the revenue from tax on individual incomes—as distinguished from corporate incomes—comes from Milwaukee, which contains less than a fifth of the state's population.

Of course this gives a handle to some silly objections—just as, in respect of a Federal income tax, it was urged that a small strip of territory along the North Atlantic seaboard would pay a large proportion of the tax. But if Milwaukee pays two-fifths of the total tax it means simply that she has two-fifths of the wealth, or of the incomes, and so ought to pay a proportionately large part of the taxes. To criticise the tax on this score is precisely as though a man with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of real estate should object to paying ten times as much realty tax as a man with only ten thousand dollars' worth. To make city incomes contribute to the support of the government is precisely what an income tax is for, and ninety per cent of the proceeds of the tax is spent where the tax is collected.

The law, in short, simply gives Milwaukee a more equitable system of raising local revenue.

As I mentioned before, the law specifically exempts from taxation moneys and credits of all kinds, including stocks and bonds, as well as household goods, jewelry in personal use, farm and orchard implements. In 1910 the local assessors discovered only twenty-two million dollars' worth of moneys and credits, including stocks and bonds, in the entire state. In the same year they assessed watches, pianos, organs, melodeons and bicycles at five and a quarter million dollars. In other words the capitalist's moneys and credits were practically not assessed at all, while the modest householder's organ, watch and bicycle were assessed. So unjust an arrangement should, of course, have been wiped out.

Some Typical Cases

About the only personal property now assessed in Wisconsin is farm animals and merchants' and manufacturers' stocks of goods—things that cannot be concealed and as to which, with a well-administered law, one owner will pay equally with another. But the intangible personal property which formerly escaped almost altogether is now caught by the income tax.

While farm animals and stocks of goods are still assessed as personalty, the personal-property tax is allowed as an offset against the income tax. In other words a man can hand in his personal property tax receipt as so much cash toward the payment of his income tax. To show how it works and where the income tax falls, take the returns from twelve typical counties—not, however, including Milwaukee.

Mr. Adams is a composite farmer with an income under one thousand dollars a year. His income tax comes to five dollars, but he is taxed nine dollars on his personal property—a span of horses and a couple of cows, say. He pays the personal-property tax and exhibits the receipt for it, whereupon his income tax is canceled. Multiply Mr. Adams by seven thousand eight hundred and ninety and you have the exact position of the lowest group of incomes in the twelve counties.

Mr. Benson is a compound country merchant and dentist with an income between one and two thousand dollars a year. His income tax amounts to twenty-two dollars, but his personalty tax comes to twenty-four dollars. He pays the personalty tax, exhibits the receipt and has his income tax canceled. Multiply him by nineteen hundred and ten to get the position of the next lowest group of taxed incomes.

Mr. Carter is a notch higher up in the financial scale, his income being between two and three thousand a year. His income tax is fifty-one dollars and his personalty tax fifty dollars. He has to turn in his personalty tax receipt and a dollar in cash in order to settle the income tax. Multiply him by seven hundred and eighty-six.

Mr. Dodge is still better off, with an income between three and four thousand a year. His income tax comes to eighty-three dollars and his personalty tax to only seventy-seven. He has to hand over his personal tax receipt and seven dollars in cash.

So at every step up the financial scale you find that the income tax more and more exceeds the personal-property tax. In other words it catches an ability to contribute to the support of the local government which was not caught by the personalty tax. Taking the state at large, all those persons whose incomes exceed ten thousand dollars are taxed three hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars on their incomes, but their personal-property taxes come to only sixty-three thousand dollars. They are contributing to the support of local government nearly three hundred thousand dollars more than they would have contributed if there had been no income tax. This is for individual and not corporate incomes. Can't they afford it?

The Middle Ground of Taxation

It was expected that the income tax in time would entirely supplant personal-property taxes in Wisconsin. After two years' experience, however, that seems somewhat doubtful. At any rate the transition period must be more prolonged than was first expected. In cities the tax already produces enough to warrant the entire abolition of personalty taxation. In farming districts revenue is raised almost wholly from land taxes anyway, personal property amounting to only about ten per cent of the total assessment.

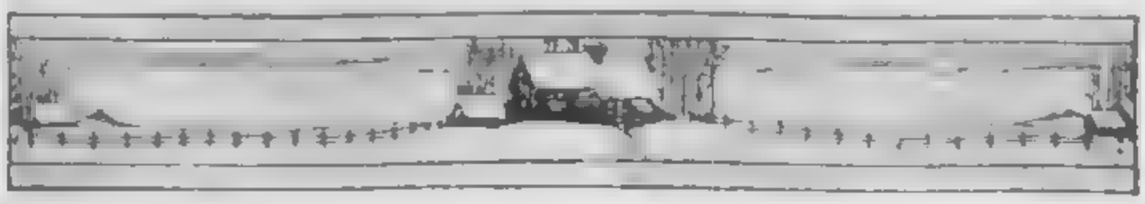
From this it appears that this form of taxation could be abolished there with no inconvenience, for even if a farmer's land tax were raised slightly he would make it up by escaping a personalty tax.

But there is a sort of middle ground, comprising country towns and villages, where the yield of the income tax is very small, while personal property amounts to about thirty per cent of the total assessment. To increase taxes on village homes by a third would be rather burdensome, while increased land taxes in villages would not fall as equally upon all property owners as in the country.

So the legislature has already acted favorably upon a proposed constitutional amendment which will permit local taxing bodies to exempt specified classes of property. Thus if Milwaukee and other cities wish to abolish personalty taxes they may do so, while villages may retain those taxes if they wish.

Probably that embodies a sound philosophy of taxation—namely, to experiment along and adopt whatever system or combination of systems will yield the best results in a given place. Wisconsin, of course, retains land taxes. She may indefinitely retain personalty taxes. She taxes railroads in one way and insurance companies in another. The Single-Taxers have one simple, comprehensive scheme for raising all public revenue, but it will evidently be a long while before it is adopted. For present and practical purposes tax systems must be a more or less experimental patchwork—with the ideal purpose of finally making everybody contribute to the support of government according to his ability.

Wisconsin's successful experiment certainly makes the income tax a candidate for admission to the tax systems of many states. It does undeniably reach a mass of ability to contribute which otherwise escapes. It is really an important question. The state and local tax bill comes to a thousand millions a year and is constantly rising. To hundreds of thousands taxes are already an appreciable burden. To tax as equitably as possible is well worth any government's while.



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	Insurance up to Fifty Dollars					
	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates
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St. Louis	.32	.65	.44	.80	.68	1.10
New Orleans	.41	.75	.63	1.10	1.06	1.40
Dallas	.45	.75	.70	1.15	1.20	1.65
Denver	.47	.80	.75	1.25	1.30	2.00
San Francisco	.71	.80	1.22	1.50	2.24	2.85

Between Philadelphia and	5 lbs.		10 lbs.		20 lbs.	
	Insurance up to Fifty Dollars					
	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates
Portland, Me.	.27	.50	.34	.60	.48	.75
Buffalo	.27	.40	.34	.50	.48	.60
Cincinnati	.29	.50	.38	.60	.56	.75
Milwaukee	.31	.60	.43	.75	.66	1.00
Mobile	.38	.75	.55	1.00	.91	1.30
Seattle	.67	.80	1.14	1.50	2.09	2.85

Between Atlanta and	5 lbs.		10 lbs.		20 lbs.	
	Insurance up to Fifty Dollars					
	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates
Jacksonville	.28	.60	.35	.75	.51	1.00
Memphis	.30	.60	.40	.75	.60	1.00
Cincinnati	.31	.60	.41	.75	.63	1.00
Richmond	.31	.60	.43	.75	.66	1.00
Baltimore	.33	.70	.46	.90	.72	1.20
New York	.34	.70	.48	1.00	.77	1.25

Between St. Louis and	5 lbs.		10 lbs.		20 lbs.	
	Insurance up to Fifty Dollars					
	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates
Detroit	.28	.55	.36	.70	.52	.85
Birmingham	.30	.65	.39	.80	.59	1.10
St. Paul	.30	.65	.41	.80	.62	1.10
Philadelphia	.32	.65	.43	.80	.67	1.10
San Antonio	.40	.75	.59	1.00	.99	1.30
Los Angeles	.62	.80	1.05	1.40	1.90	2.50

Between Chicago and	5 lbs.		10 lbs.		20 lbs.	
	Insurance up to Fifty Dollars					
	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates
Boston	.31	.60	.43	.75	.65	1.00
Oklahoma City	.36	.70	.52	1.00	.85	1.25
Jacksonville	.36	.75	.52	1.10	.85	1.40
Galveston	.39	.75	.59	1.15	.98	1.65
Salt Lake	.52	.80	.84	1.25	1.48	2.00
Portland, Ore.	.63	.80	1.06	1.40	1.93	2.75

Between San Francisco and	5 lbs.		10 lbs.		20 lbs.	
	Insurance up to Fifty Dollars					
	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates	New Rates	Old Rates
Houston	.63	.80	1.06	1.40	1.93	2.30
Minneapolis	.63	.80	1.07	1.40	1.94	2.75
Chicago	.65	.80	1.11	1.40	2.02	2.75
Cleveland	.67	.80	1.14	1.40	2.09	2.75
Washington	.70	.80	1.21	1.50	2.22	2.85
Boston	.71	.80	1.23	1.50	2.26	2.85

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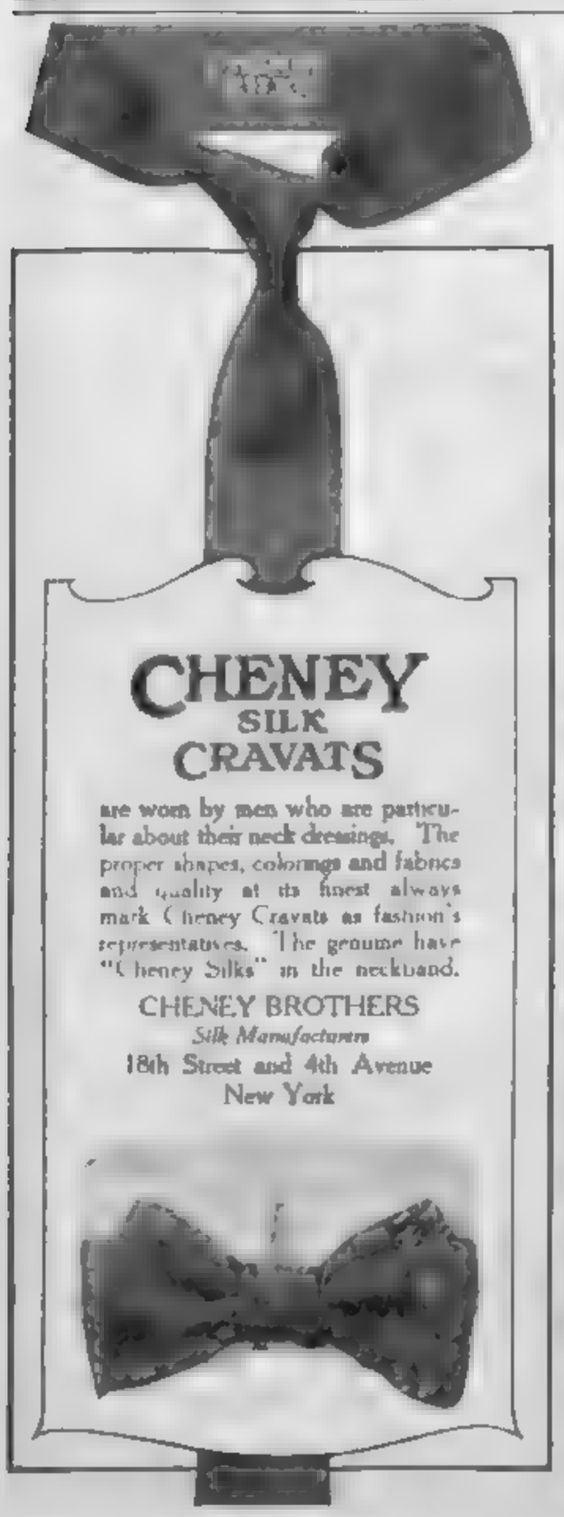

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BEHIND THE SCENES WITH CARUSO

(Concluded from Page 15)

And one may throw the head back for an instant also. Then there's always a big orchestra to play music that hides a little gargle."

It was a delightfully new angle on a great singer! Think of gargling in full view of an audience—gargling with orchestral accompaniment!

Caruso came off the stage after singing his first song—*Celeste Aïda!* As soon as he stepped into his dressing room a glass of tepid water was given him to rinse his throat with.

"The first song is always hard," he said; "hard in any opera. The throat is cold, the muscles not yet flexible. Later it will be easier."

"What is your hardest rôle?" I asked.

"They are all hard," answered Caruso, "if you do your best."

Polacco, the conductor, came back of the stage after the first act.

"The chorus lagged some," he said; "but I caught them quickly after the first measure."

"Good! Good!" said Caruso. "The finale went fine, didn't it?"

"Splendid!" answered Polacco. "We're six minutes late, though, on the first act."

Caruso shrugged his shoulder.

The second act was on. The wonderful finale had been reached, with its gorgeous pageantry heralding the return of the victorious Radames. Many of the chorus faced toward the right, looking directly off stage—for Radames was to pass in front of them and their eyes must be on him and not on Polacco, the conductor. Yet they were to sing in praise of Radames' valor—and sing in unison. So, high up on a ten-foot ladder in the wings, hidden from the audience, sat Setti, the chorus master, conducting from his place of vantage the part of the chorus that could not look toward Polacco. He was waving his arms frantically, keeping his chorus in shape, as Caruso, in the character of Radames, was borne on the stage on the shoulders of four stalwart Ethiopians.

Caruso caught sight of Setti, perched on the ten-foot ladder off stage, and grinned appreciatively, as if to an acquaintance on a Theban housetop. And poor Setti was so flustered he almost fell off the ladder.

The second act was over and the chorus was hurrying off to the dressing rooms—slave girls, priests, dancers, prisoners, palm bearers, soldiers. Caruso was picking his way through the crowd—when he bumped into Eva Swain, the prima ballerina, pretty as a picture, with cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling.

"Just think," she said indignantly; "not a speck of rosin in the house and expecting me to dance on canvas! Twice I almost slipped."

Caruso patted her on the back.

"You'd look just as pretty slipping as you would standing," he said.

Emmy Destinn's Art Criticism

Dinh Gilly, who was playing the captive king, Amonasro, came into Caruso's room after he, too, had threaded his way through the crowd at the end of the second act.

"One person, at least, in the audience didn't like the brass band triumphantly blaring on the stage when you were returned a conqueror," said Gilly laughingly. "She put her fingers to her ears with evident displeasure."

"She did the same thing when I took my top note," answered Caruso grimly. "Third woman in the fifth row to the left—in a lavender gown?"

"The very same," laughed Gilly. "Perhaps her ears are sensitive."

"Not to music!" answered Caruso.

Emmy Destinn met Caruso in the corridor just before the third act.

"You made that picture of me full face, didn't you?" she asked. Caruso nodded. "Well, you shouldn't have done that. You know I'm a trifle broad. Make another, and make it sidewise."

Caruso went back to his room for drawing pad and pencil. Then he posed Emmy Destinn "sidewise." After a few lines he said: "It would make a better picture if you put on your headdress."

So she put on the headdress. In a few minutes the picture was finished.

"Tear up the other one, will you, Caruso?" she asked.

"With great pleasure," he answered graciously. "This is a better picture, don't you think?"

Emmy Destinn looked over his shoulder.

"Much better," she said, "than the full face."

Then Caruso went back to his room and tore up the "full face."

The third act was finished and the audience was applauding mightily and shouting its bravos. Before the plush curtains, hand in hand, went Gilly, Destinn, Matzenauer and Caruso. Some one threw Destinn a bouquet of red roses, and Caruso bent and handed it to the soprano. Then they bowed, the curtains parted and the singers were back among the scene-shifters. The applause grew in volume; again the principals went forward and bowed. Four times this happened. Then Matzenauer said:

"Where's Polacco?"

"Polacco! Polacco!" shouted Caruso, and the dapper little conductor came from the wings on a run.

"Where were you?" asked Gilly.

"I was waiting," answered the conductor breathlessly.

The New Bass Clarinet

They grabbed him, put him in the center, and the quintet walked out to the audience again. The applause redoubled; so the five took another curtain call. When they had once more come behind the plush curtains the handclapping continued.

"Six curtains are enough," said Matzenauer, smiling; and she disengaged her hand from Gilly's and walked toward her dressing room.

Destinn took a rose from her bouquet and handed it to Caruso.

"That's for you, for singing well," she said. He took the rose and bowed. Then he began plucking it, petal by petal.

"You love me, you love me not; you love me, you love me not," he said banteringly.

Emmy Destinn laughed and gave him a playful shove as she hurried to her room. Gilly caught Caruso by the arm.

"Why," he asked with mock seriousness, "do you destroy the beautiful rose the lady has given you?"

"To find out its secret," answered Caruso seriously. "Is it not worth while?"

Into his dressing room he went—for a farewell gargle and a cigarette, he said. While he was enjoying the latter Polacco came in.

"I have a new bass clarinet," explained the conductor, "and he is a true artist. He has never heard you sing and he wanted to come to your room and rehearse *O terra, addio!* He said he did not want his playing to ruin your beautiful duet with Madame Destinn; but I knew you didn't care to be bothered, so I told him to come with me to the music room; that I knew just how you sang it and that I would sing for you. We have just rehearsed—and he is an artist!"

"He must be," said Caruso, "or he would not have suggested the rehearsal."

It was a wonderful touch—on Polacco's part, on Caruso's, and on the part of the bass clarinet. Each man had proved himself an artist—merely by remembering that details make for perfection. And not one in that audience which packed the Metropolitan that night knew that the man who played the bass clarinet had come back of the scenes after the third act, with the conductor, to rehearse a bit of music so he should not spoil a fellow-artist's song!

The opera was over. The chorus was swarming up the stairways; the principals hurrying to their rooms; on the stage a bedlam of noise as the scene-shifters were hauling and tugging.

"You will join me at supper?" asked Caruso.

No; so we shook hands and said good night. And all the way home I thought of Caruso, the glorious; Destinn, the wonderful; and of the little man in the orchestra who played the bass clarinet—but I thought the longest of the man who played the bass clarinet.

American Lithographic Co. prints

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KEEPING OUT OF COURT

(Concluded from Page 6

This extreme care and formality in acquiring any sort of real estate are the only guaranty that one will be able to keep out of court. Farmers and men of small affairs are accustomed to purchase real estate on the opinion of their neighbors as to the title or the rumor current in the community; and very often a justice of the peace is called on to prepare the deed.

That is criminal negligence; for the man who has laboriously saved up a sum of money in order to purchase a piece of real estate may find out afterward that he has purchased only a life estate, or that the lands are encumbered with dower interests, or that there attaches some one of the very many defects common to land titles. He becomes involved in lawsuits and often loses his land as well as the purchase money.

Farming people cannot be too strongly urged to exercise this care in the purchase of lands. Lands may suddenly increase in value by the discovery of oil, gas or mineral deposits, and then the titles in the community are all carefully searched by speculators. If there are any defects these defects are taken advantage of in order to wrest the lands from the owners. Courts are crowded with cases resulting from sheer negligence in the purchasing of real property.

All the advice that can be given to one contemplating the purchase of any real estate is preventive—that is, he must take care in the beginning to see that he gets a good title, a proper deed of conveyance, and that there are no encumbrances of any character. If he is careful to attend strictly to these preventive measures he will find himself in safety, while his careless neighbors will be involved in vexatious litigation.

A further thing the average man ought always to bear in mind is the disposition of his property at his death. Property descends in two ways: by operation of the law or by will—that is to say, if one does not make a formal will the law provides how his property shall be distributed at his death. But most men prefer to say how their property shall be disposed of. One should, therefore, always provide by proper will for the distribution of his estate in the event of death.

It ought to be borne in mind that a will is a very formal paper and it ought always to be drawn by a competent attorney familiar with the law of the state in which the property is located. It is wholly unsafe for the average man to undertake to draw such a paper alone, or to call in the assistance of a justice of the peace or some incompetent attorney merely because he may be had at a low price.

Points for Guardians and Executors

The rule of the law with respect to the formalities of a will differs in different states. In some states such a paper in the handwriting of the decedent is valid without witnesses; in others it is not. The number of witnesses required to wills differs in different jurisdictions. In some jurisdictions charitable bequests in wills are not valid unless the will containing them has been made a certain length of time before the testator's death.

In other jurisdictions devises to religious organizations merely in the common name of the organization have been held invalid; as, for instance, a devise simply to St. Luke's Episcopal Church, for the reason that it is neither a person nor a corporation, and has, in fact, no legal existence. The law, however, usually provides a method by which these devises may be legally made.

Another thing one should remember, if he would keep out of court, is the law in regard to the duties of guardians and executors. It very frequently happens that the average man of affairs is compelled to act as executor of some friend's will or as guardian for his children. The thing usually comes as a dying request, which one is not able to refuse. Now when one undertakes these obligations he must be sure to follow the formalities required by the law if he would keep out of trouble.

The law lays down certain rules that executors and administrators must follow with respect to the appraisements of the property of the decedent, settlements at certain periods, and the like. Such things must be done at the times and according to the formalities required by the laws of the states in which the property is located. If they are not precisely followed the administrator or executor may find himself personally liable for debts and obligations of the estate.

The same is true of guardianships. The law exercises great care with respect to the estates of minors, and nothing can safely be done by a guardian with respect to the investment of the funds of his ward, or with regard to expenditures, except by the definite direction of the court.

It is not safe to make any payment to the ward unless the court so directs. The proper thing to do is to apply to the court for permission when one wishes to make expenditures.

It should be borne in mind that, as a rule, the direction of the court should be obtained before any money is paid out. If the requirements of the law are not met the guardian may become personally liable for the sum of money he has expended.

It is well to remember that there is a great deal of danger in doing business with minors—that is to say, persons not of lawful age. A minor is not bound by his contracts, as a general rule. He may make deeds and contracts, sign and seal them; but there is no formality that will bind him to abide by them. They are not what is called void, but they are voidable—that is to say, the minor when he becomes of age can repudiate them and refuse to be bound by them. If he does not repudiate them, however, and acquiesces in them for a reasonable time after his majority, they will become valid.

One should remember that there are some sorts of contracts and agreements that cannot be enforced at law. If one man should lend another money for the purpose of engaging in any unlawful transaction the money so loaned could not be recovered; thus, if one man loans another money with which to bet on an election it cannot be recovered. And where one knowingly lends money for gambling transactions, for any illegal purpose, or for any purpose that would be against public policy, the money cannot be recovered, though the person lending it may not himself have been engaged in the unlawful transaction.

The Vexations of Vague Laws

It should also be remembered that if one undertakes to stand good for the debt or default of another he cannot commonly be held to that undertaking unless his agreement is in writing, over his signature. In the ordinary transactions of business it is very common for one man to agree to stand good for the debt of another—the assurance is daily given in business affairs—but it cannot, as a general rule, be enforced unless it is in writing.

A subject that ought to be mentioned in a paper of this character is the trouble people who wish to avoid litigation have to understand recent Federal statutes. There are Acts of Congress of which nobody can give the precise meaning. The laws aimed at combinations in restraint of trade, and some of the so-called anti-trust legislation, are unfortunately not clear to the people. There is no complaint to be made of the intent of this legislation; the complaint is that it is not definite, and that the people, even after taking the best legal advice they can get, are not sure of its meaning.

This uncertainty is a great hardship and a great detriment to the transaction of business. Unfortunately nobody in the Government service can tell the people what these laws precisely mean; in fact nobody can know what they mean until after they have been construed by a court of last resort—and even then there may be more than one opinion about what the decision of the court means.

For example, in the celebrated million-dollar fine case the courts were not able to determine what, in fact, constituted a violation of the law. Was it the shipment of a carload of the product, or a barrel or a package? Was each carload an offense, or each barrel or package—or each shipment, or the day's shipment?

This uncertainty resulted in the greatest confusion, in a reversal of the decisions of the courts, and in the general opinion among the people that nobody knew what the law was.

Everybody wants to keep out of court—especially out of the Federal courts; and the people have the right to insist that all laws enacted by Congress shall be clear, definite and certain.

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THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

(Continued from Page 9)

The Globe had various theories accounting for this intimacy, but they never got beyond the theoretical stage. Hazel could mind her own business in more languages than Beaconsfield could keep silent in; and as for old Keziah, her innocence would have baffled Sherlock Holmes himself.

Hazel had never confided her perplexities about Rags to old Keziah, for the simple reason that, to give point to the tale, it would have been necessary to sketch for her benefit a more or less realistic biography of Luttrell Shean. And as no doting mother ever guarded the innocence of her budding daughter more carefully than Hazel did Keziah's the thing was impracticable. Still, she used her—used the very voluminous innocence of her as pious folk used to use the Bible—opening her at random, as it were, in cases of perplexity and taking her casual utterances as law and gospel.

Therefore she was not without a hope that somehow or other at this dinner old Keziah would solve the problem of Rags. And, as a matter of fact, she did.

They had their dinner in a quiet little German bakery-restaurant—Keziah just her placid, beaming self; Hazel rather silent and very alert; and little Rags simply fizzing and sparkling and brimming over the edge of the glass with gayety—so that people for tables round almost forgot to eat and the waitress stuck to their own table like a limpet—whatever that is.

However, just as they finished up their strawberry shortcake and were getting ready to go back to the theater, Rags turned a bit graver and said: "Wait a minute!"—she wanted to ask grandma something. Ordinarily the wardrobe mistress is ex-officio "Ma"; but in Keziah's case an extra generation seemed to be fitting.

Rags was fumbling in her wristbag and Hazel, with a sense that something was coming, tried to look a warning at the old lady; but it was beyond her power of pantomime—and, anyway, if she tried too hard Keziah would be sure to ask her what she was making faces about. Rags was smoothing out a note.

"Mr. Shean," she said, "wants me to go for—well, a sort of picnic with him tomorrow, all day. Just him and me. Do you think it would be all right to tell him I'll go?"

Naturally she would have looked at old Keziah as she asked it. If she had, Hazel would have risked a negative shake of the head across the table. But, instead of looking at Keziah, Rags, with a pair of round blue eyes that seemed to have a twinkle of defiance in them, looked straight at Hazel herself; so Hazel just held her breath and waited. She did not have to wait long though.

"Any harm?" said old Keziah. "Why, not a mite, child! Of course with young men these days, I s'pose —— But Mr. Shean—why, he's old enough to be your father!"

"That's what I thought!" said Rags demurely, and she put the note back in her wristbag.

Hazel was in such a boiling rage that she did not dare to open her mouth more than about a quarter of an inch until—well, until the next night at the show, when the picnic was over.

"This is your day, little girl!" said Luttrell Shean with what he felt to be just the right mixture of humor and tenderness in his voice. "Where would you like to go?"

The stress was on the you, because he was saying it in answer to Rags' ecstatic:

"Isn't it just the loveliest day? We mustn't lose a minute. Where shall we go?" She had said that, giving him both hands to shake, and then stepped back and looked him over with awe. "My, but you do look grand!" she had added before he could speak.

They were standing in the lobby of the family hotel where Rags and the demon aunt lived, and out of the corner of his eye Shean had caught a grin of irreverent amusement on the face of the clerk; so he led her a little nearer the door before he answered.

As he had rehearsed the scene that morning while he brushed his hair and filed his nails, it had gone just about like this; but what Rags said, as they reached the door, was not the speech her lines called for.

Shean had, as a matter of fact, planned the day pretty carefully. It had to begin, prosaically enough, with a train ride up the shore; but after an hour of that you got off at a place where there was an excellent inn, not much frequented yet, as the season was immature. There would be breakfast and a nice long talk on the veranda there, and then a stroll through the fields and down to the beach; and after that—well, it would be as circumstances indicated. They could motor back to town, perhaps, in the gathering twilight. But it all depended, you will observe, on Rags' saying, when he told her so tenderly it was to be her day: "Oh, but you must decide that!"

Instead, Rags said cheerfully:

"Well, then, let's begin by going to Lincoln Park to see the animals."

Well—dash it all—she was just a kid! He might have known she would say something like that. After all it did not involve the waste of more than half an hour or so.

It ran to more than that really and it wore Shean's benevolently paternal manner pretty near threadbare. The park was crowded full in celebration of the first really summerish Sunday morning of the year. He wormed his way behind her through the press, getting his immaculately varnished boots trodden on by *hoi polloi*. He bought popcorn balls, the fragments of which stuck to the fingers of his gray suède gloves when he tried to feed the monkeys.

He was interrupted every time he managed to get up close to the girl and sound the cello note of sentiment by a squeal of delight from Rags herself over some new wonder behind the bars—and the taxi they had come from the hotel in was ticking away suggestively in the background all the while. Rags had wanted him to dismiss it, but he insisted on keeping it within call.

Once he could get her into the taxi again he would not wait for any more suggestions from her.

Luck was against him however. He had drawn her away from the beasts at last and was steering her along by one arm toward the taxi, when they crossed the bridle path. And just at that moment a party of young people went by at a canter. Rags, her face all alight with eagerness, looked up at him and squeezed his arm.

"Oh," she cried, "isn't that lovely! Mayn't we—mayn't we, please, go for a ride? You do ride, don't you? Oh, but of course—I know you do!"

Shean wore a pair of riding breeches and carried a crop during a part of the first act, and unfortunately this fact had led him to expatiate to Rags and her aunt during one of their suppers upon his skill as a horseman. He could ride a little, for a fact—that is he could manage to post if he did not lose count.

"Really," he protested, trying not to look as disconcerted as he felt, "I'm afraid it won't be possible. We couldn't get any horses in this God-forsaken town. Isn't it a shame?"

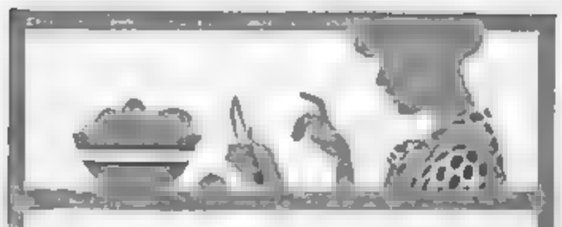
"Oh, but we can!" said Rags. "Hazel and I heard about a place and looked it up. We meant to go together sometime. It's up in Edgewater, and they have lovely horses! Can't we try? Please!"

I will not put down the remark that Luttrell Shean confided to the palm of his gloved hand; but he got into the taxi and repeated the address that Rags provided him with to the chauffeur.

It was five miles to Edgewater; and, contrary to Shean's prayerful hopes, there were horses to be got when they arrived there. There were also leather gaiters for Mr. Shean and a divided khaki skirt, rather too big, for Rags.

Rags' notion of a ride, common in the woolly parts of the West, was to dig in her knees, spank the flank of her steed resonantly with a flat hand and go off at a gallop. She found a mount that met her ideas perfectly; in fact she found two, for the beast they had hoisted Shean upon was a sociable creature with a picnic disposition.

I am going to draw a decent veil of charity over the details of the next two hours. Shean lived through it, somewhat to his own astonishment, and eventually found himself ordering lunch at an iron table in a neat little gravelly German garden-restaurant, just opened for the season. He had managed to get himself more or less to rights. His hair, for instance, after considerable indiscretion, was in the straight and narrow path again. He felt like the devil—there was no doubt of that. His underclothes stuck to him, his hands trembled violently



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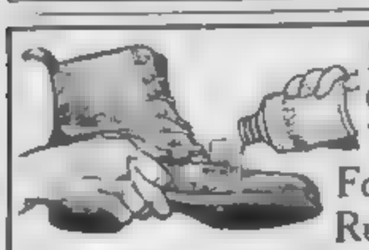

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whenever he bent his elbows beyond a right angle, and from the waist down he felt as if he had been racked.

He looked across at Rags with mingled feelings. There was no disguising the fact that she had never looked so delectable to him before. There she sat, all moist and flushed and radiant, her tumbled hair curlier than ever, her eyes gleaming with the exhilaration of youth. But when she said, "It's being just the most wonderful day—I'm glad it is nowhere near over yet, aren't you?" he was conscious that he answered with certain reserves. If the day went on as it had begun she would probably kill him before night; but from now on he meant that things should go differently.

They had a corner table pretty well screened from the rest of the garden by a couple of orange trees in tubs; and as it was long past anybody else's luncheon hour they had the place pretty much to themselves.

Shean moved his chair round the table a little nearer hers and got hold of one of her hands. The girl flushed, but did not pull her hand away. He managed to give the act and his subsequent caresses—for he by no means stopped there—just the sort of quasi-paternal air that makes them hardest for a young girl to resist; for there is nothing that innocence hates so much as to show how innocent it is.

He might have noted how the gayety had gone out of her face and how limp the little hands he fondled were—and perhaps he did. Well, Rags owed him something for that morning's gallop. What did she suppose he had taken her out for? It was only a touch of stage fright anyway. She would be over it directly.

Then he began to talk—pretty well, too, for that line of goods. To be sure he had rehearsed it often enough. He was very Byronic indeed; very cynical; very down on the world. It was a gray world nowadays. There was no more color in it—no more opportunity for the high quality of romance.

Back in the good old knightly days a man could do something for the girl he loved to show himself worthy of her—there were perils to rescue her from, trials to undergo, and her favor on his helm would be a constant inspiration to knightly deeds.

Shean, it appeared, was just gorged with knightly deeds; but these rotten commercial modern times gave him no opportunity to get them out of his system. There was no room in the world for a gentleman any longer. The counter-jumper had the best of it.

And all the while his cello voice was playing variations on this theme he sidled closer and closer, his arm along the back of her chair; his hand unconsciously of course—stroking her arm and shoulder; his knee—accidentally of course—pressed against hers under the table. She was getting quieter now, all right; but suddenly, exactly in the middle of it, Rags got up.

"Let's—let's go for a little walk somewhere!" she said.

Well, it did not do to crowd them too hard. With the best grace he could muster Shean got up, too, and they strolled out of the garden and down one of the shady cross streets of the North Side toward the lake. It was a hot, breathless afternoon.

"Where do you suppose all these people are going?" said Rags. There were hundreds of them—a regular procession, all walking in their direction.

"Swimming, I fancy," said Shean. "There's a big public beach down here somewhere."

"Can you swim?" asked Rags indifferently—a little too indifferently, Shean might have guessed, had his perception been acute.

"Oh, yes," he said.

Well, that was true. He could swim across the Athletic Club tank, but he ought to have let it go at that.

"The last big swim I took," he went on musingly, "was one night last summer. We were down at Rockaway Beach. There were a bunch of us—been having a rather gay time I am sorry to say; and on a bet I swam across to Coney Island."

"How far is that?" asked Rags politely.

"Oh, about ten miles, I should say."

"My!" said Rags. "That's wonderful!" And she looked up at him again with awe.

Shean's chest expansion came back to normal again. They walked on, getting nearer and nearer the lake all the time; and at last they came in sight of the pavilion and the beach. There were hundreds of bathers on the sands and in the water.

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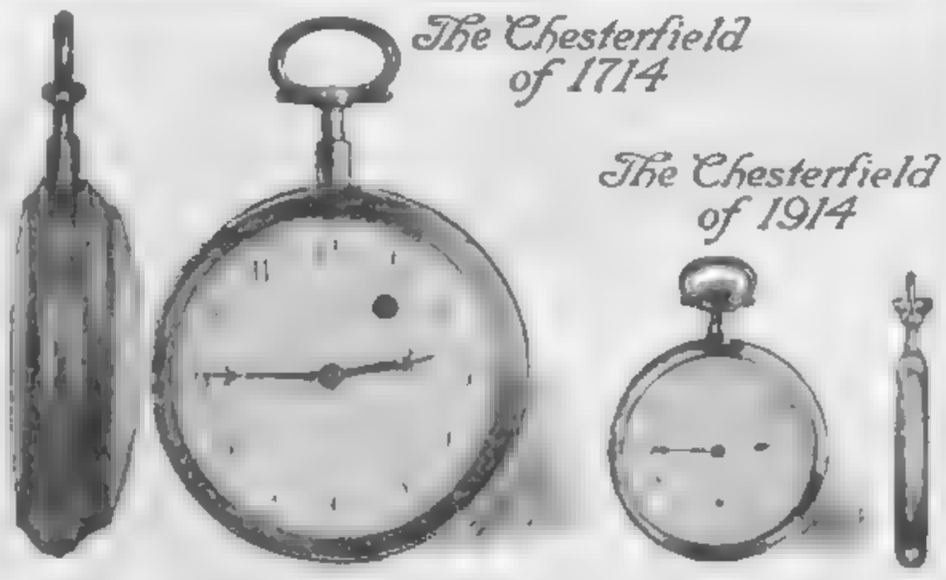

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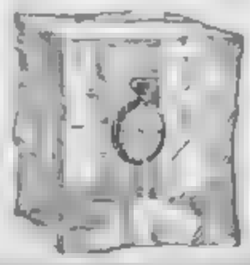

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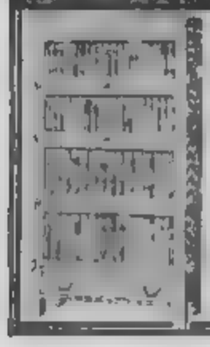

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"I can swim pretty well too," said Rags suddenly. "Wouldn't it be fun to go in—after our ride and all?"

Luttrell Shean shuddered, but Rags did not notice that. Her eyes were on the sporting figures in the water.

"Unfortunately we haven't any bathing clothes with us," said Shean.

"But nobody has," said Rags. "They all rent them here."

That time Shean's shudder did show.

"A hired bathing suit!" he cried aghast. "Impossible!"

He was so genuinely horrified that little Rags blushed.

"They have canoes," she said though, presently. "Shall we take a canoe and just go out and paddle round? The water's awfully smooth!" Shean would have discouraged that project, too, if she had not added: "Or perhaps you don't paddle a canoe?"

Of course he did. There was nothing in the line of athletics that Shean did not do. They went to the pavilion and Shean made the necessary financial arrangements.

"Perhaps," said Rags joyously as they crossed the beach, "perhaps the canoe will get upset—and then you can rescue me!" She looked up at him shyly and her voice dropped a little. "Would you?" she asked.

Shean pressed her arm in his.

"Would I!" he said. "It's the dearest wish of my life to do something like that for you."

They were perhaps a hundred yards out from shore and fifty yards from the diving platform when Rags, who had been surveying the scene in a dreamy, contented silence, spoke again.

"I was talking to Mr. Heminway yesterday," she said—Heminway was the Globe press agent—"and he said that to really get on in the profession you had to do things to make people talk about you—get you into the papers."

"Yes," said Shean bitterly, "that's the way people get along nowadays. It's no use to be an artist—just a notoriety! That's what people want."

"I suppose," Rags went on, still rather dreamily, "that it would be good publicity if I did fall into the water now and you rescued me."

"Of course it would," said Shean sardonically. "That's just what the fool public wants—a three-ring circus! What do they care for ——"

Some little change in her expression—a sudden alertness, with a dash of mischief in it—made him stop short, even on the utterance of his favorite word, "art."

"Well," said little Rags nonchalantly, "that's what I'm going to do."

And she stood up, picked up her skirt and made a clean little jump into the water. It is almost impossible for a person to get out of a canoe that way without capsizing it. And indeed it did rock way over and ship half a barrelful of water.

I cannot possibly tell it as quickly as it happened. Shean sat there paralyzed. It was ten seconds perhaps before Rags came up. Shean was still sitting there in the canoe.

"Save me!" cried Rags, looking straight into Shean's face.

"Help!" cried Shean; but he did not manage to get the stern of the canoe round so that her clutching hand could reach it.

Little Rags disappeared again; and if she held her nose as she went down Shean was too panic-stricken to notice the fact, though it is not the way a drowning person usually acts. The next time she came up she was exactly alongside of the canoe and her hand clutched the gunwale.

"Don't!" cried Shean in perfectly automatic terror. "You'll upset it!"—which was exactly what little Rags did.

He did not know exactly what happened after that. When he finally emerged from the strangling welter Rags, clinging to the inverted canoe with one hand, was clutching him with the other.

"Catch hold!" she said. "Here at the end! But don't try to get very far out of water. It's all right if you can breathe. Hang on! They're coming in a boat."

"Now," said Hazel, when the last curtain was down and she and Rags reached their dressing room, "now, you young imp, sit down there and tell me all about it! Did you know that Cissy Blake had understudied Shean's lines?"

They had not had any chance to talk before—more than in gasps. It was all too exciting. Freddy Boldt estimated afterward that between seven-fifteen, when Shean had telephoned he was paralyzed with lumbago and could not move hand or foot, and ten-thirty-seven, when they had swung into the last ensemble, he had aged at least ten years. Shean had told him of the accident and that Rags had been involved in it; so Boldt's first act was to telephone to Rags' hotel to learn whether they had lost her too. But she, it seemed, was perfectly all right—on her way to the theater.

Then he called up Prentiss, Shean's understudy and one of the minor principals, and told him to come to the theater as fast as he could for rehearsal. So far nothing that had happened was necessarily fatal. But when, at seven-thirty-five, two men from the street had carried Prentiss into the theater with a dislocated knee, acquired by flipping off the street car at the mouth of the alley in his haste to save two minutes, the real excitement began. One look at the knee settled Prentiss, who in tears begged to be allowed to try it anyway; and for a little while it really looked like closing the house. It was Hazel who told the manager about Cissy Blake.

What they did to Cissy during the next three hours is not this story. They rehearsed him, dressed him, cursed him, rehearsed him some more; and then they galvanized him with a high-frequency alternating current of objurgation and encouragement. He gave, on the whole, a rather rotten performance; but Freddy thought that, with training, he might amount to something.

"And you certainly got to hand it to that boy," the manager concluded, "for nerve!"

However that was not what the two girls were talking about in the dressing room.

"What I want to know is," Hazel demanded for the twentieth time, "whether you knew that Cissy had understudied his lines!"

"What if I did?" Rags retorted. "I couldn't know Prentiss was going to fall off the street car, could I?"

That seemed plausible; but then, what was Rags chortling about? Nothing, it appeared. Nothing—really!

"I hope you ain't gone and caught cold or anything," said Hazel presently. "Shan't Keziah and me get a taxi and take you home?"

No; Rags was all right! And Cissy was going home with her. Indeed he was audibly outside now, waiting. It was not until just as she was going out that Hazel thought of another question.

"Did you know Prentiss was his understudy? That anybody knew Shean's lines but Cissy?"

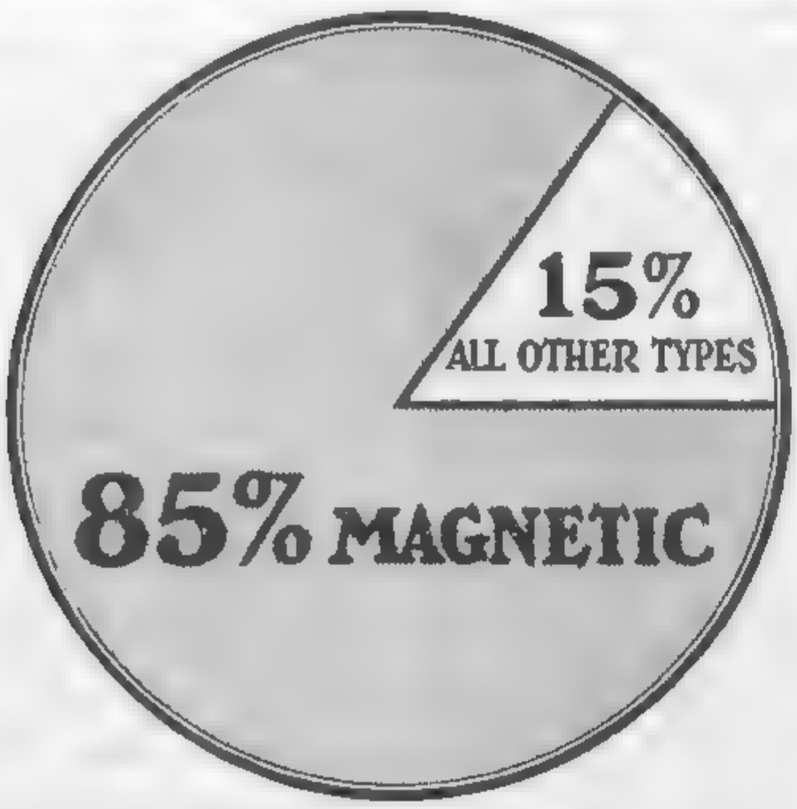
Rags' only answer to that was a look of round-eyed, childlike innocence, with perhaps just a twinkle—Hazel could not be sure.

Oh, it was the spring of the year! That is the moral.

Fly Birds

EXPERIENCES of aëroplane pilots with air currents have given to a noted English naturalist an explanation for the fact that some birds in making their annual migrations fly along coast lines and along river valleys. Judging from aëroplane experience, birds would find it required less effort to fly along such routes. In the daytime water cools the air on most days, and over the water there is a downward current of air, as indicated by the noticeable sinking of aëroplanes and balloons crossing over a pond. At the same time there is more or less of an upward current of air along the shore line.

Upward currents of air greatly help flight and many kinds of birds are known to take full advantage of them. So the naturalist sees an opportunity for birds to take advantage of upward currents of air in migrating by day, if they follow the coast of a sea or the bank of a river. The effect would be most marked on the windward side of the water, so that if the birds do not fly along that side near the water they ought to. Whether at night there is an appreciable upward current of air over water is not so clearly established, but he believes it is likely, and so would be of advantage to birds if they wished to use it. A further explanation of such routes is that the birds might learn them in their migrations, for shore lines are the easiest of all markings on the earth for an aviator to see and follow, while on a still night the waves on the shore can be heard high in the air, marking the shore line.



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THE diagram above represents the world's entire production of speedometers of every kind and make.

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The small space (15%) shows the speedometers that are still being built on other principles, such as centrifugal, air, etc.

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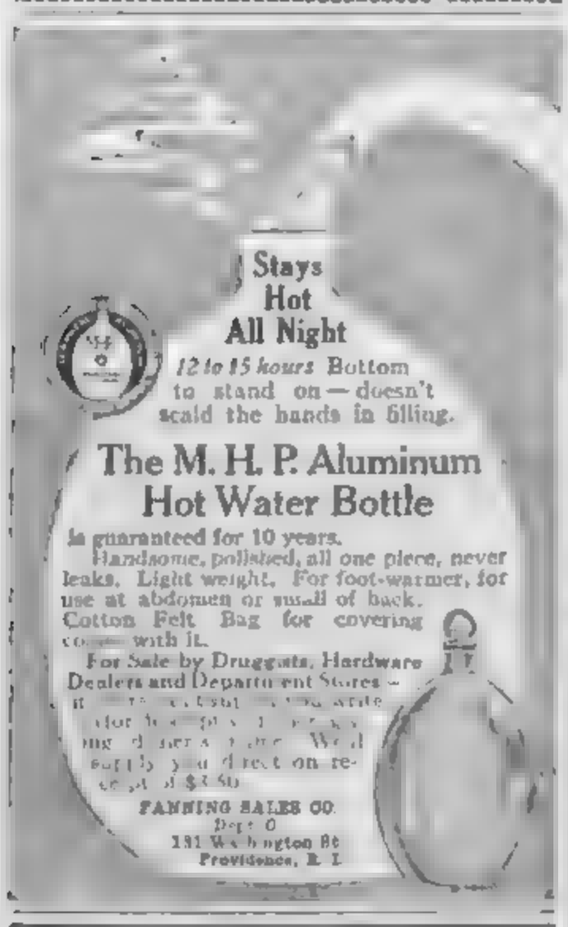

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 21)

"You don't," I answered. "When your brother and the cowboys were away last winter, and the blizzard came up, you rode out and rounded up the whole herd."

"But would I have done that if we had lived Down East, where everybody would have cocked an eye at me? Don't I do what I sweet please out here because we are so secure of our position that nothing matters?"

"Then you think it's the women up at the top and the women down at the bottom—not the halfway-ups—who will get rid of that stranglehold for women and form the great sisterhood of service?"

"I don't know what you mean by sisterhood of service. I don't think women are ever very sisterly to one another. You're always shooting some transcendental skyrocket past my head into the clouds; but, if you want to know what I think of halfway-ups, I think they'll always fool you—they are so scared out of their wits they might slip down a peg."

"Let's go in and meet some of these homesteaders," I suggested.

"All right! We'll water our horses here. I know this girl—she is teaching the district school while she puts in her homestead duties."

We dismounted opposite a gate formed of two posts looped with strands of wire. A robust woman of twenty-four or thereabout, tanned and weathered of wind and sun, came to the shanty door. Life had been cut free from all stranglehold of the artificial here. Shanty and equipment could not have cost more than fifty dollars. A biscuit-box had been extemporized into a bookshelf where lay two or three magazines, a Balzac and a Bible. The bed had been built sailor-berth fashion against the wall. Another box set up on four crossed legs formed the table, from which we shared her evening meal of bacon and eggs.

From the window, covered with dimity curtains, we could see her bronco tethered out on the prairie. A big dog lay snapping at the flies in the sun. Our hostess had begun life as an operative in a watch factory in Switzerland. Then she had taught a tiny hamlet school in her native land.

The Swiss Girl's Story

"But the wages were not twenty-five dollars a month," she explained. "I could never get ahead on that. What's the use of a woman's pretending she is independent unless she is independent? So I emigrated—came steerage; worked my way out here somehow and got a position in a mission school at fifty dollars a month. But if women are going to be independent they must study it out the way a man does; so I thought I might as well be putting in homestead duties while I taught and get some sit-fast spot on earth I could call my own. This is my last year of homesteading. Next year I prove up for title."

"Will you sell?" I asked. Later on land in the locality of this woman's homestead sold at fifty dollars an acre.

"But no," she answered. "I want an inglenook of my own always. I'll bring out my father and mother."

She told us that, except for midsummer, when a friend from the nearest town joined her, she lived alone, riding to and from the mission school on her bronco.

"Of course," she said, "on winter nights the coyotes smell the ham cooking and come howling under the window, but my big St. Bernard drives them off; and I don't know that there is so much to fear from this kind of wolves as from the sort of wolves you meet in town." And she laughed.

I suppose she felt our attitude of tacit challenge. Her words recalled those dream wolves of my childhood—anxious fright and want—which this form of economic independence drove off the heels of pursued womanhood. Her words also recalled the dire predictions of the study-chair theorists about individualism menacing motherhood and the economic independence of woman modifying the tendency to marriage, and so leaving the propagation of the species to inferior types—you have heard the arguments, have you not? If I had put it that way she would not have had the least idea of what I was driving at; so I came at it another way.

"Yes," I said as we helped her to clean up her supper dishes before going back to our saddles; "but if you had stayed in Switzerland you would probably have married some neighbor's son and had your own little home and family."

She almost snorted her disdain.

"But no," she declared; "if I had stayed in Switzerland we should have been so poor that I could not have afforded to have children—I would not have wanted children. If I had had them, with the high cost of living, I could not have done justly by them."

"And now?" laughed my friend.

"And now when I marry"—she did not say "if I marry"—"I'll have something to do with for my children."

We both of us rode away thoughtfully. A long line of Indians went filing up over the foothills, the men on horseback and many of the women on horseback too; but one aged squaw brought up the rear of the procession afoot, with a bundle on her back half the size of herself. We both reined in. My friend pointed with her whip to the old squaw, who was the burden-bearer, silhouetted on the crest of the hill, and to the girl homesteader's shanty at the foot of the slope.

New Women and Old

"The old and the new," she said; "and the new is only at the foot of the Great Divide, beginning to climb." Suddenly she whirled on me in one of her tempest moods. "Look here!" she said. "You know my life and its handicaps—I know yours. What do you think of this whole business of the change in woman's position? It is more than economic. It is really a change in the relation of the sexes."

I answered with a question:

"Do you think the day will ever come when women shall not be bartered chattels in marriage—when children shall be born not in travail but in joy?"

She leaned forward, with her elbow on the saddle pommel and her chin in the palm of her gauntlet.

"It's coming now!" she answered, pointing to the girl homesteader's shanty; but when we looked up for the aged Indian woman under the huge bundle, she had dropped over the crest of the hill. "When the dawn bursts into perfect day I want to come back and see humans not born tired from overwrought mothers—and kids not born criminals from their parents' blood—and youngsters not born scared and squally at life from the time they open their eyes, because of the fright in the heart of the mothers who carried them! Of course there is always confusion and waste and suffering in a time of great transition.

"Think you or I would have got out for ourselves if life hadn't taken us by the scruff of the neck and pitched us out to sink or swim? Think my Aunt Maria would have gone out and rounded up a herd of steers in a blizzard?" Her Aunt Maria was a notorious snob. "Of course it hurts in spots; but that only takes the coward and the slug and the skulk and the shirk and the pretense out of our woman hearts; so that only the fit survive. And I want more than ever to come back and see the new type of human race in a hundred years."

A lantern light twinkled in the girl homesteader's little lone shanty.

The Day of Halfway-Ups

"Our great-grandmothers did that kind of thing," she nodded down, "two hundred years ago, when this continent was first pioneered and settled. It is we who are the generation of halfway-ups—neither fish nor flesh nor even good red herring! As we have grown in wealth and civilization, instead of working out a new free code for ourselves we've imitated the social code and standards of an effete Old World that is weary of its own life to extinction and is discarding the customs we are taking for the very salvation of our souls."

"'The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on,'" I quoted.

"And new wine bursts old bottles," she laughed. "Let us go home on the lick."

We went over the crest of the foothill in a moonlight I can describe only as a flood of silver. Just where we swerved into a ravine some settler had been trying out some new drought-resisting variety of wheat; and just where we skirted the wheatfield a coyote, earth-color and couchant, and still as stone, leaped across our trail and loped off into the wheat.

"Chase him! Chase him!" she shouted. "Don't let him get away! Let us run him down! Wolves hamstrung ten of our colts last winter. Run him down! Run him down!"

And off across that settler's farm we galloped, through wheat heavy-headed and high as our saddles, following only by the rise and fall of the wheat to the fore, where the skulking thing would run crouching and then take a flying leap in the moonlight. He was making for the rough ground of a coteau, where a noisy stream came tumbling down from the mountains.

"Head him off!" she shouted. "You keep the field—I'll follow along the streambed."

And in she plunged girth-deep; but the coyote was too quick for us. He gained the stream and crossed it at a single bound. So did we; but when he went up over the rocks we both reined in—glowing, wet and panting.

"What in the world do you think you would have done if you had caught up?" I asked.

She leaned forward and unstrapped her saddle pocket. Inside was not a book, which I usually carried, but a revolver. She was aglow with health and exuberant life. She turned to me and said:

"Do you know you look absolutely, utterly, scrumptiously, bumptiously well?"

"I am!"

Then it came back to me in a flash: "In returning and rest shall be your confidence"—the moving-picture films of dreams—the half-naked figure flying before the wolves; the vestured and hooded figure of Death in the wheatfields, dead-ripe below the upper alpine meadows where the disimprisoned waters laughed down from the upper peaks; and the whole world was flooded in moonlight that was silver, and the very hills echoed to the laughter and gladness of the waters. We need to go up on the mountain peaks occasionally to see which way trends the trail across the plains below. I knew now it was to the mountain peaks that adversity had sent me.

The Healing in Alpine Meadows

She let halloo after halloo of sheer life out of her, standing straight up in her stirrups and waving her hat, as we trotted down to the ranch-house; and I laughed. This time the figure did not fly before the wolves, but the wolf fled before the figure, as all wolves flee when you turn and face and fight and pursue them.

It is not a part of this narrative to relate how I was begged to remain out in that free, open life. The call of the open spaces needed no coaxing with me. Every year from that day to this I have heeded the call and gone out to the healing of forest and mountain and upper alpine meadow; but a keener call had sounded in my soul—the call of life, of zest in service, of gladness in work, of part in the great army marching to a new day, of thanks to God for the privilege of being alive in the most wonderful age the world has ever known.

And, with my friend, I would like to come back in a hundred years and see the new type of humanity, when suffering has eliminated the shirk and the skulk and the slug and the parasite and the sheep and the poseur; when the dawn has grown to full and perfect day!

No more book-lore for me! No more culture snobbery! No more Chinese foot-bindings of caste on my soul; but rather life and the thick of it, strife or stress, hard or easy! I ask no odds from God to make my way easier than the hardest pace for the weakest marcher while I am learning the solidarity of the Sisterhood of Service.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles comprising the Autobiography of a Happy Woman.

THE JACKPOT'S DENTIST

(Continued from Page 14)

"But he bowed so submissively when he left, and made such a long speech of thanks, that I forgave him. Some plumber had put a gold filling into an older amalgam filling—fancy! The whole tooth was practically gone. Dentists like that ought to be jailed."

"You bet!" said Kilowatt. "Can't you grab half an hour's snooze before supper? That's what you need."

There was a hard evening's toil ahead and the doctor decided to follow his suggestion; so when the whistle blew at five she went to her room and rested. To cheer herself further she got into a gown of old-gold cloth that was marvelously becoming. It would keep the minds of patients from their teeth. With her hair freshly curled and a handsome full-length chinchilla coat over her shoulders the mirror declared her smart enough for any company. She liked to look her best at all times, and to please the eye of an Ike Dooley was to her as important as the capture of a greater personage's attention.

The doctor was neither vain nor a flirt. She was essentially feminine and considered a frowzy woman a criminal—or responsible for crime, at least. In the lower hall she found Doctor Hanson, looking rather upset.

"Headache again, doctor?" she asked in concern; and he answered:

"No, doctor; it's not my head. But the fact is ——"

"Sh! Who's in there?" interrupted Doctor Everard as, from the sitting room, a strange voice shouted:

"I want to know who this woman's cap belongs to! And the gloves! If a skirt's been brought on this property the man who—eh?"

"The only woman here is a lady, Mr. Elwood; and if you mention her you'll have to remember that! We've had a dentist here for some weeks and her name is Doctor Everard. She's living in Manley's room and he's gone up over the store. It was necessary for the men to have their teeth looked after, and at my request she came," said Harvey Jenks in the tone he used when an order had not been carried out.

"It's old Ben Elwood, owner of the mine—came up in a fishing boat an hour ago, when we weren't any more expecting him than the dead," whispered Doctor Hanson.

"His suspicion is probably reasonable," said Doctor Everard. She warmed toward the gallant Jenks. He might have explained a general mistake by blaming her for not stating her sex. She opened the sitting-room door with a calm: "Good evening. Did I hear my name?"

"Doctor Everard, may I present Mr. Elwood, who will be with us some time?" said Jenks; and a giant of a man wheeled about, showing white hair brushed into a pompadour and a face that was slowly reddening under her cool stare. She bowed, giving him the briefest salute.

"Madam, this is a privilege. Are you an Alaskan?"

"No. Are you?" said the doctor.

"I have spent a good many years in the North; but my real home is in Denver."

"Ah!" said the doctor in an indifferent drawl.

She sat down, found a marked place in a lightsome technical book on pulps and began to read. Harvey Jenks smothered a grin as Elwood, still standing, regarded her earnestly. They made demonstrations socially when Ben Elwood reached a community, and the ladies fell over each other to win a word from him. He had more millions than poor folks could conceive of. And he had just twelve teeth left from a neglectful and indulgent youth. He kept his lips close together when he spoke, making it difficult to understand him at all if excited, for then he mumbled and rumbled.

While the doctor, conscious of his scrutiny, looked with seeming attention at her book, she reflected: What sort of a man was one with the Elwood millions, without enough self-respect to have a sanitary mouth? A coward, for one count! And poor men saved and skimped to gain what he might have and would not.

"I hope you're going to let me sit beside Doctor Everard, Harvey," said Elwood when the staff went to supper through a blinding snowstorm.

The doctor saw the dismay of Charlie Brent and Jimmy Harkins, and she said with decision:

"I prefer not to make any change."

This defiance was wafted all over the camp. They talked of it up in the stopes, underground, that night; and Kilowatt, babbitting the bearings of a rocker arm that linked a governor and a valve stem in the power plant, sang lustily.

"Doc sure handed it to Ben!" said the operators at the concentrating tables in the mill, with the familiarity of their kind.

Old Ben had spryly hustled to the staff-house, joining the young men in the sitting room presently, in patent-leather shoes and a craftily tailored gray suit instead of the leather boots and smudgy khaki he had worn to supper. After waiting some time he asked whether the young lady wasn't coming down, and heard that she was at work.

It was his mine and his camp; so with a confident bearing he walked uphill to the hospital, locating the dental office by the glare of light from its unshaded window, and, with a polite knock, started in. A fractious Dobson squirmed in the chair.

"Open wider—wider, Dob, and act like a fullgrown man instead of a baby!" admonished the doctor sharply.

Big Dobson grunted in distress more mental than physical, exclaiming:

"Say, doc, don't leave the boys in! I'm too sick."

"Nothing paining you badly just this minute, is there?" she demanded of Elwood while she held the door against his entrance.

"Paining?" he repeated, astonished. "How do you mean?"

"I supposed you wished to make an engagement for dental work," said she. "No? Then you must excuse me, as I have a great deal to do."

"Gosh! Was that him himself?" breathed Big Dobson; and, awed, he sank into the chair, saying never a word while she drilled deeper into his jaw.

Ben Elwood sat in the office until every one had gone to bed, thinking. Occasionally he grinned; and once he observed:

"Spunky little tike, all right! Great kid! Can't be over twenty-seven, either. H'm!"

At eleven-thirty, which was lunch hour for the nightshift, Kilowatt brought his bucket to the hospital. He had a can of coffee, made in the power plant's own percolator. The doctor produced her lunch, and for thirty minutes they made holiday. Big Dobson, who was on dayshift and therefore entitled to no bucket, feeding impartially from the offerings of his companions.

Then Kilowatt left, and the patient composed himself, while the doctor came at him with a delicately buzzing drill. Ben Elwood walked by the window at midnight and stood in the shadow of a pile of lumber, watching and pondering.

"There's a little woman who wouldn't want you to drag a motorload of bunk princes and counts home—and they'd be round touching you for five hundred as soon as they got acquainted—to keep up her social position. It's an even bet she wouldn't care whether she never saw Trouville and Ostend. Funny! A girl who can make the living she can wouldn't take a man for his money, either; she's got more sense."

"Say, doc," said Big Dobson, inside, "there's some guy rubberin' in from that pile of two-by-twelves. Will I go tell him to gwan away?"

But the doctor's eyes were as alert as Dobson's; and with a sniff she said:

"No. Perhaps his bad teeth are worrying him, Dob."

She now slept until ten in the mornings, for it was very late when she finished work. Having toast and coffee in the cookhouse at ten-thirty next morning, she looked up at Elwood's step. He had put on clean khaki in her honor, and taken much more care with his toilet than he customarily did when visiting the Jackpot.

He had coffee, and toast wet with hot water, at which she said:

"You find it hard to eat at all with that amount of teeth, don't you?"

Elwood was first astounded, then injured. The doctor laughed cruelly when he answered:

"I have—or I suppose you'll correct me and say had—the most sensitive teeth! I've fainted in the chair—long ago—I admit. And I'm a strong man."

"Your strength is evidently purely physical," she commented.

"People who know me will tell you I never yet weakened on the trail—and I've

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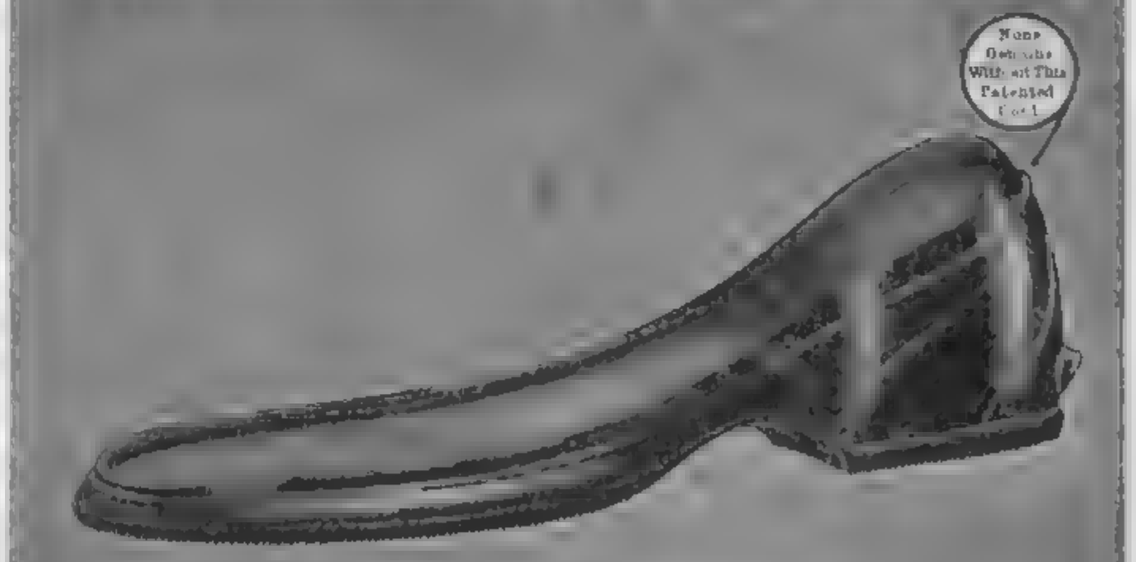

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mushed all over the North! Must a man have two rows of fancy teeth to be worth anything to the community?"

"He'll be worth a lot more than he will when publicly displaying a few roots to the rising generation! If I had your money I'd spend it getting laws passed regarding compulsory dentistry in every state. Do you know that ten million school children are unable to have dental attention and that, lacking it, they are fifty per cent less efficient than they would be with it? It doesn't matter about your own teeth, but you could at least insure some to others! Please forgive my impertinence—but the subject excites me."

"That ten million's mostly newspaper talk—and they're foreigners, too, of course. You can't make that class be clean and careful. I've handled 'em all my life, and I know 'em."

"They must be taught. The raw material is ready for molding. And the Americans need teaching as much as any other nation; for we have better opportunities and get higher wages, and then do less with the money than we should."

"Look here: don't you like dances and parties, bridge, and all that?" asked Elwood.

"I love to dance! No time for cards, and I'd rather read something instructive if I had. Why?"

"Well, you've got such notions as if you'd really thought about what you're discussing. The ordinary woman thinks that's unnecessary."

"Now that's newspaper talk, Mr. Elwood," said the doctor, charming him with a sudden smile; "for you don't believe it yourself. There are thousands of intelligent women in these days giving deep thought to the country's problems and to their duty to the country. When I'm so situated that I can, I shall lecture on mouth hygiene to the schools; and, if they pay me, I shall use the money to work on the poorer classes. I can afford to give some time and work free already, and I want to see something started for Alaska."

"How do you mean?"

"A law for compulsory dentistry in the schools! You could do lots. That legislature down in Juneau's got about as much power as a ladies' sewing circle; but it could certainly do some good there."

"Well, as for Alaska, I've spent a heap in it, and on it; and what I'm just commencing to get out of it is no thanks to anything but the ground I found here on Turnback. Alaskans, you'll find, are a body of whom each is for himself, and to the dickens with the rest! If your cabin burns down they'll stake you, as then human impulses come to the front; but if you require only their good will for the jobs your property makes possible and the money you bring into the country, the best you'll get is a knock straight down the line. The spirit of unity is woefully absent from these coast towns; and if you try to get free dentistry for them they'll figure out that you've got an ace in the hole somewhere and are making a profit out of it."

"Ignorance holds every movement back; but that's no reason for stopping," said the doctor. "I wish you'd think about it anyway. Will you?"

"Yes; but not on Alaska's account," promised Elwood. "And another thing, doctor—you said some mean things to me. I haven't been in a dentist's office for twenty years; but if you say so I'll trot up and take my medicine!"

"You'll really and truly have your work done? Oh, that's fine! You'll be glad every day you live! But you needn't have it done here. There're plenty of good dentists outside, you know."

"If you're anxious to outfit the world with teeth begin on me. I either get 'em here or go to the grave on a slop diet," said Elwood.

"Come to the office at three," said the doctor.

This was the day she had intended to take off to go ptarmigan hunting with Kilowatt. The shifts changed next day and he would not be able to go for another two weeks; and Ike Dooley and Jenks were on her slate for the following afternoon; but a convert must not be discouraged, and a man in fear of the dental chair required little excuse for backing down. And it would be an absorbing job. She scurried to the staffhouse to read up on several matters. Charlie Brent found her making notes and talking to herself.

"Time to eat. Didn't you even hear the gong?" he asked; and as they slid over the frozen trail to the messhouse he continued: "Hope old Ben beats it in a hurry."

"I think I'll like him," said she. "And isn't he handsome, with that mane of white hair and his red cheeks! And he stands as straight as possible! You hump over, and you ought to look at him and learn how not to be stooped."

"Oh, he's very sweet and cute," said Charlie, chagrined. "Now I hope he falls off the dock!"

"The idea, Charles Brent! He told me you were all a fine bunch of boys."

"My teeth are some prettier than his, I'll admit."

"He'll soon have new ones," she announced proudly.

Charlie stared. The assay-office force exclaimed when they heard it. Joe Manley, the mill foreman who had worked for Elwood in Leadville, declared it certainly beat him—for Elwood had taken a rifle after the last person who said teeth to him. Employees and friends always kept away from the topic.

"He must have fallen for a woman at last," said Manley. "Plenty of them have tried to nail him, but he was too foxy. That's the only answer."

"Doc ain't huntin' no husband—him nor nobody," said Big Dobson indignantly. "She's got her business—an' he's the same to her as the rest."

"She ain't the same to Kilo as the rest," observed McCarty.

"That ain't none of my concern," said Dobson. It was to Little Dob alone that he confided:

"It wouldn't s'prise me none to see her an' Kilo hook up. He'll rise in minin' before long if he don't invent a moneymaker first. An'—listen!—they must 'a' stood down by the staff door twenty minutes the other night sayin' good-by—an' it was snowin' like sixty! Savvy?"

Kilowatt brought the little gun to the hospital and was notified that there could be no hunt.

"Can't go?" he cried. "Why not? The snow's not extra deep and I can see a big mess of birds with the glasses! And besides I had something to tell you that I thought would please you—Jenks is going to make me nightshifter on the first, because Harkins is going outside. So I'll be a staff man then and'll eat my meals with you."

"I'm ever and ever so glad," she said warmly. "You'll get on. You're bound to!"

"If you're glad come and look for birds," he urged. "Will you—Mabel?"

"Didn't I say you were not to be so familiar?" she demanded. "Suppose some one heard you?"

This was such a weak attack that Kilowatt grinned and, advancing with a lawless air, snatched and squeezed her hand. The doctor, with a faint remonstrance, yanked her hand away.

"No one saw me," said Kilowatt. "Oh, honey, if I had old Elwood's dough I'd get your laws lobbied through and buy teeth for all the kids going! You dear little doc!"

"Tom, stop that at once!" said the doctor, standing before the window for safety. "It's not—manly—at all."

"If I climbed up to a superintendent's job—then could I say it?"

"I don't—— Heavens, here's Mr. Elwood coming for his engagement!"

Kilowatt fled and the doctor gave a case of teeth a tender smile. Elwood got the remnant of that smile as he seated himself in the chair, with a hand tightly grasping each arm. A rain of sweat was on his forehead and he breathed noisily. He sighed when informed that she had given special study to the deadening of pain.

She began an examination.

"There's two weeks' hard work in your mouth—and some of it will hurt," she announced.

Elwood rubbed his sweating hands with a handkerchief.

"Relax, and stop being scared," she soothed. "Don't grip the chair like that—it's harder on you."

She was fitting a drill when he said:

"I'm scared all right! I suppose a girl—ah—like you would as soon shoot herself as marry a man with teeth like mine."

"She'd much rather," she assured him.

"Then go to it," said he as the last fleck of red faded from his cheeks. He moaned and tried to rise as she commenced drilling, and was firmly wedged into his former position.

"Open wide!" cooed the kind voice.

The doctor felt the most exquisite sympathy with a suffering patient, and the

veriest clod could sense this. Elwood's agonized eyes were glued to her intent face, for he felt that one unwilling to inflict pain would indicate its coming by her expression. But her countenance was not vocal. He jumped once, and she whispered:

"That won't happen again! As soon as I get acquainted with your teeth I can prevent any of that. But they're not sensitive. I've been drilling right into a live pulp and you didn't feel it. I'll have to remove it."

A low moan responded. She drilled steadily, skill and cocaine uniting to save his nerves. He shut his eyes when she dug with a sharp instrument and brought forth a limp white pulp.

"There he is—the little fellow that does the aching when he's uncovered," she said; and Elwood, whose tongue had abruptly died under chloroform, quaffed of the warm pink solution she held to his lips.

"I've gone through torture from aching teeth," he groaned.

"Surely! So it's worth a few days' strain to stop aches for good, you see."

"You're a kind girl!" he said; and she purred:

His conquest was a triumph. He was a man who never had been attacked with a sound argument before, she meditated. Presented with one, he capitulated. She had seen many heroes turn craven over teeth—and quivered herself when another did a little work on hers; and she entered fully into the feeling that made Elwood wilt.

"The upper jaw connects directly with the brain. You'll feel easier when I get to the lower. I know it's a strain; but stand it just a little longer," she urged, and his agonized grunt gave assent.

"Your—middle name—ought to be—Napoleon!" he gurgled.

He had mentally to whip himself to her office every afternoon. While she took wax impressions and held inlays in the rose glow of her furnace she related the progress of dentistry to him; and Elwood, rather more confident now, asked intelligent questions, aware that she preferred this form of attention to compliments.

Her manner was impassioned as she explained her society's needs—the names of men nationally great as well as money. The masses must be led! The sordid views of many dentists who shirked their share of the society's burdens could be changed in time by the ministrations of those with more humanity. Let the ones whose time was worth most give a morning a week, without pay, to lecturing or free dental work—to aid in the struggle for a healthier people.

"Take yourself!" she exclaimed. "As soon as I put your case to you in plain language you let your intelligence persuade you; but you had to be started. How much more does a poor emigrant, sprung from dirt and disease, need teaching?"

Elwood's mind was far from the proletariat as he watched her. She said next:

"Some of your money should be spent in this cause."

"I wouldn't know how. But ——"

He had been sitting up in the chair as she sought a certain drill. Startled by the note in his voice she observed him sharply; and the thought of various recent incidents was in her mind—such as his remarking that fifty was not old in these times, and showing off to the younger men by leaping for a rafter on the house porch; then chinning it several times, with an eye on her to note the effect.

He was a hale and handsome person, and he must have brains to have made the Elwood millions. She felt uncomfortably sure that he was perilously near to emulating other patients that she could recollect, when he said:

"Doctor, when you've fixed up my teeth I'll want five minutes' talk with you."

"Complaining about the size of your bill, no doubt," she retorted.

"It's a question I never asked any woman so far," he said, with a faint smirk; but she met his meaning glance with the hated cry of:

"Open! Open as wide as you can. Now hold it like that."

November storms began to rage through the Arm, making it impossible for the Bug to tow the freight scow from the oil wharf. Work on the road they were blasting through the hills to the oil station was stopped because of the heavy snows. Those who left the mine must take the overland trail across the mountains to a port on the Inlet, for the Dollar came no farther in winter.

The doctor had long ago stopped minding the racket of the concentrator, and the Jackpot seemed like home. Ike Dooley's famous bridge was completed and he had bought a pocket mirror. The bunkhouse washroom was hung with new brushes, owned by persons who proposed to follow their dentist's instructions. The staff teeth were nearly finished, but recruits from mine and mill appeared daily.

Ben Elwood could open his lips when he spoke; and, conscious of the improvement in his looks, he was cultivating a laugh to replace his former brief smile. On the Monday after the next change of shifts Kilowatt carried the coffee can to the dental office at suppertime. Elwood had just departed after his second engagement for that day and Kilowatt found the doctor drooped wearily against her littered table.

"You're killing yourself at this work!" he commenced. "Here! Take some hot coffee—and eat."

"No, I'm going to bed at once. I'm tired!"

"I thought I might get a little chance to see you when old Elwood wasn't round."

"Fifty's not really old," she protested in Elwood's own phrasing.

"It's not young! What does he talk about?"

"Well, he's interested in the society's work now and enthusiastic about putting my bill through. What's the matter?"

"Interested in you, you mean! He wouldn't raise a finger to betooth the whole nation!" said Kilowatt. "That's one thing's the matter. He's in love with you!"

"Please don't! You mustn't!" she said distressed. "He isn't at all."

Kilowatt sullenly poured coffee into a tincup. He had hustled into a clean suit of blue jumpers for this visit, and had knotted a blue tie, which made his eyes seem bluer, under the collar of a gray wool shirt. Removing a fur cap had roughed his yellow hair and the curls waved aloft. Discovering this, he combed it with his fingers, staring at her meanwhile.

"If I were as old as he is I'd have money myself, Mabel; but I'm not going to be just standing still, you know—for if you've got the right stuff in you the companies shoot you along or you can get hold of something of your own. You're only starting, the same as I am; and if a girl's on the level she ought to give a man some chance to show he's not a dead one—and you've thrown me down for Elwood!"

He said to himself that he had better stop, as this was only making it more hopeless; and, instead, he continued:

"Probably you think it's too condescending to bother with a man who wears greasy overalls and carries a dinner bucket. You ought to have seen Elwood about thirty years ago!"

"That'll do! I think you've insulted me enough," said the doctor; and, with a regal air, she reached for her mackinaw, adding: "I need no man to make my living!"

"It's your infernal society'll make you fall for him—and he'll get you! He's warned Hanson and Brent to keep away, as he's tired of being a bachelor."

"Suppose he did? Is it anyone's business but his?"

"So you—you —— It was just a case of stringing me along, was it? Just entertainment?"

"If you want to think so!"

"All right! Elwood's standing down on the porch waiting for you—better hurry!"

She gave him a furious look and rushed for the door; but his arm stayed her, and her rage grew as she realized her impotence against his strength. She fought away from him, feeling her cheek scratched by the shoulder-buckle of his jumpers; but Kilowatt kissed her hotly, while she panted:

"I'll never forgive you! Never!"

"You don't have to," he said bitterly. "Good-by. What a mark I've been! But tell Elwood to keep away from me—he'd better!"

When Elwood opened the sitting-room door for her he thought her flush and the fire of her dark eyes were from the run downhill to the house. He had waited for her each night lately, rewarded frequently by half an hour's talk. His last bridge had been put in place for a trial before the final cementing and he was joyful.

"I'll go outside soon, and then East to see some people in Washington; and we'll look into what's to be done for those ten million kids. And they can thank you for what they get," he said gayly, feeling the jowl that was plump and not sunken, since the new teeth were in place.

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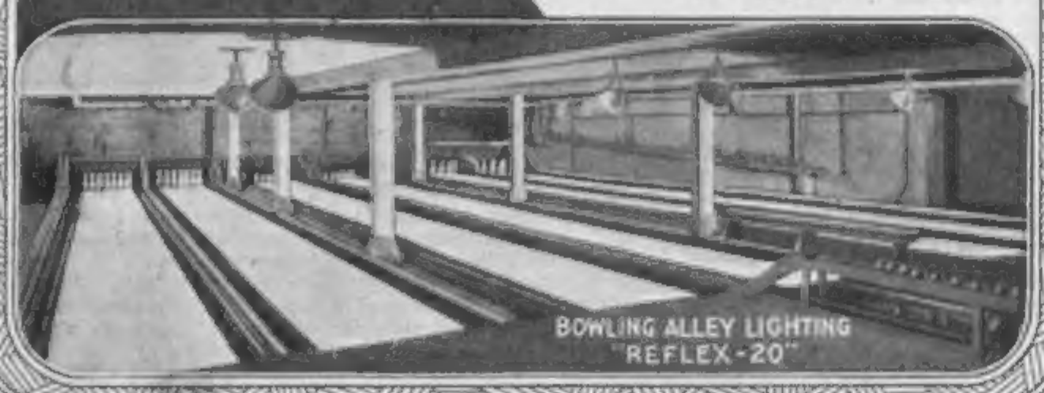

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She was still too angry to do much more than smile and say hurriedly that she would see him in the morning.

"Dear little pet!" ruminated old Ben, regarding his teeth in Charlie Brent's shaving mirror. "If I give her a good chunk to buy the kids' teeth with she'll listen to reason. And I'm a mighty nifty-looking bird now, for that matter. Plenty of 'em would come a-runnin'! But I'll put the kibosh on that gadding round the country, lecturing and taking chances of contagion from immigrants. A woman's place is home."

The doctor was lying awake, whiffing with relief the frigid air that cooled her slightly fevered forehead and careless of the little drift of snow forming under the open window. She regretted coming to the Jackpot, even though its proprietor was going to help on mouth hygiene. Steady nerves were required for dentistry; and romances, especially shattered ones, must be forgotten.

Why had she not taken her Alaskan trip and gone out sensibly, instead of adventuring to the Jackpot? She liked the life of the camp, liked the men who were at first too awed to speak to her and then so respectfully familiar. No one ever called her Doc in New York. She would have chilled any of her sleek and tailored patients who tried it! That part was fine; but Kilowatt? Silly sentiment! She tied to the East, he to the North—and neither was able to compromise!

He was attractive to her, though his caveman farewell was an outrage. He had perversely twisted certain remarks of hers, coloring them to suit himself. Giving a few views did not commit her. She was in her first year of practice, with all the money borrowed to go through her course to repay, and, besides that, ten million sets of wrecked teeth, ailing stomachs and resultant dulled minds awaited her.

Marriage was impossible for a woman who had given herself to a sacred cause. While she pondered, the picture of Kilowatt in his blue jumpers, yellow hair awave and blue eyes pleading with her, had to be sternly eliminated from the sacrificial future. Kilowatt had said that, when he wedded, his wife must go where he did. If she could aid humanity from the shelter of their fireside she might. Being married was career enough. Childish, archaic ideas!

There was a real contrast between Elwood and Kilowatt. The older man had gravely assured her that his wife would have her own property and bank account, which must be handled without weak appeals to the gentleman settling affluence on her. Women of intelligence should be allowed fully to live their own lives. A reasonable man indeed! Was there danger of a firm refusal to the proposal she knew he intended to make, creating indifference toward the suffering ten millions?

She could not well humble herself to beg for them after refusing him and his millions—he was said to have fifteen of them, and one million would accomplish magnificent results! She had been considering the cause and herself as two separate issues. Were they two in this case?

After twenty minutes' harrowing reflection, Dr. Mabel Everard determined to emulate certain sisters whom she had sneeringly flouted for marrying money. Fifteen million to the cause! It was worth letting the world believe what it wished. Fitful sleep overcame her.

She waked, blinking. A weird red light shone in the window. The snow had stopped and the light illumined the whole Arm, reddening the crests of the rollers of the floodtide. She got into a skirt, boudoir slippers and mackinaw, and hurried down to the sitting room, too sleepy to reason until she opened the front door. Then, thrilling with horror, she ran out screaming:

"Fire! The powerhouse is on fire!"

The camp was silent. The nightshift had been in bed an hour. Suspicion was making her heart leap. She knew that the night power-plant man went off shift with the rest at three-thirty, leaving the lights on. That man was Kilowatt; and if, glooming there alone, he had decided to devastate the camp that belonged to Elwood ——

She streaked along the dock. McCarty had shown her the cord of the siren, meant to be used only as an alarm. She could and would pull that cord. She halted, listening, for a blood-stirring sound wailed over the channel and the white hills sent echoes shrieking back. A yell from the staffhouse; another from the bunkhouse; and high over crash of waves and crackle of fire the siren sang its message! But it ceased abruptly and the camp lights, always left burning, went out. A man leaped from the door of the flaming building and pelted for the bunkhouse shouting:

"McCarty! McCarty! Send a man to tell Jenks I'm getting number three hose! You get number one and stick with those Austrians. The oil tank's on fire inside!"

"He did it—and now he's trying to put it out!" the doctor gasped as she stumbled through the drift-choked trail after Kilowatt, now heading for a hosehouse.

"Come on! Gimme a hand—but find a lantern first!" he ordered; and she flew to the staffhouse, got Jimmy Harkins' smoked lantern from a table, and was back, while he was smashing the hosehouse lock with a shovel. Men raced to the other lines of hose—the Austrians and Italians mad with excitement; the Americans and Scandinavians controlled and taking charge without commands from the bosses.

"This way! Ten men for this hose, while I turn on the water!" roared Kilowatt. "Get her pulled out straight, boys—and holler when you get the nozzle toward the back of the powerhouse. We want the stream on that oil tank before it blows up!"

Lindquist was rushing a line of hose down from the mill. Jenks directed a line from the dock. Manley and Harkins each had a gang at work. The Japanese cooks got out their scrubbing hose, hopefully training this ineffectual stream on the flames that swept from powerhouse to messhouse, separated by only forty feet. If the bunkhouse above caught, the entire camp might burn—for warehouses, machine shop and mill were all in line.

"Dock's fallen in—keep away from the front of the powerhouse, man!" the doctor heard Jenks crying. "Tell Kilo to come out of there! He can't save it now!"

"Him an' Big Dob an' them fellers are on the nozzle right where all them flames are," a millman told her.

Frightened sled dogs had to be kicked away from the blaze, and they crowded round her, growling and whimpering. Shivering from cold and wet she crouched among them as near to the fire as she dared go, breathing smoke and listening to the voice of Kilowatt, a shadowy figure amid flare and shrouding smoke. He croaked encouragement to the men holding the heavy nozzle with him. They must not let it beat them—save the machinery—it had to be saved! And the mill that had taken three years to build!

"If that fellow on the hose had been in charge of the plant I shouldn't be seeing my camp burn up!" groaned Elwood, unaware of Kilowatt's identity.

The Arm looked like a mass of churning blood. Part of the power plant's iron roof fell in and the buildings above were dark except for flying sparks. Kilowatt had to retreat, staggering back with the hose and hoarsely telling his mates that it must go farther down the bank. The oil tank was safe, so long as it had not blown up already.

"I can't see—curse the luck! Where am I?" he asked impatiently.

"You're blinded! Bend down!" begged the doctor, speeding forward; and with a towel wet in witch-hazel, which she had got in a dash to the hospital, she bathed his eyes. She had oil for burns as well, and bandages to bind the cuts he had from breaking a window with his fist.

"No, Kilo; you can't go at it again when you can't even see! Plenty of men to do everything anyway. And, thanks to you, we began in time!" said Jenks, able to pause briefly with his camp out of danger. "Think it was a short circuit?"

The doctor, trembling, clasped her fingers about Kilowatt's least-burned hand. What would he say to Jenks?

"Must have been. Joe went to bed about four. I couldn't sleep—and I saw the light on the water," answered Kilowatt.

"Joe?" the doctor questioned—and her heart was singing.

"Kilo worked on the compressor, underground, after midnight, and Joe stayed in the powerhouse," explained Jenks before he darted off.

"Oh, Tom!" she sobbed. "Oh, Tom!"

Kilowatt was sick from inhaling smoke; he was blind and burnt and cut—but he could think. A bound hand found hers.

"Mabel! My little doc!"

The red paled from sky and water. Lanterns spotted the darkness. A freezing wind spat snow from the drifts.

"It's tough on Elwood!" said Kilowatt with a happy sigh.

"But he's got his lovely new teeth!" said the doctor.

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